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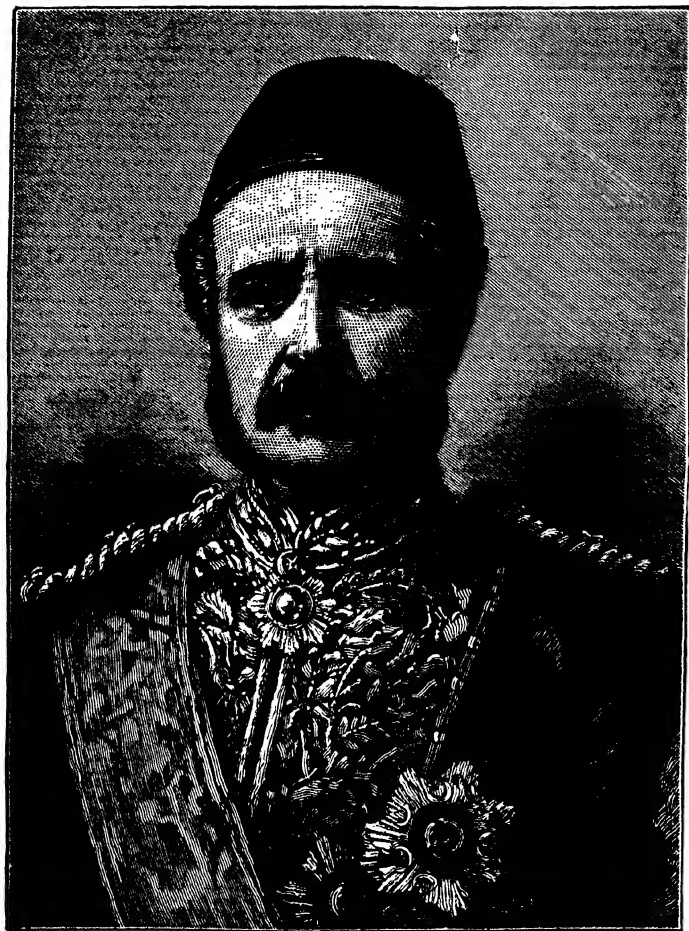
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पुस्तक संख्या

Book No.....

Fif



GENERAL GORDON.

[See page 441.]

FIFTY-TWO STORIES
OF
THE BRITISH ARMY.

*STORIES OF BATTLES, HISTORIES OF REGIMENTS, LIVES
OF GREAT SOLDIERS, AND REMINISCENCES OF
MILITARY CAMPAIGNS CHRONO-
LOGICALLY ARRANGED.*

EDITED BY
ALFRED H. MILES.

ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON:
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Uniform Volumes.

**FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF THE BRITISH NAVY, FROM
DAMME TO TRAFALGAR**, containing lives of admirals,
stories of great sea fights, and personal reminiscences
of shipwrecks and perils at sea.

**FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY, AND
THE MEN WHO SAVED INDIA**, including lives of Lord
Lawrence, General Nicholson, Sir Henry Lawrence,
Sir Henry Havelock, General Neill, Sir James Outram,
and Lord Clyde.

PREFATORY.

THIS volume contains Fifty-two Stories of the British Army—stories of battles, histories of regiments, lives of great soldiers, and reminiscences of military campaigns—from the Battle of the Standard to the fall of Khartoum. These battles are described in their historical settings, an attempt being made to indicate as far as possible within necessary limits their causes and consequences, whereby it is hoped that the interest in the narratives will be increased. The stories are arranged chronologically, and without pretending to form in any sense a military history of England, they may be said to represent fifty-two of the links in the chain of our military history which have helped to bind in one solid and powerful confederation the empire upon which the sun never sets. The wars of England and Scotland have been included, but the civil wars which have distracted the country from time to time are outside the scheme of the work.

Happily, we are able to appreciate the heroism of our soldiers, without endorsing the policy which has too often given them employment, for even though statesmanship may be misguided and generalship may be unequal there is always glory at the cannon's mouth. The story of the British army is full of records of true heroism displayed

in sparing as well as daring, and it is hoped that this volume will be found stimulative of the best instincts and the noblest aspirations of youth.

Though most of these stories have been written expressly for this work, the Editor has been glad to avail himself of Lord Macaulay's essay on Lord Clive and Sir Edward Creasey's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* for brilliant accounts of "Clive in India," "The Battle of Plassey," "The Story of Blenheim," "The Battle of Saratoga," "The Story of Waterloo," etc., etc., all of which have been slightly abbreviated to bring them within necessary limits without, it is hoped, in any way reducing their interest. The account of "The Battle of Bannockburn," "The Story of Owen Glendower," "The Condemned Soldier," "A Story of Namur," "The Story of the Black Hole of Calcutta," "The Story of the Black Watch," and "A Baptism of Fire," are abbreviated from the pages of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*; "In the First Burmese War, an Episode in the War-life of a Subaltern," and "A True Romance, a Reminiscence of the Burmese War," are from the pages of *Colbourn's Army and Navy Magazine*. The Editor would also acknowledge his obligations to Colonel Groves' admirable monographs of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and the 93rd Highlanders, published by Messrs. W. W. & K. Johnstone of Edinburgh, to Tytler's *History of Scotland*, and to Green's *Short History of the English People*.

A. H. M.

October 1st, 1897.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY	11
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN, 1314	17
THE STORY OF HALIDON HILL, 1333	25
THE STORY OF CRESSY, 1346	30
THE STORY OF NEVILLE'S CROSS, 1346	39
THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CALAIS, 1346-1347	42
THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND, 1346-1371	47
THE STORY OF POITIERS, 1356	55
THE STORY OF NAVARETTE, 1367	61
THE STORY OF THE STORMING OF LIMOGES, 1370	66
THE BORDER WARS AND THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN, 1388 &c	69
THE STORY OF HOMILDON HILL, 1402	76
THE STORY OF OWEN GLENDOWER, 1349-1415	83
THE STORY OF AGINCOURT, 1415	92
THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY, 1417-1418	106
THE CAMPAIGNS OF HENRY VIII., 1513-1544	116
THE STORY OF FLODDEN FIELD, 1513	128
THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF PINKIE, 1547	133
THE STORY OF THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS, 1558	142
THE STORY OF ZUTPHEN, 1586	147
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF NAMUR, 1695	152
STORY OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1650-1722	158

	PAGE
THE STORY OF BLENHEIM, 1704.	172
STORY OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS	188
THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER	194
THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN, 1743	201
CLIVE IN INDIA, 1742-1752	205
THE STORY OF THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA, 1756	219
THE STORY OF PLASSEY, 1757	227
STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF CANADA, 1755-1759	235
THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA, 1777	242
AN EPISODE AT SARATOGA, 1777	257
THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH IN EGYPT, 1801	261
THE STORY OF THE BLACK WATCH	265
THE STORY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1769-1852	276
THE STORY OF WATERLOO, 1815	289
THE FLIGHT FROM WATERLOO	316
EPISODES OF WATERLOO	322
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WATERLOO	328
A BAPTISM OF FIRE	342
IN THE FIRST BURMESE WAR, 1825	349
A TRUE ROMANCE, 1826	357
THE STORY OF THE FIRST AFGHAN CAMPAIGN, 1838-1842	369
THE STORY OF THE CHINESE WARS, 1840-1860	378
THE STORY OF THE SIKH WARS, 1845-1849	385
THE STORY OF THE 91ST ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGH- LANDERS	395
THE STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR	403
THE STORY OF THE ALMA, BALACLAVA, AND INKERMANN	409
THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL	417
THE FIRST RELIEF OF LUCKNOW	423
THE STORY OF THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS	432
THE STORY OF GENERAL GORDON	441

TABLE OF AUTHORS.

COLONEL FRANCIS CORNWALLIS MAUDE,
V.C., C.B.

MAJOR MACREADY.

SIR EDWARD CREASEY.

LORD MACAULAY.

COLONEL LEMONNIER-DÉLAFOSSE.

ALFRED G. SAYERS.

PENYSTON MILES.

THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

AND OTHER WRITERS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GORDON	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
SURRENDER OF THE KING OF FRANCE AT POITIERS	54
HENRY AND THE DUKE OF ALENÇON AT AGINCOURT	102
THE DEPARTURE OF CLIVE FOR INDIA	226
THE CHARGE OF THE CAVALRY AT WATERLOO	288
THE ADVANCE OF THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE ALMA	408

FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE policy of Alfred the Great, which was to meet the enemies of England upon the sea and fight them before they had time to land, threw the chief defence of the country upon the sailor rather than the soldier, and this policy, followed by the wisest and best of his successors, has made England a naval rather than a military power. With the growth of empire, however, the maintenance of organised military forces in different parts of the world has become necessary, and a standing army which—including Reserves, Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteers—numbers nearly three-quarters of a million of men is the result.

In the earlier days of English history the army, like the navy, was organised from time to time as occasion required. Cressy, and Poitiers, and many other gallant fights were fought by men enrolled under the feudal system, and it was not until the complete decay of that system made more effective organisation necessary that a standing army became one of the great and permanent institutions of the empire.

William the Conqueror, who had many little differences to

settle with his own subjects in Normandy and Poitou, as well as some of larger import with the King of France, found his new English subjects very useful for the purpose. They were remarkable for their fidelity, steadiness, and gallantry in war, and this led to their frequent and increased employment by the Norman and Plantagenet kings.

The crusades were another means of developing the military spirit and introducing English soldiers to foreign fields. At the capture of Jerusalem by the crusaders under Duke Robert, brother of William Rufus and Henry I. on the 15th of July, 1099, many English and Irish soldiers were employed, and signalised themselves by their superior endurance and daring in the conquest of the Saracen.

In the war between Henry I. and his brother Robert, the king owed his conquest of Normandy to his English soldiers.

Henry II. and Richard I. both found plenty of employment for the prowess of the English bowmen, whose fair complexions, blue eyes, and ruddy cheeks soon became familiar in crusade and campaign, their hardihood and superior physical strength winning for them wide conquest and high renown. Ireland, Scotland, and Wales also contributed their share to the discipline of the English soldiery, by finding them occupation and giving them practice.

The Battle of the Standard, fought under Stephen in 1138, was one of the earlier of these internal conflicts. Stephen, nephew of Henry I., had usurped the throne on the death of Henry in 1135, setting aside the claims of Matilda, the daughter of the late king. This led David, King of Scotland and uncle of Matilda, to make war upon Stephen, crossing the Border and marching to Northallerton, where the Battle of the Standard was fought. Of the primitive character of warfare in these times this battle affords an instance. The Scotch army has been described as "a wild and barbarous multitude, many of whom, gathered from the recesses of the Highlands, were men fierce and untutored, half clad and with only the rudest weapons of war. This undisciplined host passed through Northumberland into Yorkshire, devastating the

country, and committing unheard-of barbarity upon the miserable inhabitants. The first division, which was led by Prince Henry, son of David, crossed the Tees in several divisions, bearing as a standard a lance to which was fixed a bunch of 'flowery heather.' They did not form, as was the case with more disciplined armies, distinct bodies of horse and foot, but each man brought to the field of battle such arms as he could obtain. With the exception of the French and Norman knights, whom the King of Scotland brought with him and who were armed *cap-à-pie* with complete suits of mail, the great masses of his soldiers displayed a disorderly equipment. The men of Galloway and other parts of the west wore no defensive armour and bore long and sharp spikes, or javelins, as their only weapons. The inhabitants of the Lowlands, who formed the chief part of the infantry, were armed with spear and breastplate, while the Highlanders, who wore a bonnet adorned with plumes and a plaid cloak fastened at the waist by a leathern belt, appeared in the fight with a small wooden shield on the left arm, while in the right hand they bore a claymore or broadsword. The chiefs wore the same armour as the soldiers, from whom they were only distinguished by the length of their plumes."

On the English side appeals were made to the superstition of the people by the employment of sacred emblems and relics. The banners of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon were brought from the churches in which they had reposed from the days of the conquest, and a ship mast, set up in a four-wheeled cart in the centre of the camp, was surmounted by a crucifix and a silver box containing the consecrated wafer. The English knights, sworn to defend the sacred symbol with their lives, ranged themselves beneath the banners of the saints and round the standard of the cross. On the approach of the Scots the whole English army kneeled before the sacred emblems while Randolph, Bishop of Durham, read the prayer of absolution, and then rose from their knees to encounter the Scottish onslaught.

The attack was led by the men of Galloway with so much

impetuosity and vigour that the Scots broke through the ranks of English infantry, only, however, to find the cavalry waiting for their repulse. The Battle of the Standard, fought on the 22nd of August, 1138, was maintained with great spirit and determination for about two hours, when the Scots, unable to stand the repeated charges of the Norman cavalry, retreated as far as the Tyne.

During the reign of the ignoble and inglorious John English arms suffered serious reverses. In 1204 the French, under Philip II., reconquered Normandy and Maine, and in the following year the English barons refused to fight under John for their recovery. The battle of Bouvines, fought on the 27th of July, 1214, resulted in a complete victory for the French, who, with inferior numbers, defeated a powerful combination of English, Flemish, and German troops, under William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Flanders, and the Earl of Boulogne, all of whom were taken prisoners, together with a large number of nobles and knights of inferior rank.

The battles of the reign of Henry III. were those of Lincoln and Dover in 1217, in which the Earl of Pembroke and Hubert de Burgh, respectively defeated the forces of Louis of France and compelled his return to the Continent; the battle of Taillebourg, which ended Henry's disastrous war with Louis IX. in 1242; the battle of Lewes, a civil conflict in which Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, defeated the forces of Henry and took the king prisoner in 1264; and the battle of Evesham, fought between Simon de Montfort and the Earl of Gloucester, in which Simon de Montfort was slain, on the 4th of August, 1265.

The reign of Edward I. was signalised by the conquest of Wales in 1285 and that of Scotland in 1296-1298. Edward was absent from England, having been on a crusade, when news of his father's death reached him in Calabria in 1272. Instead of returning home, however, he paid a visit to the pope, and afterwards traversing northern Italy crossed the Alps, and directed his steps through France to Paris, and thence to Guienne.

Here transpired the conflict known as "the little war of Châlon," which grew out of a challenge to single combat sent by the Count of Châlon to Edward I. At this time the usages of chivalry permitted knights to challenge each other to break a lance in tournament, and disparity of rank was hardly sufficient ground for refusal. Challenged by the Count of Châlon, Edward kept the appointment, attended by an escort of a thousand men, but found to his surprise that twice that number had assembled to support the count. This convinced the king that treachery was intended, and so turned the tournament into a battle in which the whole forces of both sides were engaged. Notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers the king's followers were more than a match for the Frenchmen, and the hand-to-hand combat between the king and the count ended in the unhorsing of the count, who cried for quarter. Edward, it is said, enraged at his treachery, "dealt him several heavy blows by way of reply, and then indeed gave him his life, but compelled him to surrender his sword and accept the boon from the hands of a common soldier—an act by which, according to the laws of chivalry, the count was disgraced for ever." After this Edward returned to England, landing at Dover on the 2nd of August, 1274. Besides his wars with Wales and Scotland, Edward became involved in hostilities with Philip of France, who seized Guienne in 1294. But here he was not so successful. His barons refused to fight for Guienne, and he was ultimately glad of an excuse to make a truce with France. The conquest of Wales and Scotland were attended with great barbarity and slaughter. At the battle of Stirling in 1297 the English were defeated by Wallace, but at the battle of Falkirk, fought in the following year, Wallace was defeated by Edward I.

During the reign of Edward I. gunpowder was employed for fighting purposes, being first used in war by the Venetians about the year 1300, and though there is no reason to suppose that Edward I. was able to avail himself of the use of this new element, destined to change the whole art of war, his

immediate successors are said to have employed cannon both in Scotland and in France. Be this as it may, it does not seem to have served Edward II. to much purpose, for Bannockburn, the principal battle of his reign, the story of which is told in the following pages, was a complete victory for Bruce and Scotland. "The English," says Sir Walter Scott, "never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance."

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN,

1314.

FOR several years, King Robert was incessantly employed in skirmishes with the garrisons which the English king maintained in Scotland, or in contending with those native lords of the soil who were adverse to his claims. In the course of this partisan warfare he was sometimes at the head of a powerful party and sometimes a single fugitive pursued by blood-hounds. Throughout all his vicissitudes he seems to have invariably enjoyed the good wishes of the common people, to whom his cause was endeared by its being their own, and who always found some means of assisting and supporting him, however controlled in general by their landlords. At length, by a series of minute military transactions, which almost tires the reader of old chronicles, he found himself, in 1313, in possession of every fortress of any consequence in the kingdom, except Stirling, with the governor of which his brother Edward made a paction that, unless relieved by an English army before midsummer next year, it should be delivered into the hands of the Scots.

It was this circumstance that led to the celebrated battle of Bannockburn, by which the independence of Scotland was destined to be so fully and definitely asserted. Robert himself was much distressed when he learned the terms which his brother had made, as he well knew that the chivalrous spirit of the age would make it necessary that an English army should be brought to rescue the castle ; a visit which he could have as well spared, if with honour. The principles of chivalry, however, had as strong a hold of Bruce's mind

as they could have of any man's in that age ; and while still regretting the cause, he determined on meeting the English, as thus pledged, in a fair-stricken field.

As he had calculated, the English king was now at length roused, by the terms of this treaty, to undertake what he had too long delayed—a personal expedition to Scotland, and that upon such a scale as seemed calculated to ensure success. The army collected for this purpose comprehended the whole feudal service of ninety-three great tenants of the English crown, besides a considerable force from Wales and Ireland and some foreign mercenaries. In round numbers it amounted to a hundred thousand men, whereof four thousand were clad in complete steel, horse and man, and fifty thousand were archers, each of whom bore a bow as tall as himself, and shot arrows a cloth-yard long. An idea may be formed of the infinite pomp and circumstance of this array, from the fact, as calculated by a monkish writer of the time, that its baggage-waggons extended would have made a line a hundred and eighty miles long. It comprised, indeed, the whole chivalry, the whole military force of England ; and so confidently did Edward anticipate victory by its means. that he brought with him a poetical monk, as one of the supernumeraries, to celebrate his successes as soon as they should take place.

Bruce, for his part, made all the preparations which circumstances could admit of. Forty thousand brave men obeyed the summons which called them to defend the independence of their country, or see it for ever destroyed. These he assembled in the Torwood, near Stirling, a scene already hallowed to patriotism, from having frequently been the retreat of Wallace, and where it was necessary to make a stand on the present occasion, so as to prevent the approach of the English army to that fortress, which was the immediate object of the expedition. In this host were men from every part of Scotland—Anglo-Saxons from the south and east districts, civilised Caledonians from the north-east province, Islesmen but recently transferred from a Norwegian

to a Scottish allegiance, Highlanders descended from the earliest subjects of the Scottish kings, and men from Carrick and Galloway, who owned a local as well as a national attachment to the fortunes of King Robert, from being the tenants of his patrimonial estates. One common sentiment animated them—implacable hostility against the nation whose ambitious sovereigns had for thirty years wrought them so much evil, joined to a resolution either to work out their country's deliverance or to die in the attempt.

When Bruce learned that the English army had reached Edinburgh, thirty-six miles from his position, he drew out his troops in battle array upon a field or park, a little to the south of Stirling, where certain irregularities of ground promised him greater advantages than if he had remained precisely in front of that town and fortress. Arranging his first line in three divisions, whereof the right was protected by the banks of the rivulet called Bannockburn, while the left rested upon the village of St. Ninians, he himself assumed the command of a second line, or *corps de réserve*, which consisted chiefly of men from the remoter parts of his dominions. The commanders to whom he entrusted his foremost battalions were those hardy warriors who had fought by his side, or in his interest, through the whole period of his struggles for the crown: one was his brother Edward; another his nephew, the celebrated Randolph, Earl of Moray; a third, Walter, High Steward of Scotland, who, through his daughter, was destined to give a long train of heirs to the kingdom. It does not appear that many of the national nobility mingled in his army. They were still, perhaps, under scruples as to his right, or afraid of the eventual triumph of Edward. The host seems to have chiefly consisted of volunteer commoners, officered (if the expression may be used) by the king's own band of friends and fellow-adventurers. It contained no more than five hundred horse; but the king, recollecting the instance of a late Continental battle where the French cavalry were defeated by Flemish pikemen, trusted to the firmness of his ranks and to the hedge of long spear

which they would present on every side for the means of counteracting this disadvantage.

On the evening of Saturday, June the 22nd, the enormous host of Edward slept at Falkirk. Continuing their march next day, they soon perceived the Scottish army lying in three or four detached masses along a series of gentle heights, and paused to consider the propriety of giving immediate battle. This question being soon determined in the negative, on account of the fatigued state of the army, the English sovereign caused his men to encamp for the night.

King Robert was riding about in front of his ranks, attended by a little cluster of officers, from whom he was distinguished only by a slight coronet of gold which he wore above his helmet, when an English knight, named Sir Henry de Bohun, formed the ambitious wish of entering into private combat with him, in the hope, if successful, of winning eternal honour by the end which he would thereby put to the whole war. He therefore set his powerful war-horse in motion, placed his lance in the rest, and galloped towards the King of Scots, who, comparatively unarmed, and mounted on a much smaller animal, must have seemed very ill fitted to withstand his attack. Bruce eyed him advancing, and being too much of a *knight* to think of the *commander* at such a moment, did not avoid the meeting, as he might have justifiably done, but on the contrary rode out a little way from his circle of friends, as if anxious to afford every advantage to the design of his assailant. He seemed for a moment to await the shock of the English soldier, and both armies looked in breathless anxiety for a result which they knew was either to accomplish or mar the purpose for which they were assembled, and which was so instantly to be expected that a twinkle of the eye-lid threatened to lose them the sight. The moment passed—a crash was heard, and Robert Bruce was seen still mounted on his little palfrey, while Sir Henry de Bohun lay a damaged and breathless corpse at his feet. The king had dexterously avoided the lance of the English knight, and, rising in his stirrups as he swept past, had broken head and helmet and

dashed him to the earth by one blow of his battle-axe, which was shivered to pieces by the blow, leaving only the handle in his grasp. The friends who instantly came round the king could not help entering a remonstrance against his imprudence in thus risking his life at a time when it was of such importance to his people. He only glanced down at the stump of his weapon and remarked, "I am sorry for my good battle-axe." He considered, in all probability, that though the risk was great yet the shame of retreat from a personal combat at such a moment would have had a most unfavourable effect upon the minds of his soldiers; whereas an achievement like this, which long experience made him almost sure of performing to his desire, was calculated to inspire his men with additional confidence in their leader. It was thus with confirmed, though still modest hopes of success, that the Scots lay down for the night; while the English, on the other hand, though yet entertaining the highest expectations from their numbers, and from their national reputation for superiority, were sensibly dashed at this striking omen.

Both armies rose betimes next morning and fitted themselves for the encounter. The English, who had spent the night riotously, included in their preparations only such arrangements as referred to the defence and nourishment of the person. The Scots regarded also the edification of the mind. With that attention to things spiritual which to this day characterises the people in so remarkable a manner, they heard mass said by the Abbot of Inchaffray in front of their lines before breakfast, and afterwards knelt with devout feeling to receive the personal benediction of that holy man, who, for the purpose of bestowing it, passed along bare-footed and bare-headed, displaying in his hands a crucifix supposed to be of miraculous sanctity. The English king, who was now advancing with his proud squadrons, saw this last motion of the Scots, and exclaimed with delight that they were kneeling to ask his mercy. To this a Scottish baron, who had long been in his service, made answer that they asked mercy, but

it was from Heaven, not from the King of England. Edward concealed his mortification by ordering the charge to be sounded.

Firm in their ranks, each battalion under its local banner, and all beneath the lion standard of Scotland, which floated in ample folds from the highest part of the field—being fixed in a large earth-fast stone, which is yet pointed out with veneration—the host of Bruce awaited the formidable attack, to resist or yield to which promised them continued independence or everlasting degradation. The first charge was made by the English cavalry under the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, and it was firmly met by the division under Edward Bruce, the king's brother. In a short time the other parts of the English line came up, and the small Scottish columns became absorbed and lost in the multitudinous bands opposed to them, as rivers enter and are swallowed up in the sea. Everywhere the Scottish infantry presented their lengthy spears to the charge of the English cavalry and men-at-arms, and were everywhere successful in repelling, by those means, attacks which otherwise must have overpowered them. Where the conflict came to personal rencontre, the Scottish soldier handled his short battle-axe and dagger with fearful effect. An arrow-flight as thick as rain proceeded from the English archers; but King Robert was fortunately able to put a speedy end to that annoyance by his small party of light horse, whose attack the bowmen had no proper means of resisting. The battle then became what is so seldom exemplified in modern warfare, a hand-to-hand contention, in which many thousands of brave men fought eagerly and closely with each other for honour and life. It became a widely-extended single combat. "It was awful at this moment," says a historian who is supposed to have drawn his narration from eye-witnesses, "to hear the noise of the four battalions fighting in a line, the clang of arms, the shouts of the knights as they raised their war-cry; to see the flight of the arrows, which maddened the horses; the alternate sinking and rising of the banners, and the ground streaming with blood and covered with shreds

of armour, broken spears, pennons, and rich scarfs, torn and soiled with blood and clay; and to listen to the groans of the wounded and dying."

It is generally found in the case of a charge in modern times that the whole question is one of nerves, not of comparative military power, and that the party, therefore, which best bears the horrors of the first encounter is sure to be left victor. Upon this principle, it would appear that the Scots having had the fortitude to endure the close fight for a certain space, by virtue of that high moral tension to which they were stretched, the English, as a matter of course, soon began to display marks of failing resolution. Just at this crisis it happened that a large body of servants and camp-followers, who had been placed by King Robert behind a hill, chose to make their appearance with sheets displayed banner-wise, and with wild cries, so as to impress the English with the idea of a large force come to the assistance of the Scotch. No more was necessary to decide the fight. The press of battle relaxed. The heavy masses of the English began to sway back like a receding tide. The Scotch, hitherto fighting on the defensive, began to assume the assailant. Cries of "On them!" on them! 'They fail! they fail!" resounded over the field. The king called out his *ensenzie* with redoubled vehemence, and charged the enemy with a fury which nothing could withstand. In a moment's space the fate of Scotland was fixed on the ascendant, and the enemies of her independence, who had just before been a host so powerful as to oppress the very imagination, became as the chaff which flies before the wind.

The slaughter on neither side had as yet been great. It now became immense on the side of the fugitives. As they pressed through the narrow defiles behind their position, the Scots made most grievous havoc among them, taking unrestrained revenge for the slaughters and oppressions of the last thirty years, and only sparing such persons of rank as promised to produce a good ransom. The rivulet of Bannockburn, which gave its name to the battle, is said to have been actually

bridged over with the heaps of the slain. The King of England escaped with a small party, and found his first resting-place at Dunbar Castle, sixty miles distant, from which a mean fishing-boat afforded him a passage to England, almost as solitary as that of Xerxes, whose whole story the present so much resembles. His camp and baggage, containing immense wealth, became the prey of the Scots, who further gained prodigious sums by the ransom of their prisoners. As a matter of course, Stirling Castle now fell into the hands of King Robert, whereby his conquest of the whole country was completed.

C. E. J.

THE STORY OF HALIDON HILL,

1333.

WITH the accession of Edward III. the sceptre of English rule passed from feeble to strong hands. The young king possessed all the vigour and ability of his grandfather Edward I., and in his reign the fame of England was carried to a height it had never attained before. There is a magic about the words Cressy and Poitiers which has been the inspiration of many a desperate conflict since, and which still thrills as with the peal of a trumpet the feelings and imaginations of Englishmen.

Edward III. was but fourteen years of age when he began to reign, and it cannot be pretended that his first feats of arms gave much promise of future soldiership, though it must of course be admitted that he was at this time under the control of others who were much more responsible than he was for the failure of his arms. His first experience of war was the campaign undertaken for the punishment of the Scots, who, emboldened by the success of Bannockburn, had taken advantage of the minority of the young king to cross the Borders and ravage Northumberland, Durham, and the adjacent counties.

Nearly two hundred years had passed since the English and Scotch had fought the battle of the Standard, and it will be found interesting to compare the conditions of the Scots' armies at the two periods. That of the battle of the Standard is described on pp. 12, 13, and that of the army of 1328 may be given here.

"Froissart," says William Howitt, "represents them as lightly armed, nimble, and hardy, and from their simple mode of living capable of making rapid marches and retreats, being

totally unencumbered with baggage. There were four thousand cavalry well mounted and well armed ; the rest were mounted on ponies, active but strong, which could pick up a subsistence anywhere. The men carried no provisions except a small bag of oatmeal, and," says the chronicler, "they had no need for pots and pans, for they cooked the beasts when they had skinned them in a simple manner. That is, they killed the cattle of the English, of which they found plenty on their march, and roasted the flesh on wooden spits or boiled it in the skin of the animal themselves, putting on a little water with the beef to prevent the hides being burned. They also cut up the hides for their shoes, fitting them to their feet and ankles while raw with the hair outwards, so that from this cause the English called them the rough-footed Scots and red-shanks, from the colour of the hides. Every man carried at his saddle an iron plate called a girdle, on which, whenever they halted, they could bake cakes of their oatmeal. Thus armed and thus provided the Scots could speed from mountain to mountain and from glen to glen with amazing rapidity, advancing to pillage or disappearing at the approach of an enemy as if they were nowhere at hand. With such forces Douglas and Randolph crossed the Tweed, ravaged Durham, Northumberland, and advanced into the county of York."

Against this army, occupying familiar ground and capable of easy and rapid movement, the army of Edward, though sixty thousand strong, was at considerable disadvantage. Feuds between the English and foreign soldiers in the king's army disturbed the northern march, and quarrels, in which many were killed on both sides, added to the difficulties of the campaign. Arrived in the north they found the Scotch army much better equipped than they were for the game at hide-and-seek which the Scotch elected to play, greatly to the discomfort and embarrassment of the English army.

"At one time," says Green, "the army lost its way in the vast Border wastes ; at another all traces of the enemy had disappeared, and an offer of knighthood and a hundred marks was made to any one who would tell where the Scots were

encamped." Nor did this help matters very much, for when found, their position proved to be unassailable, and the English lines broke hopelessly up and a fresh foray in Northumberland forced the English court to submit to peace. By the treaty of Northampton the independence of Scotland was formally recognised and Bruce acknowledged as king.

A year later, in 1329, Robert Bruce died, and Edward Baliol made a bold bid for the Scottish crown. The young king of Scotland was then but eight years old, and the times seemed to favour the bold project. At the head of a band of nobles who were dissatisfied with the promises of the treaty of Northampton, Edward Baliol sailed for the north, landed on the shores of Fife, repulsed with great loss an attack near Perth, and was crowned at Scone on the 24th of September, 1332, while David Bruce was carried away to France.

Baliol now acknowledged Edward III. suzerain, and agreed to surrender Berwick to the English crown. His triumph, however, was but short-lived. His campaign had been brief and brilliant, but his reign though brief lacked all lustre. His acknowledgment of fealty to Edward angered his Scotch supporters and alienated many of them. Those who had joined his cause for their own purposes now left him to pursue their own ends, and the supporters of the Bruce family assembled to redeem the fortunes of the house. These, the real leaders of the Scottish people, to quote Howitt, "attacked Baliol, who was feasting at Annan in Dumfriesshire, where he had gone to keep his Christmas. On the night of the 16th of December a body of horse, under Sir Archibald, the young Earl of Moray, and Sir Simon Frazer made a dash into the town to surprise him, and he only escaped by springing upon a horse without any saddle and himself nearly without clothes, leaving behind him his brother Henry slain. Baliol, whose reign had only lasted about three months, escaped to England, where Edward received him kindly, and had not the Scotch borderers, elated with this success, rushed into England, and committed great excesses, thus furnishing Edward with a valid plea for attacking Scotland

and inducing the Parliament to support him in it, Scotland might once more have had peace. As it was Edward marched northward with an army not numerous but well armed and disciplined, and in the month of May, 1333, invested Berwick, which was defended by Sir William Keith and a strong garrison.

The regent Murray having been taken prisoner in a skirmish, Sir Archibald was named regent in his stead, and he immediately assembled a large army and marched to the relief of Berwick and Sir William Keith, who had undertaken to surrender Berwick if not relieved by the 20th at sunrise. On the 19th, after a severe march, he arrived at an eminence called Halidon Hill, about a mile north of Berwick. It was his intention to avoid a pitched battle if he could, and to endeavour to wear out his adversary by skirmishes and surprises, but it is said that the impatience of his soldiers forced his hand. He drew his army up on the slope of the hill, awaiting events, which were not slow to develop, for Edward withdrew his forces from Berwick and marched to attack him. In this battle the English archers seem to have given a foretaste of what they intended to do at Cressy; for "the arrows," says Tytler (quoting from an old manuscript), "flew thick as motes in the sunbeams, and the Scots fell to the ground by thousands." The royal infantry were led by the Earl of Ross, and Edward, marching at his side, fought on foot in the very forefront of the battle. The marshy nature of the ground which intervened made the attack very difficult for the Scots, but offered no impediment to the flight of arrows which poured incessantly across the bog. The result was that the Scotch became disordered, and an easy prey to the English cavalry led on by the king and a body of Irish auxiliaries under Lord Darcy, who pursued the baffled Scots, giving little or no quarter. It is said that thirty thousand Scots fell at the battle of Halidon Hill and that the English loss was less than a score of men. Nearly all the Scotch nobles were either killed or taken prisoners, the regent Douglas being among the slain.

After this battle Berwick capitulated and Edward proceeded to dictate terms all round. He seized and garrisoned such castles as suited his purpose, reconstructed the kingdom of Scotland, annexing Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Dunbar, Berwick, and all the south-east counties, to the English crown, and, handing over the rest of the country to the government of Baliol, subject to his suzerainty, received public homage for the same.

During the next few years Baliol, supported solely by Edward's power, held a precarious and altogether nominal sovereignty in the fragment of a kingdom which had been left to him. An army of English and Irish soldiers were left in Scotland to support the puppet king. But no sooner had Edward returned to London than the Scots attacked Baliol and compelled him to take refuge in the southern counties which Edward had annexed to the English crown. In 1335 and 1336 fresh expeditions had to be organised by Edward to support his vassal; but the time came when it was no longer possible for him to render this support, and with the withdrawal of Edward's support in 1339 came the downfall of Edward Baliol and the accession of David Bruce to the throne of his father. The immediate cause of this was the necessity of Edward's concentrating all his strength upon his quarrel with the King of France and the prosecution of that "hundred years' war" with France which was destined to cost both countries such incalculable wealth of blood and treasure.

David Bruce had taken refuge in France upon the coronation of Baliol at Scone, and arms, money, and men were despatched from its ports to support his cause. "It was," says Green, "this intervention of France which foiled Edward's hopes of the submission of Scotland at the very moment when success seemed in his grasp, and it was," he adds, "the solemn announcement of Philip of Valois that his treaties bound him to give effective help to his old ally, and the assembling of a French fleet in the Channel" that drew Edward from the north to meet a more formidable foe upon the Continent of Europe.

THE STORY OF CRESSY,

1346.

IN the year 1338 Edward III., irritated by the help given by Philip of France to the Scotch for their attacks upon England, and ambitious of conquest upon the continent of Europe, laid formal claim to the French crown. As Edward claimed inheritance through his mother the salic law, which prohibited female succession in France, was held to bar the title. "The three sons of Philip the Fair," says Green, "had died without male issue and Edward claimed as the son of Philip's daughter Isabella. But though her brothers had left no sons, they had left daughters, and if the female succession were admitted these daughters of Philip's sons would precede a son of Philip's daughter. Isabella met this difficulty by contending that though females could not possess the right of succession they could transmit it, and that her son, as the nearest living male descendant of Philip and born in his lifetime, could claim. But the bulk of the French priests asserted that only male succession gave right to the throne. On such a theory the right, inheritable from Philip was exhausted, and the crown passed to the son of his brother, Charles of Valois, who, in fact, peacefully mounted the throne as Philip the Sixth. "Edward's claim," adds the historian, "seems to have been regarded on both sides as a mere formality, and it was not until his claim was found to be useful in securing the loyal aid of the Flemish towns that it was brought seriously to the front."

Then followed that succession of brilliant victories which won for England the foremost place among the naval and military powers of the earth. In point of wealth and popula-

tion England could not compare with France, but in spite of these advantages, and perhaps because of them, England, hardy, self-reliant, and determined, came off "more than conquerors" on sea and land.

The battle of Sluys was the first of these conflicts. Towards the end of 1339 a large number of French ships and galleys assembled off the town of Sluys in Flanders, where the crews solemnly vowed that they would not return to their own ports until they had taken 100 English ships and 400 English towns. This brought Parliament together in January, 1340, "to adopt various measures relating to the navy." As a result of this a fleet of 200 vessels was formed, and more soldiers and archers were brought together than could possibly be employed. On his arrival on the coast of Flanders Edward found the French fleet, of 190 ships manned by 35,000 Normans and Genoese, lying at anchor. The fight was long and fierce, for "the enemy defended themselves all that day and the night after." In one French ship alone 400 dead bodies were found, the survivors leaping headlong into the sea. Only twenty-four of the French ships escaped, and no less than 25,000 French and Genoese perished. The English loss was perhaps 4000 men, and all writers agree that it was one of the most sanguinary and desperate sea fights recorded in the pages of history. Edward's modest letter regarding this victory is the earliest naval despatch in existence.

This splendid victory upon the sea Edward followed up by even more remarkable successes upon the land. It is true that his first efforts when leading foreign mercenaries and attacking his enemies from the Flemish side were unsuccessful, and that his attempts to secure the help of foreign allies turned out a failure, but he had had enough experience of war to learn the superiority in arms of his own countrymen, and he now determined to rely upon his own resources and fight his enemies with his own men.

In the year 1346 Edward III. organised a powerful army of thirty thousand English, Irish, and Welsh soldiers, with which he landed about the middle of July near Cape la Hogue,

on the coast of Normandy. The French army was at this time occupied in keeping in check the English forces in Guienne, and Edward immediately started on a march through Normandy. The enemy had destroyed the bridges on the lower Seine, and Edward, directing his march straight for Paris, rebuilt the bridge of Poissy and threatened the French capital.

Meanwhile the French had not been idle. By a stroke of good fortune Charles of the Golden Bull, the pope's nominee for the throne of Bavaria, and his father, King John of Bohemia, with a troop of a hundred German knights, at this time visited France to solicit Philip's help in the support of Charles's claim. These formed a nucleus of the army rapidly assembled at St. Denis for the defence of Paris. To these were added the French army called from Guienne, and fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bowmen, hired from the Riviera. The concentration of this formidable barrier to his progress caused Edward to change his plans. He again crossed the Seine, and marched towards Gravelines to join the Flemish forces gathered there, with a view to opening a campaign in the north. Edward was now in some danger. The forces rapidly getting in his rear were overwhelming in point of numbers, and the rivers in his line of march were vigilantly guarded.

In this extremity he questioned his prisoners as to the existence of a ford across the Somme, and offered freedom to any one who would show him such a ford, and the same favour to twenty of his companions. This led to the discovery of Blanche-Taque—a spot so-called from the white stones which lined the bottom of the river and made it hard and fordable at ebb tide. To this ford Edward was directed by a peasant named Gobbin Agace. On arriving at the ford Edward found the tide at the full, and the opposite bank of the river guarded by twelve thousand of the enemy under Du Foy. Under the circumstances the English had nothing to do but to wait the fall of the tide, and had the French king Philip with his one hundred thousand men come up at this time the consequences might have been fatal to the English

armies. Fortunately the French forces, at one time not more than two hours in their rear, failed to arrive, and as soon as the tide served him, Edward ordered his army to cross the river. The French did not wait for their enemies to reach the other side, but met them in the river, and a fierce fight took place in the middle of the ford. Forcing their way across the river the English then grappled with the strong French force they found posted in the narrow pass which connected the ford with the bank of the river. From this point of advantage the Genoese bowmen galled the English army very much, until the English archers responding with greater vigour and skill, cleared the banks, and forcing their passage up the pass, put the French to rout. Edward was, however, only just in time. As the rear of his army crossed the Somme the advance of Philip's force came up to the river side; but though they were in time to inflict some damage upon the English, they were too late to follow them across the river, for time and tide, which wait for no man, had once more raised an impenetrable barrier between the hostile forces.

But the friendly river which divided the combatants merely delayed the combat, and Edward knew that, vastly outnumbered though he was, it would be safer to fight in the strong position which was now open to him than to continue his march across the open plains of Picardy. He therefore halted and resolved to make a stand. Selecting a strong position in the forest of Cressy, or Crécy, and near the village of that name, he said, "Here I am on the rightful heritage of my lady mother, upon the lands of Ponthieu, given to her as her marriage dower. I now challenge them as my own, and may God defend the right."

Meanwhile Philip, unable to pass the Somme at Blanche-Taque, marched to Abbeville, where he spent the night, and then reinforced by a thousand Lancers, under the Earl of Savoy, started in pursuit of the English host.

Edward divided his army into three divisions and took up his position on a gentle slope flanked by a wood, and surmounted by a windmill from which he could view the

whole area of battle. "Immediately beneath him," says Green, "lay his reserves, while at the base of the slope was placed the main body of the army in two divisions; that on the right commanded by the young Prince of Wales—Edward the Black Prince, as he was called—that on the left by the Earl of Northampton. A small ditch protected the English front, and behind it the bowmen were drawn up 'in the form of a harrow,' with small bombards between them, 'which with force threw little iron balls to frighten the horses'; the first instance of the use of artillery in field warfare."

Having laid his plans and disposed his forces in the positions they were to occupy on the morrow, Edward entertained his barons at supper in his tent, after which he visited the tent set apart as an oratory, "and falling upon his knees, prayed God to bring him out of the morrow with honour."

It was a warm August night, and the English soldiers, having spent some time in polishing their arms and repairing and burnishing their armour, refreshed themselves with wine and provisions which they had seized in the fort of Crotoy, and then lay themselves down upon the grass to sleep in their arms.

With the early morning Edward and the young prince were astir. The king, "mounted on a white palfrey and attended by his marshals, rode through the ranks" and exhorted officers and men to do their utmost in the coming fight for their own honour and safety and that of their country. He referred to the disparity of numbers, but reminded them that they had always shown superiority in the field, and spoke with such decision and cheerfulness that he inspired the whole army with a hopeful confidence which had no small share in their victory.

Ready for the attack at any moment the English soldiers sat on the grass, each man "with his helm and bow before him," awaiting the approach of the enemy. At three o'clock in the afternoon food and wine were served by the king's orders, and this partaken, rested and refreshed, the comparatively small English force, numbered at thirty thousand men—

not more than a fourth of the number of the French—was ready for anything, and equal to all that was required of it.

The French army though numerically so superior were in all other respects at a disadvantage. They came up with the English after a long and weary march and much to the surprise of their leaders. Edward's army had been in retreat for so long that Philip and his officers had come to the conclusion that they had only to march straight on to drive the English into the sea or to overtake and annihilate them. It was to the surprise of Philip, therefore, that he found Edward strongly posted on the field of Cressy and ready to give him battle. Under the advice of a veteran Bohemian officer whom he had sent on to reconnoitre the British position and who strongly recommended a postponement of the battle until the next day Philip ordered a halt; but his unwieldy and disorganised army was beyond his control. "The undisciplined troops," says a writer, "still pressed on; the men brandishing their swords and crying in their over confidence 'Attack, take, slay!' and those behind hurrying forward, declaring that they would not stop until they were as forward as the foremost." Probably the spirit of braggadocio was never exhibited upon a larger scale. According to Froissart only those present could form any idea of the confusion of the scene. "All superiority was lost in the disorder of the march; kings, dukes, and lords were hurried along without power to exert any command, and Philip himself, in striving to enforce a halt, was borne onward as by a torrent."

In this crisis Philip had perhaps no alternative but immediate fight, and, determining to strike a blow, gave the order to "bring up the Genoese and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis." The Genoese, however, had just sustained a hasty march of six leagues and were exhausted with the fatigue of carrying their heavy cross-bows, and they naturally complained at being called upon to fight when they were so much in need of rest. This drew from the Count Alençon the angry comment "See what we get by employing these fellows who thus fail us at the pinch!" a taunt which the Genoese resenting indignantly moved forward to the battle.

But nature was again to favour the English side, and one can readily imagine the supernatural influence which Homer would have traced in the conflict if he had been called upon to chronicle the progress of Cressy. At this juncture the skies, which had become darkened almost with the blackness of night, were rent with a storm of lightning and thunder, which burst immediately over the assembled hosts, and as if to add to the wildness of the scene a great flight of crows and ravens circled above the battle-field. The deluge of rain which fell did the English the service of wetting and thus rendering useless for a time the bowstrings of the Genoese; and this while the English were able to protect their own long-bows in their cases and thus keep them effective for the fight. Moreover, at the close of the storm the sun came out brightly, and, shining in the faces of the French forces and on the backs of the English, gave Edward another natural advantage of which he was not slow to make use.

The English bowmen were drawn up in the form of a harrow that the different ranks might support each other in keeping up a perpetual fire. The Genoese, whose ideas of warfare were evidently primitive even for that period, tried to intimidate the English by leaps and shouts, three leaps and three shouts preceeding their first flight of arrows. This, however, produced very little effect upon the English, who were not to be frightened like children on a common by the cackling of a flock of geese, and who, stepping one pace forward, replied with such a flight of arrows that they were said to resemble a fall of snow. This fire was kept up with such regularity and persistence that the Genoese bowmen, unable to stand the attack, fell back upon the men-at-arms and caused great confusion in their ranks. This so enraged Philip that he cried out, "Slay me these cowards, for they stop our way without doing any good"; whereupon "the men-at-arms advanced at full gallop over the wretched Genoese, cutting them down right and left and riding over their own bowmen to come at the enemy."

In the meantime the English kept up their incessant fire, emptying the saddles of Alençon's splendid cavalry, while the Welsh and Cornishmen fell upon them with knives and despatched them where they fell.

"Notwithstanding the confusion," says Howitt, "the Count of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders at length broke through it, and charging past the line of English archers took the cavalry of the Prince of Wales in flank." This was a desperate encounter, "but the English men-at-arms used the French cavalry so roughly that the greater part of them were slain. Other squadrons of French and German cavalry dashed impetuously through the ranks of English archers and assailed the position of the young prince, until the second division of the English forces, under the Earls of Arundel and Northampton, advanced to his support, and the contest became fast and furious. Alençon displayed the most fiery courage, and the French king, eager to support him, charged nobly upon the English archers, though he failed to penetrate their line."

It was at this time that Edward, who was watching the battle from his post in the windmill, was importuned by Sir Thomas Holland, at the instance of the Earl of Warwick, to send aid to the young prince who, though still holding his own and performing prodigies of valour, was still hard pressed if not in imminent danger. His answer was characteristic. "Is he dead, or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?" inquired the king. "No, sire," was the reply, "but he is in a hard passage of arms and sorely needs your help." "Return to those who sent you, Sir Thomas," said the king, "and bid them not send to me again so long as my son lives! Let the boy win his spurs; for if God so orders it, I will that the day may be his, and that the honour may be with him and them to whom I have given it in charge." The king was of course in the best position for judging of the fortunes of the fight, and he rightly judged that his words would inspire the self-reliance which was alone necessary to complete the victory.

In the midst of the fight the gallant Count Alençon was

slain, and bereft of his spirit his battalions scattered, their power broken. Philip dashed to his support, but only to find that he was beyond the reach of succour. The panic of his flying cavalry infected the king's followers, and in a very short time the whole army was in flight. Philip fought with a bravery worthy of more success. His horse was killed under him, but he mounted another and continued to fight until but threescore of his bravest attendants remained around him. At length, repeatedly wounded and as often vainly urged to quit the field, John of Hainault "forcibly seized the bridle of his horse and led him away."

Many gallant deeds were done in the desperation of despair before the last blow was struck upon the fatal field. One of the most pathetic instances being that of John of Bohemia, who, old and nearly blind, begged that he might be led so far into the battle that he might strike one good stroke with his sword. Four of his faithful followers agreed to accompany him in his fatal quest, and, tying his bridle reins on each side of their own, dashed into the thickest of the fight, where they fell, and were found on the following day dead but undivided, the reins of their horses still unsevered.

The battle of Cressy was fought on Saturday, August the 26th, 1346, beginning soon after three o'clock in the afternoon and continuing until dark. Among the slain were numbered two kings, eleven princes, eighty bannerets, one thousand two hundred knights, and thirty thousand men.

THE STORY OF NEVILLE'S CROSS,

1346.

PHILIP OF VALOIS had done so much for David Bruce when exiled from Scotland by Edward III. that common gratitude called for some reciprocity when Cressy had broken the fortunes of the French king.

Four years before Cressy David Bruce had ascended the throne of his father, and since then Edward III. had been too busy in the south to make any attempt to regain ascendancy in the north. David Bruce, animated no less by his hatred of his brother-in-law, Edward III., who had driven him into exile, than by his friendship for Philip, who had succoured him in his distress, was not slow to use his newly-acquired power, to the discomfort of his enemy and the help of his friend. In the four years which preceded Cressy he had made no less than three successful expeditions across the Border, and now that his old friend had been badly beaten, and his old enemy with the greater part of his chivalry was in a foreign land, he determined upon another invasion.

At the head of a vast host numbering 3000 cavalry and 30,000 men mounted on Galloways, he started from Perth for the English border, on reaching which his numbers had increased to 50,000 men. With this force "he took the castle of Liddel, burnt Lanercost, sacked the priory of Hexham, advanced into the bishopric of Durham, and encamped at Beaurepaire, or Beupark, near the city of Durham.

But though Edward was absent from the English court, his queen Philippa, well qualified to represent him, proved herself equal to the occasion. Immediately upon hearing of the Scotch invasion, she assembled an army of twelve

thousand men, and by a series of rapid marches reached Durham, and camped in Auckland park.

According to Froissart, though she gave the command of her army to Lord Percy, she still took an active part in the campaign, mounting her horse and riding through the ranks, exhorting the men to uphold the honour of England in the absence of their king, and to punish the Scots for the wanton ravages so often committed by them. She is said to have remained upon the field until the armies were on the point of engaging, and then only to have left it at the earnest entreaty of her friends.

The Scots seem to have been taken by surprise by the promptitude and vigour of the queen's action; but David mustered his troops with all speed, and taking his stand at Neville's Cross, near the city of Durham—a spot made ever memorable by the conflict which ensued—waited the English attack.

The English archers, who at this time seemed invincible, under cover of the hedges and such other protection as they could find, poured a deadly shower of arrows upon the Scots, who being crowded together were the easier mark and the more readily thrown into confusion. David fought with great valour and determination; but his old enemy, Edward Baliol, who had command of the reserves, made a vigorous and skilful cavalry attack upon his flank, upon which his troops gave way on every side. David was then taken prisoner by a Northumberland squire named John Coupland, a man of great stature and strength; but not until David had been twice wounded by arrows, and had knocked out the front teeth of his captor with his gauntlet. "Coupland," says Howitt, "conveyed his royal prize to his castle of Ogla, and was careful not to give him up except to properly authenticated Royal Commissioners, when he received the title of banneret, and an estate of £500 a year—a sum equal to as many thousands now—and was made sheriff of Northumberland and governor of Berwick.

The victory at Neville's Cross gave great joy to the people

of the northern counties, for it was they who suffered most from the periodical incursions of the Scots. It is said that the Scots had from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand slain, besides many nobles killed or captured.

David was carried to London and safely lodged in the Tower, and Queen Philippa, having secured her royal prisoner, crossed the Channel, and reported progress to the king.

THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CALAIS,

1346-1347.

CRESSY was no more than won when, full of the pride of victory and the confidence of arms, Edward III. invested the city of Calais.

He had long stood in need of some convenient port, which, within a few hours of England, would give him easy access to the land of his enemy, and he now determined to secure Calais as vantage-ground for any future operations upon which he might determine. Guienne, the landing-place of earlier expeditions, involved a long journey across the Bay of Biscay and was far removed from the land of the Flemings, whose alliance he sought and was desirous to maintain. Calais, but a short journey from his own coasts, gave ready entrance to Normandy, Picardy, and Artois, was within easy distance of Flanders and but a few days' march from the city of Paris.

In less than a week after the victory at Cressy Edward sat down before the city of Calais determined to wait its surrender before pursuing his more ambitious schemes. John of Vienne, the governor, a brave and resolute man, was supported by a strong garrison which was well provisioned and which offered a prolonged and spirited defence. In the meantime the ill-fated expedition of David of Scotland had come to an inglorious end at Neville's Cross, and Queen Philippa, having secured the young king in the Tower of London, crossed the sea and joined her husband in the field.

The difficulties of assault in the days when artillery was in its infancy led Edward to adopt the policy of starvation

in dealing with the citizens of Calais, and the governor, realising Edward's intention, collected some seventeen hundred of the non-combatants and those who consumed the stores of the beleaguered city without contributing to its defence and turned them out of the gates. Edward, who could be magnanimous at times, is said not only to have given them passage, but to have refreshed them and presented each of them with a piece of money ; but when later in the siege John of Vienne reduced his population by five hundred more non-combatants in the same way, Edward lost patience and refused them permission to pass ; and as the governor of Calais refused to re-admit them to the city, they are said to have perished of starvation and exposure between the walls and the English camp.

The investure of Calais was so complete that relief seemed quite impossible. Philip, indeed, made several attempts, but, convinced of the hopelessness of his endeavours, finally abandoned the city to its fate. The English fleet of seven hundred ships, manned by fourteen thousand men and commanded by the Earl of Warwick, swept the Channel, and all attempts at relieving the city from the sea were disastrous and abortive. Philip, with an army of two hundred thousand men, attempted to succour it by land, but he found Edward so firmly entrenched amid impenetrable fortifications that it was practically impossible to drive him out, and as he refused to come out and fight in open field Philip returned in despair.

Meanwhile, the condition of the besieged was getting more and more desperate. John of Vienne had sent letters to Philip in which he said that the besieged had eaten their horses, dogs, and rats, and unless they were speedily relieved would soon be reduced to the necessity of eating each other. These letters fell into the hands of Edward, who made merry over them, forwarding them to Philip and asking him why he did not come to the relief of his people. The arrival of Philip with his enormous host, brave with banners and splendid with all the panoply of war, naturally emboldened

the beleaguered citizens, who hung out their banners upon the walls, lighted bonfires, and with every sign of rejoicing waited the longed-for deliverance. Unhappily, these hopes were but doomed to disappointment, for Philip, finding it impossible to break through the investure of the city or draw Edward out of his entrenchments to fight on open ground, retired from the scene and left the poor deserted garrison of Calais to the tender mercies of the conqueror. The withdrawal of the French army struck despair into the hearts of the starving populace, and the shouts of joy were turned to sounds of mourning. They stripped their banners from the walls and finally lowered the great flag of France, which floated from the loftiest tower in the city, and ran up the flag of England in its stead.

John of Vienne asked "the lives and liberties of the citizens as the sole condition of surrender," but Edward had become greatly incensed at the obstinacy of their resistance, and was determined to punish them for the trouble they had given him. The governor urged that his conduct had been just that which a brave commander should desire to honour, just such, in fact, as Edward would have himself expected from an English knight. But these men were not knights, and between knighthood and mere manly patriotism there was at that time "a great gulf fixed." Edward, who was not disposed to accept conditional surrender at all, was, however, so far induced to modify his wrath as to demand that six of the principal citizens should repair to his camp bare-headed, bare-footed and stripped to their shirts, with halters about their necks and bearing the keys of the city and the castle in their hands.

The terms of peace struck the citizens of Calais with horror. The governor caused the bells of the city to be rung and the people to be gathered together in the market-place, where the terms of surrender were submitted to them. Then followed a scene such as, happily, is no longer possible in civilised war. The emaciated people, worn by the anxieties and privations of the siege, and driven to the last stage of

despair by the ultimatum of the king, wept the feelings that they could not speak.

The hopelessness of the situation was at length relieved by one, Eustace de St. Pierre, an eminent citizen who rose and said: "Gentlemen, great and small, he who shall save the people of this fair town at the price of his own blood, shall doubtless deserve well of God and man. I will be one who will offer my head to the King of England as a ransom for the town of Calais." This speech naturally stirred anew the fountains of emotion, and every eye that witnessed the scene was dimmed with tears. Five other citizens were soon found to emulate the heroism of Eustace de St. Pierre, and the six noble volunteers, reduced to the conditions of the surrender, proceeded to the English camp led by John of Vienne, and followed by the populace to the city gates.

Edward received the six representatives of the people, who in this one act showed more heroism than he ever displayed in all his brilliant career, with every sign of annoyance and displeasure. Accepting the keys of the city, and regardless of their plea for mercy, he ordered the unhappy men to immediate execution. In vain his barons appealed to him to mitigate the sentence, in vain the Black Prince added his entreaties for the release of the captives.

Sir Walter Manny, who had arranged the terms of surrender with John of Vienne, then reminded the king of the greatness of his fame, and pointed out the stain that would surely tarnish it if these six brave men were handed over to execution; but the king was inexorable, and with a stern grimace and an impatient gesture ordered the headsman to be summoned.

At this point the queen, who by her victory at Neville's Cross had well earned the right of request, threw herself upon her knees and added her tender and prevailing appeal. "Ah, gentle sire!" she said, "since I have crossed the seas in great danger I have asked you nothing; but now I implore you, for the sake of the Son of the Holy Mary, and for your love of me, you will have mercy on these

six men." The king was not proof against this pathetic appeal from one to whom he owed so much, and yet it was with evident reluctance that he gave way. "Ah, dame!" he said, "I could have well wished that you had been elsewhere this day; but how can I deny you anything? Take these men, and dispose of them as you will." The queen, delighted with her success, is said to have provided the captives with proper clothing and feasted them in her own tent, after which, having presented them with six nobles each, she gave them safe passage to the city gates.

On the 4th of August, 1347, the day following the surrender, the king and queen entered the city at the head of their great lords and men-at-arms; here they remained until the queen gave birth to a princess, who was called, in honour of her birthplace, Margaret of Calais.

Having expelled the inhabitants of Calais and repopled the city with English families, Edward strengthened the defences of the town, after which, at the earnest instance of the Pope, he made a truce with Philip of France, which ultimately lasted for six years.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND, 1346—1371.

THE battle of Neville's Cross, fought on the 17th of October, 1346, an account of which is given on pp. 39-41, left David Bruce a captive of Philippa, queen of Edward III., who confined him in the Tower of London.

Deprived of their young king, the Scots nobles who had survived the defeat vested the guardianship of the kingdom in the High Steward of Scotland, who was a grandson of Robert Bruce and heir-apparent to the Scottish crown, and who proved himself well worthy of the confidence reposed in him.

Edward Baliol, who now believed the subjugation of Scotland complete, took up his residence at the castle of Caerlaverock on the banks of the Solway, and collecting a strong force of freebooters, assisted by Percy and Neville with a large body of mounted archers and men-at-arms, ravaged the Lothians, laid waste the country as far as Glasgow, devastated Cunningham and Niddesdale, and to quote Tytler's "History of Scotland," "rendered himself unusually odious by the ferocity which marked his progress."

The policy of England at this time seems to have varied, as the ambition of its king and the needs of his exchequer became paramount. Had Edward III. been free from financial difficulties and the necessity of maintaining the war with France, he would doubtless have pursued the policy which aimed at the union of England and Scotland under one crown, and that, of course, his own, in securing which he would have used, as indeed he did use, the pretensions of Edward Baliol as best suited his purpose. But his war with France made

serious demands upon his resources, and the ransom of the young Scotch king and his companions offered a ready means of replenishing his exchequer. So while he still continued to treat Baliol as king of Scotland, he was not unwilling to negotiate for the release of David Bruce.

Under these circumstances a truce was effected which, prolonged from time to time, lasted six years, during which David was at one time allowed to visit Scotland on parole, leaving seven youths of the best families of Scotland as hostages for his return. While here attempts were made by Edward III. to induce the young king of Scotland to accept his freedom at the price of his independence, and it is evident that David, weary of his captivity, did in fact acknowledge Edward lord paramount and agree to take the oaths of homage, a course in which he was followed by the Knight of Liddisdale and others of his fellow-captives.

"But," says Tytler, "the nation would not listen to the proposal for a moment. They longed, indeed, for the presence of their king and were willing to make every sacrifice for the payment of his ransom ; but they declared with one voice that no consideration whatever should induce them to renounce their independence, and David was reluctantly compelled to return to his captivity in England."

Negotiations for ransom were, however, continued, and at length completed at Newcastle in July, 1354, by a treaty under which ninety thousand marks were to be paid for the redemption of the young king in nine yearly instalments of ten thousand marks each. At this stage, however, circumstances occurred which indefinitely postponed the settlement so nearly consummated. France was not interested in the maintenance of peace between Scotland and England, and just as this treaty was on the point of ratification, Eugene de Garencières, an ambassador from the French court, arrived in Scotland at the head of a body of sixty knights and bearing forty thousand *moutons d'or*, which he distributed amongst the Scottish nobles, whom he readily persuaded to abandon a scheme which was far from popular, and which, not having yet received the

assent of the regent or the ratification of the states of the realm, was not yet binding upon the country.

Border conflicts immediately ensued, and the Scots being victorious in some smaller engagements, marched to Berwick, then held by the representatives of Edward, whom they surprised and overcame. News of their success brought Edward from Calais with all speed, and once more the long-suffering city was laid under siege. The capitulation of the garrison, which was far too small to defend the town, relieved the army of Edward for larger enterprises and more active service, and at the head of eighty thousand men he marched northwards, while the fleet which had besieged Berwick from the sea proceeded to accompany him round the coast and await him in the Forth. At this point complications were reduced and issues made plainer by the formal resignation by Edward Baliol of his title to the kingdom of Scotland in the interests of Edward III. upon consideration of provision being made for the childless puppet who no longer suited the purpose of his master. This was executed with all the pomp and circumstances of feudal ceremony, Baliol divesting himself of his regalia and laying his crown at the feet of the English king. Baliol, who for sixteen years had been entirely dependent upon the King of England, was now an old man, without heirs, so that the annuity of £2000 which he received as the price of his submission was much more comfort to him than the empty honours which he relinquished to secure it. Shorn of his dignities the old man retired into private life, surviving but a few years his final fall.

Edward III., having thus extracted the promise of fealty from David and purchased the submission of Baliol, pressed forward to secure by force of arms the realisation of his ambition by adding Scotland to the appendages of the English crown.

But Edward was reckoning without his host, and had to cope with men who were well prepared to deal in their own way even with so formidable a foe. They issued orders instructing the people to drive their herds and cattle beyond

the Firth of Forth and to store their valuables in the strongholds and secret fastnesses they had often used before, to destroy all the forage that they could not carry with them, and to retreat themselves, armed and ready for action, to the woods and mountains, from which they could watch and harass the movements of the enemy. To secure time for this Douglas went to meet the army of Edward, which presented an imposing spectacle marching under the royal standard of Scotland, and when encamped covering a space of twenty leagues. Upon the plea of communicating with the Scottish leaders, Douglas secured a truce of ten days, during which the inhabitants retreated north, where Douglas eventually joined them.

Finding himself duped by the wily Scot, Edward became greatly enraged, and marching through Berwickshire to Lothian, devastated the country all the way, burning every sign of civilisation which he came upon. "In this indiscriminate vengeance," says Tytler, "even the churches and religious houses were sacrilegiously plundered and cast down. A noble abbey church at Haddington, whose choir, lighted by long-shaped lantern windows of graceful proportion, went by the name of the Lamp of the Lothians, was entirely destroyed, and the adjoining monastery of the Minorites, with the town itself, razed to the ground."

But as the king marched further and further north he began to feel the need of fresh supplies, as the retreating Scots had left none behind them, and the vast host were coming to an end of the stores they carried with them. Famine stared him in the face, and with all speed he pressed forward to Edinburgh in the hope of finding his ships waiting him at Leith. In this, however, he was disappointed. The fleet, which with all the pride of conquest he had despatched from Berwick, had met with fiercer foes than he had counted on, and in attempting to make the Forth had been dispersed and destroyed by wind and wave.

On learning this Edward saw that there was nothing for it but to beat a hasty retreat if he would save his splendid army

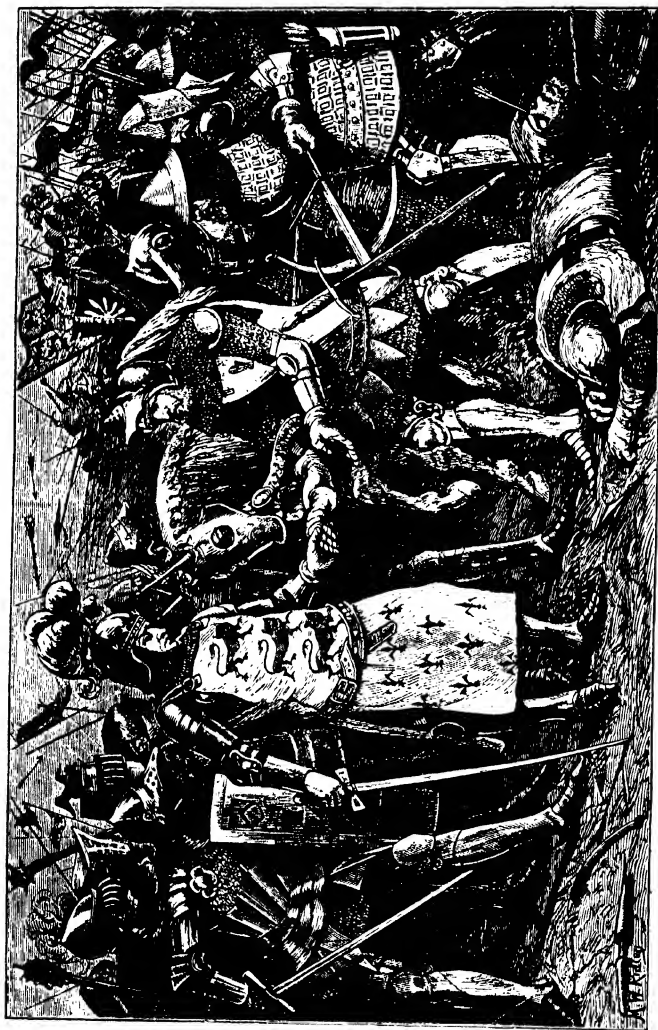
from absolute destruction. "This order for retreat," says Tytler, "became, as was to be expected, the signal for discipline to cease and disorder to begin. Every wood or mountain pass swarmed with Scottish soldiers, who harassed the rear with perpetual attacks, and in passing through the forest of Melrose the king himself was nearly taken and slain in an ambuscade which had been laid for him."

At length, reaching Carlisle in safety, the king disbanded his knights and made his way to London, where he assumed in proclamation the conquest he had failed to realise in fact, and as he found it impossible to pursue his schemes in France while the Scotch succession remained unsettled, negotiations were once more opened for the ransom of David Bruce. After many formalities this redemption was at length effected for the sum of £100,000, to be paid in yearly instalments of £4000 per annum, and David was restored to the throne of his father after a captivity of eleven years.

David, once more king of Scotland, Edward soon began to tamper with him for the independence of his country, and after many negotiations David summoned a Parliament to meet at Scone in the month of March, 1363, and laid the proposal of the English king before the astonished assembly. The proposal was that in the event of David's death the states of the realm should choose one of Edward's sons to fill the Scottish throne, Lionel, the third son, being preferentially recommended for the choice. On the acceptance of this agreement the King of England undertook for his own part and on behalf of his heirs that no future attempt should be made under any circumstance whatever to establish a right to the Scottish throne; and further that the ransom, the payment of which pressed so heavily upon the country, should be accepted as discharged. This scheme, which would have cut off the High Steward and all other descendants of Robert Bruce from the line of succession, was heard with astonishment and refused with indignation, and in a very short time Scotland was on the verge of civil war. Happily this was averted by the prompt and wise action of David, who in this

showed some of the qualities of his father ; but though open rupture was avoided years were wasted in fruitless negotiations, in which Edward sought the dependence of the kingdom of Scotland and David played into his hands, while the High Steward and the chief of the nobility of Scotland with equal vigour and pertinacity supported the maintenance of the national independence and the integrity of legitimate succession. At last Edward found it necessary to effect a settlement with Scotland in order that he might be free to deal unhampered with Charles V. of France, whose treatment of the Treaty of Bretigny angered him ; and so the truce was renewed for a period of fourteen years, and it was arranged that the £56,000 of the king's ransom which yet remained unpaid should be paid off in annual instalments of £4000 during that time. Within a year from this arrangement David died in Edinburgh Castle on the 22nd of February, 1370, in the forty-seventh year of his age. David II. was succeeded by the High Steward of Scotland, his nephew, who was the only issue of Lady Margery Bruce, the eldest daughter of Robert I., and who was crowned at Scone on the 26th of March, 1371, under the title of Robert II.

Robert II. came to the throne at the mature age of fifty-five, an age at which most men desire to live peaceably with their neighbours, and at a time, too, when age was beginning to tell upon Edward III, who, however, still seems to have clung to the idea of maintaining his claims upon the Scottish crown. Under these circumstances peace was preserved until June 1377, when death closed the career of Edward of England and released Scotland of a determined enemy.



SURRENDER OF THE KING OF FRANCE AT POITIERS.

THE STORY OF POITIERS, 1356.

DURING the six years' truce which followed the capture of Calais, all attempts to render peace permanent were unavailing.

Edward III. offered on his part to give up all claim to the throne of France, if Philip on his would acknowledge English sovereignty over Guienne, Calais, and the other lands at that time held by him ; but this proposal was indignantly refused.

In the year 1350, Philip of France died, and his son John Duke of Normandy became king. This, however, made no difference to the attitude of the two kingdoms, John refusing Edward's offer as uncompromisingly as his father had done. Both England and France were greatly exhausted by the wars of Edward and Philip, and this was the real cause of the prolongation of the truce. A truce formed on such a basis, however, could not last long, and in 1355 Edward III. renewed hostilities.

"The king," says Green, "prepared three armies to act at once in Normandy, Brittany, and Guienne, but the plan of campaign broke down. The Black Prince alone won a disgraceful success. Unable to pay his troops, he staved off their demands by a campaign of sheer pillage. Northern and central France had by this time fallen into utter ruin ; the royal treasury was empty, the fortresses unoccupied, the troops disbanded for want of pay, and the country swept by bandits. Only the south remained at peace, and the young Prince led his army of freebooters thither. They found the country full and gay, the rooms adorned with carpets and draperies, the

caskets and closets full of fair jewels. But nothing was safe from these robbers, they carried off everything ; their horses were so laden with spoil that they could hardly move."

In the following year the Black Prince directed his march northward, ravaged Agenois, Limousin, Auvergne, Marche, and Berri, but failed in his attack on Bourges and Issoudun. In an attempt to advance towards Normandy, to unite with Lancaster, he found the bridges of the Loire destroyed, and learning that John was seeking him with vastly superior numbers, determined on retreat. John, at the head of the French army, crossed the Loire, and made for Poitiers, upon which point the Black Prince advanced, coming unconsciously upon the rear of the French army at Maupertuis, two leagues from Poitiers, on the 17th of September, 1356. Edward's scouts reported the whole country filled by a great army, and the Black Prince at once realised that his position was serious.

The French army at Poitiers numbered some 60,000 men, including 20,000 men-at-arms, of whom 2000 were sent by the Scots. John was also supported by most of the princes of the blood, and the flower of the French nobility. The force of the Black Prince numbered not more than 10,000, the majority of whom were Gascons ; but they included 4000 archers, and the archers were once more to prove themselves masters in the field.

"The circumstances," says Howitt, "were such as to confound the bravest and most experienced commander ; but the Prince, though sensible of the seriousness of his situation, did not for a moment lose heart. With consummate ability he took up his position on the summit of a gentle declivity planted with vineyards, and approachable only by one narrow road flanked with hedges and thickets. This ground, so strong by nature, he greatly strengthened by digging trenches and forming embankments." Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont and three other knights went out from the French camp to reconnoitre the English army, and returned with the following report : "Sir, we have seen the enemy. By our guess they amount to 2000 men-at-arms, 4000 archers, and 1500 or 2000 other

men, and appear to form one division. They are strongly posted, wisely ordered, and their position is well-nigh inaccessible. In order to attack them there is but one passage, where four horsemen may ride abreast, which leads to the centre of their line. The hedges that flank this passage are lined with archers, and the English main body itself consists of dismounted men-at-arms arrayed in the form of a *herse* or harrow. By this difficult passage alone can you approach the English position ; consider therefore what is best to be done."

Upon this report John decided to attack the English on foot, by charging up the narrow lane ; three hundred French knights on horseback being appointed to clear the way for the French infantry, who were to follow. Edward, who had arraigned his army in three divisions, had kept a detachment of cavalry in reserve for the purpose of compassing the hill and surprising the French in the rear.

At this point strenuous efforts were made by two legates of the pope—Cardinals Talleyrand de Perigord and Capoccio—to preserve peace, but King John, confident in the superiority of his numbers, could only be got to give reluctant consent to the Cardinal visiting the English camp and pointing out his extreme danger to the Black Prince.

"Save my honour," was the Prince's answer, "and the honour of my army, and I will listen to any reasonable terms ;" and beyond this he went on to offer terms which most men would deem far more than could reasonably have been expected from him. He offered to give up the towns and castles he had taken in his two campaigns, to release all prisoners without ransom, and to make oath that he would not bear arms against the King of France for a period of seven years, and all this in exchange for an unmolested retreat.

"Fair sir, you say well," said the Cardinal, "and I will try and get you such conditions."

"Never," says Howitt, "was a finer opportunity of securing a splendid triumph in the surrender of so renowned an enemy, but John the Good again showed that he was not John the Wise. He was elated with the persuasion that he had the

Prince wholly in his power ; and the very liberality of Edward's offer confirmed the fatal idea. He therefore insisted on the surrender of the Prince and a hundred of his best knights, flattering himself that with such hostages he could secure the restitution of Calais." This offer, it need hardly be said, was indignantly refused.

Sunday having been suitably employed in this ministry of peace, Monday morning the 19th of September, 1356, found both armies ready for the fray. Edward's tiny army was certainly in a desperate case, for his men had had little or no food for two days and were likely to find no mercy in defeat, but they held the best position and their archers were invincible. With a furious dash the French knights made for the narrow lane which led to the centre of the main army. But the archers on either side saluted them with their deadly fire ; the Marshal Andreghen was wounded and taken prisoner, the Marshal Clermont was killed. The line of horsemen thinned out as they dashed along the narrow avenue of death ; those who reached the top of the lane were cut down by the main army, those who fell *en route* impeded the progress of their followers. At this stage the English cavalry, as had been previously arranged, swept round the base of the declivity and, supported by a body of six hundred archers, attacked the French army in the rear. This unlooked-for onslaught caused great confusion in the division commanded by the dauphin. "The English archers," says Froissart, "shot so thickly and so well that the French did not know which way to turn themselves." Under a storm of arrows which nothing could withstand the second division dispersed in confusion and haste. The knights fighting on foot in front, becoming alarmed for the safety of their horses in the rear, deserted their standards and led rather than followed in the general flight. The dauphin and his brother then left the field with an escort of eight hundred men, and the Duke of Orleans was soon in full retreat.

Sir John Chandos, grasping the situation at this point, appealed to the Prince, saying, "Sire, ride forward ; the day is won ! Let us charge on the King of France, for well I

know that he is too bold to flee, and we shall take him, please God and St. George."

The Black Prince then began the forward movement which crowned the issue of the day. Springing to their saddles with the shout, "St. George for Guienne!" the English knights dashed down the narrow lane and across the field with an impetuosity that bore down all opposition.

Sir John Chandos had accurately described the King of France. He was indeed too bold to flee, and the onward rush of English knights found him fighting desperately if with but a forlorn hope. Still leading the faithful of his own division on foot, he hewed his way with his battle-axe in a manner which showed, as Froissart puts it, that had his knights but fought as well the issue of the day might have been different. The Constable of France, who with a squadron of horse supported his royal master, fell before the impetuous rush of the English men-at-arms, while the German cavalry, under Count Sallebruche, were well-nigh annihilated by the terrific onslaught of Edward the Black Prince. Meanwhile the King of France, supported by his son, a boy of fourteen years, and surrounded by a gradually lessening band of the most faithful nobility of France, still fought on. Recognised by his enemies, he might easily have been killed had they not wanted to take him alive. Several who attempted to seize him he hurled to the ground for their pains; but when called upon to surrender he said, "Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?" as he was unwilling to surrender to any one of less rank. "He is not here," replied Sir Dennis of Morbecque, an outlawed knight of Picardy, who was fighting on the English side; "surrender to me and I will lead you to him."

Upon this the king surrendered, giving his glaive to Sir Dennis, who, giant that he was, had some difficulty in preserving his prize, so many being anxious to make him prisoner. The appearance of the Earl of Warwick on the scene restored some degree of order, amid which King John and his youthful son were conducted to the Prince.

"This," says Howitt, "terminated the battle of Poitiers, one of the most wonderful victories ever achieved, being won by an army numerically only one-sixth of that which it defeated, and fighting under the disadvantage of being surrounded in the enemy's country and against the King of France in person and all his chivalry. Thus stood King John, a captive at the end of the fight, when without striking a single blow he might have expelled the English army from his soil, and bound the formidable Prince of Wales to a peace of seven years."

The Black Prince treated his prisoner with every mark of consideration and respect, carried him and his son to Bordeaux and thence to London, entering the English capital in state on the 24th of April, 1357.

John the Good remained a captive in England until the peace of Bretigny was signed on the 24th of October, 1360, when he returned to France ; but finding that his countrymen were unwilling to abide the conditions of the treaty, returned to his captivity, and died at the palace of the Savoy on the 8th of April, 1364.

THE STORY OF NAVARETTE,

1367.

THE victory of Poitiers was followed by the peace of Bretigny, or the great peace, a treaty under which Edward gave up all claim to the throne of France and to Normandy, Anjou, and Maine, but retained his rule over Aquitaine, Ponthieu, and Calais, relieved of all feudal responsibilities. This peace, made in 1360, lasted for nine years, during which both France and England had some time to breathe freely and recuperate. But nine years was a long time for the sword of a warrior prince like Edward to remain idle, and as France gave him no opportunity for its exercise, he found occasion elsewhere.

At this time the throne of Castile was occupied by a very Nero for treachery and cruelty in the person of Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, "one of the most bloody monsters who ever disgraced a throne." In dealing with his own family, his nobles, or his outraged subjects, he had but one method of overcoming opposition and satisfying his savage disposition, and that was murder. He poisoned his wife and otherwise disposed of several of his brothers, murdering one noble after another in fear of desperation and revenge, until "his court became a perfect hell of blood and terror, terror alone preventing his dethronement."

Under these circumstances Enrique Count of Transtamara and Tello Count of Biscay, both natural brothers of Pedro, fled to France and begged Charles, who as Dauphin had taken the reins of government after the capture of his father

at Cressy, to avenge the death of his wife's sister, who had married Pedro only to be poisoned by him, and to help them to rid the country of its impious and bloodthirsty king.

Charles, who saw in this proposal an opportunity for giving employment to the numerous bands of desperadoes who after the defeat of Cressy harassed his subjects by carrying on expeditions of their own, commanded Du Guesclin to make overtures to the chiefs of the "Companions" as they were called, with a view to forming an expedition against the Moors of Spain. This, regarded as a crusade against the "Infidel," received the blessing of the pope, and, financed by two hundred thousand francs by Charles, the army assembled at Chalons and marched towards Avignon. "The pope," says Howitt, "who then resided there, alarmed at the approach of such a force, sent a cardinal to learn their object in coming that way. Du Guesclin answered that they were bound on a crusade against the enemies of the Church. They sought the pope's blessing, and the small sum of two hundred thousand florins to help them on their way. His Holiness readily pronounced the blessing and absolution of all their sins—an awful score. But Du Guesclin replied that his followers were of that description that would, if necessary, dispense with the absolution, but not with the money. The pope then proposed to levy the sum of one hundred thousand florins on the inhabitants; but Du Guesclin said they were not come to oppress the innocent people, but would expect the money out of the pope's own coffers. His Holiness thought it well to comply with a request backed by such an argument as thirty thousand notorious banditti, and the bold beggars marched on."

Pedro was no match for this desperate and powerful force, and very soon sought safety in flight, escaping with his two daughters to Guienne, and claiming the protection of the Black Prince. Neither Edward III. nor his warrior son had ever troubled themselves very much about the rights of a quarrel if it suited their purpose to take part in it, and the Black Prince, who had had a long rest from the field of war,

determined to unsheath his sword in the cause of one of the foulest despots who ever blackened the pages of history. "The conduct of the Black Prince in this affair," says Howitt, "proved that with all his personal virtues he was destitute of that high moral sense—that perception of what is intrinsically great and noble—which stamps the true hero."

The Black Prince turned a deaf ear to those who counselled him to have done with so despicable a cause, a cause which, though successful in the field, could bring him no honour for himself, no benefit for mankind, and only increased burdens for the already over-taxed people of Gascony. Recalling his officers from the bands of the "Companions," he marshalled his forces, which were soon augmented by the accession of some twelve thousand men, who had deserted the standard of Du Guesclin, attracted by the magic of his name. The small part that the sense of right played in these transactions was well illustrated by this act, for here were twelve thousand of the very men who had driven Don Pedro from his throne, now ready to fight for his restoration.

With an army of thirty thousand men, the Black Prince started on his ignoble enterprise. Crossing the Pyrenees he marched through Roncesvalles, traversing a district since famous for the march of Wellington, and on the 3rd of April, 1367, met the armies of Don Enrique and Du Guesclin between Navarette and Najara.

The forces of Don Enrique and Du Guesclin are said to have been three times as numerous as those of the Black Prince; but numbers made no difference to his ever-victorious arms, or long ere this he would have met with a reverse.

The battle opened with an attack upon the troops of Du Guesclin, made by the young Duke of Lancaster, brother of the Black Prince, who, emulous of Edward's fame, charged the men of France and Arragon with desperate vigour and determination. This attack was followed up by the Black Prince, who charged the forces led by Don Tello, throwing the whole division into confusion, of which the English and Gascon footmen took immediate advantage, to their complete

discomfiture. The third division, under Don Enrique was then charged by the Black Prince, and though three times rallied ultimately broke and fled with great loss. In this battle the Spaniards used slings to hurl large stones at the enemy; but they were no match for the archers, who here as elsewhere proved themselves invincible.

On the completion of the victory Don Pedro showed the cruelty of his nature by proposing to massacre all the prisoners, a proposal which it need hardly be said the Black Prince indignantly refused.

After this battle, in which more than twenty thousand men were slain, Don Pedro was once more placed upon the throne, but only to show how stupid as well as how wicked the blunder was that placed him there. "The tyrant once restored," says Howitt, "gave him" (the Black Prince) "immediate proof of the miserable work he had done, by refusing to fulfil a single stipulation that he had made. He left the Prince's army without the pay so liberally promised, and without provisions. The Prince was exposed to the murmurs of his deluded soldiers. The heat of the climate, and strange and unwholesome food, began to sweep them off in great numbers, while his own health began to give way, never to be restored. He made his way back to Bordeaux as well as he could, where he arrived in July 1367, with a ruined constitution and covered with debts incurred on behalf of the ungrateful tyrant."

To meet his financial difficulties the Black Prince now imposed fresh taxes upon the already overburdened Gascons who, finding no attention paid to their complaints, carried them to the King of France; and this involved Prince Edward and Charles V. in new complications. Meanwhile, Du Guesclin once more joined arms with Don Enrique to overthrow the unscrupulous despot. Don Pedro made a desperate resistance, but he was at last blockaded in the castle of Montiel, accompanied by about a dozen others, but without provisions, or means of securing them. In this predicament Don Pedro made an attempt to escape by night, but, captured by a

French soldier, was carried to a tent, where, in a deadly struggle with his brother Enrique, he was stabbed to the heart. And so this war, which had cost so much of blood and treasure, and caused so much misery to such countless numbers, ended, like so many other wars before and since, just where it began.

THE STORY OF THE STORMING OF LIMOGES, 1370.

AFTER the victory of Navarette Edward the Black Prince returned to Bordeaux, where he held his court, and continued to govern the southern provinces of France in his father's name, and it was while here that he heard of the circumstances which led to his last campaign. Limoges, the capital of Limousin, a city which he had himself ravaged, had been surrendered by the bishop and some of the chief inhabitants to the Dukes of Anjou and Berri, and Edward, who had numbered the bishop among his personal friends and conferred many privileges upon the citizens, was greatly enraged.

Too weak to mount a horse he yet determined to punish the faithless city, and marshalling one thousand two hundred Lancers and two thousand Archers, advanced in a litter at their head to mete out vengeance to the rebellious.

Arrived before the walls of the doomed city his summons to surrender was treated with contempt, and it became evident that if he was to reduce the city he must take it by storm. With this view he set his sappers at work to dig out the foundations and undermine the walls. Having excavated a mine he is said by some to have used gunpowder for the purpose of exploding it and making a breach ; but according to others he effected this purpose by burning the supports used to prop up the walls during excavation. By whichever means, however, he succeeded in making the breach through which his Lancers forced their way into the unhappy town, where they perpetrated ruthless slaughter. The Black Prince was too old and too

hardened a soldier to take much notice of the cries for mercy which now appealed to him from every side. Men, women, and children who were in no way responsible for the betrayal of the city presented themselves before him, but only to be cut down and swept from his path by the bloody hands of his savage soldiery. No fewer than four thousand of these miserable creatures were sacrificed in this way to the brutal vengeance of his indiscriminate butchery.

Here, as commonly in warfare, the scourge fell on those least deserving of it, and clemency was reserved for those who were supremely guilty. It was for the bishop who had betrayed the city, and the knights who had most obstinately defended it, that the Black Prince reserved his pity, giving over the homes of the people who were innocent of any offence to be sacked by his savage soldiery, and then burning the city to the ground.

Returning to Bordeaux his troubles seemed to grow upon him. His own malady weakened him and chafed his indomitable spirit; and a year later he lost his eldest son and suffered the pain of domestic bereavement. Under these circumstances he returned to England, leaving his brother, the Duke of Lancaster, in charge of the court at Bordeaux.

All hopes of restoration under the influence of his native air and the careful nursing of his devoted wife, "the fair maid of Kent," proved vain, and Edward the Black Prince died in London, on Trinity Sunday, June the 8th, 1376, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and was buried with great pomp in Canterbury Cathedral. Though his death was long expected it caused a great gloom to fall upon his countrymen, who held him in high esteem for the strength of his character and the unflinching success of his arms. Walsingham, a contemporary writer, referring to his demise, says, "The good fortune of England, as if it had been inherent in his person, flourished in his health, languished in his sickness, and expired on his death; for with him died all the hopes of Englishmen, and during his life they had no fear of invasion of the enemy nor encounter in battle." His tomb, which is well preserved, stands on the

south side of the cathedral, not far from the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket.

Edward III. only survived his son twelve months and died on the 21st of June, 1377. Charles V. of France lived but three years longer, dying in September, 1380; but he lived long enough to realise that "all things come round to him who will but wait," and to win back by wise policy all that his predecessors Philip and John had lost at Cressy and Poitiers.

THE BORDER WARS AND THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN, 1388.

ON the death of Edward III. in 1377, Richard, the eldest son of Edward the Black Prince, who was born at Bordeaux in 1366, ascended the throne of England, the government of the country being vested in a council during his minority.

The reign of Richard was marked by the institution of the poll tax and the consequent rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw ; but these were civil disturbances and do not come within the scope of this work.

Although Edward III. was no longer a claimant for the Scottish crown, and Robert II. who now wore it was desirous of peace, such was the unsettled condition of men's minds, particularly in the Border country, that frequent infringements of the truce were made, if not without the knowledge, at least without the interference, of the State. Frequent incursions of the Scots, who ravaged Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, led to as frequent retaliation on the part of the English, and except when these assumed extraordinary proportions, they do not seem to have excited the action of authority. It is worthy of note, as illustrating the conditions of the times, that when Mercer, the Scotch pirate or privateer, assisted by French and Spanish ships, made war upon the English shipping ; it was Philpot, a London merchant, and not the King of England, who fitted out the expedition that destroyed and captured his fleet, which included no less than fifteen Spanish ships, and took him prisoner.

As an outgrowth of these Border forays which, stimulated by

French intrigues, assumed more serious importance and came to an anti-climax in the capture of Berwick by Sir Alexander Ramsay, and its recapture by the Earl of Northumberland, John of Gaunt made his first invasion of Scotland, an invasion which, however, he was careful to explain, was made in the interests of law and order and which, in fact, ended peacefully by the arrangement of a further truce of three years. More French intrigues followed, and at the expiration of the truce war broke out again, and John of Gaunt once more invaded Scotland, where, meeting with the old tactics of devastation and retreat in which the Scotch even carried off the straw roofs of their wooden houses, leaving the English not only without forage but without shelter, he was compelled to return in search of food, the Scots cutting off his foraging parties, and otherwise harassing his retreat.

An armistice followed in which France and Scotland were included; but on the expiration of this truce, which took place in May, 1385, hostilities were once more resumed. The French who, though no longer threatened by English arms, were animated by a fierce desire to avenge the sufferings they had sustained at the hand of Edward III. and the Black Prince, and convinced that they could best carry war into the enemy's country through the friendly territory of Scotland, despatched John of Vienne, the famous governor of Calais, with a thousand knights, squires, and men-at-arms, and an equal number of cross-bowmen and common soldiers, a large sum in gold, and armour for the equipment of fourteen hundred Scottish knights and esquires, to induce them to make war upon England.

Robert II. met John of Vienne at Edinburgh and allowed himself to be forced into a war for which he had no necessity and from which he shrank. The result was that in the summer of 1385 an army of more than thirty thousand men crossed the Borders and descended into Northumberland, taking three castles on the march, but retreating as rapidly upon the approach of the English forces.

Richard II., then a young man of nineteen years of age,

led the English army, variously estimated at from sixty thousand to eighty thousand men, in person. Unable to find his enemy, who, true to the tactics which had so often baffled English invasion, offered him the old game of hide-and-seek, he burnt Edinburgh, Dunfermline, Perth, and Dundee, and would have reduced Aberdeen to ashes had not news that the Scots were wasting Cumberland, and the French besieging Carlisle, drawn him from the north. But both English and Scotch seem by this time to have had enough of the war. Richard, suspicious of the loyalty of John of Gaunt, disbanded his army about the time that the Scots, tired of their French allies, made them so uncomfortable that they, too, made their way home, to quote Froissart, "disgusted with the country and the manners of the inhabitants."

Rid of the enemy—their friends—the Scots devoted themselves to the ravaging of such parts of Cumberland as had been hitherto left unscathed. Robert, Earl of Fife, James, Earl of Douglas, and Sir Archibald Douglas, lord of Galloway, crossing the Solway at the head of thirty thousand men to plunder without opposition and return laden with spoils, so that, according to Fordun, "the feeblest of the Scottish host had his hands full."

The next invasion grew out of the spirit of retaliation, so common a cause of hostilities in these times, and the divided councils of the English court, which afforded a favourable opportunity. At a council called in Edinburgh to deliberate on this expedition, the king, as usual, favoured peace, but his warlike nobles also, as usual, forced his hand, and, to quote Tytler, "It was resolved that there should be a general muster of the whole military force of the kingdom under the Earl of Fife at Jedburgh, preparatory to an invasion upon a scale likely to ensure an ample retribution for their losses."

To meet this formidable force the Border barons gathered their retainers together and put themselves in readiness, but being unable to cope with the vast army of the Scots determined to wait events before determining their course. The Scots army, which included twelve hundred men-at-arms and forty

thousand infantry, was separated into two divisions, which proceeded by different routes, that they might intercept any attempt on the part of the English to make a counter attack upon Scotland.

At the head of the second division of this army the Earl of Douglas passed quickly and quietly through Northumberland until he reached Durham, where he set fire to the villages and put the inhabitants to the sword. The English, who took Douglas' division for the advance guard of the Scotch army, did not venture to cope with it. Sir Henry Percy, known as Hotspur, and his brother Ralph, sons of the Earl of Northumberland, waited with their supporters within the borders of Newcastle, while the earl, their father, assembled his forces and waited events at Alnwick.

After devastating the country up to the very gates of Durham, Douglas returned to Newcastle, where he waited two days to give the Percies an opportunity of coming out to fight him if they would. Skirmishes ensued at the barriers of the town, and Hotspur and Douglas were personally confronted in a contest in which Douglas won the pennon of Sir Henry Percy and boasted in the hearing of the knights present that he would carry it to Scotland and plant it on his castle at Dalkeith. "That, so help me God!" said Hotspur, "no Douglas shall ever do;" and added, "ere you leave Northumberland you shall have small cause to boast." "Well, Henry," Douglas is said to have replied, "your pennon shall this night be placed before my tent; come and win it if you can." True to his promise, Douglas placed the pennon in front of his tent that night, but the English were far too inferior a force to justify the rash attempt, and Percy wisely bided his time.

The Scots, finding that they but waited in vain, retreated towards Scotland until they reached the village and castle of Otterburn in Redesdale, some twenty miles from Newcastle. The castle offered a stubborn resistance, and Douglas, determined to reduce it, and anxious to give Percy a chance of coming up with him, skilfully selected a site for his encampment and arranged his forces with a view to an attack.

"In its front," says Tytler, "and extending a little to one side was a marshy level, at the narrow entrance of which were placed their carriages and waggons laden with plunder, and behind them the horses, sheep, and cattle which they had driven away with them. These were committed to the charge of the sutlers and camp followers, who, though poorly armed, were able to make some resistance with their staves and knives. Behind these on firm ground, which was on one side defended by the marsh and on the other flanked by a small wooded hill, were placed the tents and temporary huts of the leaders and the men-at-arms, and having thus taken every precaution against a surprise they occupied themselves during the day in assaulting the castle and at night retired within their encampment."

Meanwhile Hotspur had learned that the army of Douglas was wholly without support, and ascertaining the place of his encampment he immediately put himself at the head of six hundred lances and eight thousand foot, and, without waiting for the Bishop of Durham, who was on his way to join him, marched straight for Otterburn with all the speed he could. It was on the 10th of August, 1388, after sundown on a lovely moonlight night, that Hotspur reached the Scottish camp. The Scots, or the greater part of them, who had been engaged all day in an unsuccessful attempt to reduce the castle and who were fatigued alike with their exertions and the heat of the day, had refreshed themselves with their evening meal and laid them down to sleep. They could scarcely, however, have become oblivious to the dangers of war when they were aroused by the thrilling cry of "Percy, Percy!" and in a moment the whole camp was in an uproar of onslaught and defiance. The English were greatly superior in point of numbers, but the barricade of waggons and the gallant stand made by the knights and camp followers in charge of them, at least delayed the English, while the Scots men-at-arms girded on their armour and formed to receive their charge. Douglas, taking advantage of the configuration of his camp, led his men quietly round the wooded elevation that flanked it and raising his banner rushed upon the flank

of the English when most of them were struggling in the marsh. Though it was now night, the moon shone with so much brightness that day could hardly have made things clearer. Hour after hour passed and still the battle raged with unabated fury. "Banners rose and fell," says Tytler, "and the cheers of the knights shouting their war-cries were mingled with the shrieks and groans of the dying ; whilst the ground, covered with dead bodies and shreds of armour and slippery with blood scarce afforded room for the combatants, so closely were they engaged and so obstinately was every foot of earth contested."

Rashness was shown by both leaders in the battle of "Chevy Chase"—by Hotspur in attacking the camp without first making sure of his ground, and so avoiding the difficulties of the marsh and the attack upon the servants' quarters, and Douglas by the undue exposure of himself in the midst of the fray. The first mistake probably cost Hotspur the victory, for if he had attacked the camp under the shelter of the wood he might have fought if not with advantage at least without the disadvantage incident to fighting in the marsh ; the second mistake certainly did cost Douglas his life and cast a great gloom over the splendour of the victory.

Douglas, wielding his battle-axe in both hands, fought his way valiantly into the thick of the English knighthood, and throwing himself too rashly upon their spears was borne to the earth and soon mortally wounded in the head and neck. Sir James Lindsay, his kinsman, was the first to discover him, and asking how he fared was answered by the dying Douglas, "But poorly ; I am dying in my armour as my fathers have done, thanks be to God, and not in my bed ; but if you love me, raise my banner and press forward, for he who should bear it lies slain beside me." "Lindsay instantly obeyed," says Tytler, and the banner of the crowned heart again rose amid the cries of 'Douglas,' so that the Scots believed that their leader was still in the field and pressed on the English with a courage which at last compelled them to give way." The Percies surrendered after a tremendous struggle, and with them all that

remained of the chivalry, of Northumberland and Durham, having lost more than eighteen hundred men-at-arms besides a thousand "grievously wounded."

Thus ended the fierce battle of Chevy Chase, the most famous and most interesting of the Border battles. "It is impossible," says Tylter, "not to agree with Froissart that there never was a more chivalrous battle than this of Otterburn: the singular circumstances under which it was fought, on a sweet moonlight night, the heroic death of Douglas, the very name of Hotspur, all contribute to invest it with that character of romance so seldom coincident with the cold realities of history, and we experience in its recital something of the sentiment of Sir Philip Sydney, "who never could hear the song of Douglas and Percy without having his heart stirred as with the sound of a trumpet." But it ought not to be forgotten that it was solely a chivalrous battle. It had nothing great in its motives and nothing great in its results. It differs as widely in this respect from the battles of Stirling and Bannockburn, and from the many contests which distinguish the war of liberty, as the holy spirit of freedom from the petty ebullitions of national rivalry or the desire for plunder or revenge. It was fought at a time when England had abandoned all serious design against the independence of the neighbouring countries, when the king and the great body of the Scottish people earnestly desired peace, and when the accomplishment of this desire would have been a real blessing to the nation. But this blessing the Scottish nobles, who could not exist without public or private war, did not appreciate and had no ambition to see realised. The war originated in the character of this class, and the principles which they adopted and the power of the crown and the influence of the Commons were yet infinitely too feeble to check their authority. On the contrary, the domineering power of the great feudal families was evidently on the increase in Scotland and led to dreadful results."

THE STORY OF HOMILDON HILL,

1402.

IT was the misfortune of Scotland that at a time when she most needed wise and strong guidance, she was governed by weak and incompetent kings. David II. showed himself quite unworthy of his position, at the head of a brave people, and Robert III. had neither the health of body nor the vigour of mind necessary for his lofty office.

Under Robert, Scotland suffered from the divisions which always ensue when nominal and practical government are in different hands. The king, who, during his father's lifetime, was content to allow his brother, the Earl of Fife, afterwards Duke of Albany, to supersede him, now entrusted to him nearly all the powers of Government ; and when, nine years later, his own son became of age, he merely lifted the burden of government from the shoulders of the uncle to place them on those of the nephew. This delegation of government and transfer of power led to many jealousies, which from first to last cost Scotland a great deal, and ultimately David, Earl of Carrick, and Duke of Rothsay, the heir-apparent to the throne, his life.

In 1399 Richard II. of England was deposed by Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, Earl of Lancaster, who ascended the throne under the title of Henry IV., and who in seizing the throne set aside the lawful claims of Edward Mortimer, whom he kept prisoner in Windsor Castle. Henry, like all usurpers, found the throne he had perverted an uncomfortable seat. The Welsh revolted against him under Owen Glendower, and the Scots gave asylum to a poor crazed fugitive who

resembled Richard II. and long kept alive the tradition that that unhappy monarch was in hiding, and so encouraged intrigue and conspiracy on his behalf. About this time matters became complicated in Scotland by a quarrel between the Earl of March and the Earl of Douglas, as to whose daughter should become the bride of the heir-apparent. The Earl of March made the offer of his daughter with a substantial dowry, and the offer was accepted, when Douglas, annoyed at being outmanœuvred by his powerful rival offered his own daughter with a much larger dowry; whereupon the former engagement was cancelled and Rothsay married Elizabeth Douglas. The Earl of March, enraged at this slight cast upon his daughter, left Scotland and came to London, where he made friends with the new King. The unsettled state of affairs was further accelerated by the expiration of the term of truce, and the renewal of Border conflicts of a more or less serious nature.

Under these circumstances Henry IV. at last determined to invade Scotland, and, at the head of an army far outnumbering any army that the Scots could raise, proceeded to Newcastle, where he summoned Robert II. to appear before him as his liegeman and vassal. No answer being returned, Henry crossed the border and directed his march towards the capital. A challenge on the part of Rothsay, who was the governor of Edinburgh Castle, to decide the issue by a combat of a body of Knights, was evaded by Henry, who marched to Leith, where he addressed a letter to the King of Scotland which, like his former summons, was treated with silent contempt. Henry now proceeded to invest the castle, but he found it impossible to take it, and, being warned by the advancing season of the sufferings which his army must endure if he remained much longer in the North, broke up his camp and retreated across the border. This march of Henry IV. which was the last invasion of Scotland made by an English king, so like previous invasions in so many particulars, had one honourable distinction: it was marked by no devastation or plunder. "Whenever a castle or fortalice requested protection

it was instantly granted, and a pennon with the arms of England was hung over the battlements, which was sacredly respected by the soldiers. Henry's reply to two canons of Holyrood who besought him to spare their monastery, was in the same spirit of benevolence and courtesy. 'Never,' said he, 'while I live shall I cause distress to any religious house whatever; and God forbid that the monastery of Holyrood, the asylum of my father when in exile, should suffer aught from his son.'

In 1402 the Duke of Rothsay, the heir-apparent to the throne, was barbarously murdered by his uncle of Albany and the Earl of Douglas, who confined him to a dungeon at Falkirk and starved him to death, giving out that he had died of dysentery. So powerful were these noblemen that, notwithstanding the suspicion that attached to them in this connection, they were able to brave it out, and even dared to demand inquiry and secure the acquittal of Parliament. "Even this," says Tytler, "was not deemed sufficient, and a public remission was drawn up under the king's seal, declaring their innocence in terms which are conclusive of their guilt."

Border troubles again ensued. Douglas ravaged the north of England and Percy the south of Scotland, while the Earl of March, now in the service of the King of England, lent his aid to disturbance. The fierceness and frequency of these forays led the border barons of Scotland to unite their forces, taking turn in leadership as valour inspired confidence and prowess earned success. On one occasion the command fell to Sir Patrick Hepburn, of Hailes, who, urged on by ambition of distinction, and emboldened by success, penetrated farther into Northumberland than was prudent, and thus allowed himself to be intercepted by the forces of Percy and the Earl of March at Nesbit Moor in the Merse, on his return. A desperate conflict ensued. The Scots, admirably armed and mounted to the number of four hundred, including the flower of Lothian chivalry, fought with the desperation that their circumstances demanded. The contest was long and fierce, and the issue anything but certain, till, a reinforcement

of two hundred men from the garrison of Berwick arriving to support the English, the Scots were overborne and Sir Patrick Hepburn and many of his bravest knights were slain. So fierce was this fight and so sanguinary the encounter that ever since the scene of the carnage has been known by the name of Slaughter Hill. So important was the victory deemed, moreover, that Henry IV. communicated the information of it in writing to the Privy Council, and commanded them to assemble the forces of the different counties to face a new invasion.

Henry IV. was at this time engaged in a struggle with his Welsh subjects under Owen Glendower, and the moment seemed favourable for a descent upon the northern counties of England. The Earl of Douglas therefore gathered together a strong army which, reinforced by Murdoch, son of the Duke of Albany, at the head of a powerful contingent, numbered some ten thousand men, with which force the Scots, burning with revenge and eager for the fray, crossed the border and marched as far as Newcastle without opposition. The Earl of Northumberland, his son Hotspur, and the Earl of March were, however, well cognisant of the proceedings of the Scots, and, doubtless profiting by their experience of Sir Patrick Hepburn's foray, and the battle of Slaughter Hill, allowed their unopposed advance, the more readily to intercept their unwary return.

Having ravaged the country and surfeited themselves with plunder, the Scots' army commenced their retreat, and, confident in their own strength, proceeded slowly and carelessly towards their own country. Camping near Wooler, Douglas learned that Hotspur, with a powerful force, had occupied the pass before him, and was now advancing to attack. Douglas immediately proceeded to occupy the neighbouring eminence—Homildon Hill—arranging his forces in a deep square, a site and a disposition admirably adapted to receive cavalry, but fatal in its exposure of his army in one compact mass to the fearful fire of the English archers. "Had the Scottish knights and squires and the rest of the light-armed

cavalry, who must have numbered at least a thousand men, taken possession of this rising ground in advance, they might have charged the English archers before they came within bowshot, and the subsequent battle would have been reduced to a close-hand encounter in which the Scots, from the strong ground which they occupied, must have fought to great advantage. As it was, Douglas concentrated his force in one mass in an exposed position commanded by other eminences within bowshot, one of which, opposite to Homildon Hill, the English archers proceeded to occupy without opposition. At this stage the rashness and impetuosity of Hotspur, which had cost him so much at Otterburn, well-nigh threw away the advantage the English had gained, by leading him to attempt, at the head of his men-at-arms, a charge upon the Scottish host. Fortunately the Earl of March grasped the situation, and, seizing the reins of Hotspur's horse, stopped him on his mad career. Under March's orders precedence was given to the bowmen, who were so well qualified to deal with the emergency and who, deliberately advancing down the hill, poured their flights of arrows, which had done so much damage and won so much triumph at Cressy and Poitiers, upon the solid mass of Scots. According to an old chronicle, quoted by Tytler, the Scots were so closely wedged together that a breath of air could scarcely penetrate their files, making it impossible for them to wield their weapons. The effects of this were dreadful, for the cloth-yard shafts of England pierced with ease the light armour of the Scots, few of whom were defended by more than a steel cap and a thin jack or breastplate, whilst many wore nothing more than a leather acton or quilted coat, which offered but a feeble defence against such deadly missiles." Nor was the better armour of the knights able to resist their force when the advance gave the English archers nearer distance and more level aim.

Thus cooped up many of the bravest of the Scottish nobility fell where they stood without striking a blow. "The horses, goaded and maddened by unceasing showers of arrows, reared and plunged and became altogether unmanage-

able, whilst the dense mass of the spearsmen and naked Galwegians presented the appearance of a huge hedgehog bristled over with a thousand shafts whose feathers were red with blood."

The impatience of the knights and men-at-arms under these conditions soon began to show itself. "Why stand we here, my friends," cried Sir John Swinton, "to be slain like deer and marked down by the enemy? Where is our wonted courage? Are we to be still and have our hands nailed to our lances? Follow me, and let us at least sell our lives as dearly as we can." On hearing these manly words Sir Adam Gordon threw himself from his horse, and, though at deadly feud with Sir John Swinton, knelt at his feet, begged his forgiveness, and asked the honour of being knighted on the field by so brave a leader. Sir John Swinton, acceding to the request, gave him the accolade, and the two knights, after tenderly embracing each other, mounted their chargers and, followed by a hundred horse, flung themselves upon the enemy in a terrific onslaught, which, had it but been followed up, might even then have retrieved the honours of the day. But by this time the confusion in the Scots' ranks was so complete that the two brave knights and their devoted followers were either all slain or captured before Douglas could rally another charge for their support. The steady and incessant fire of the English archers, here as elsewhere, proved irresistible. With determined gallantry Douglas sought to turn the tide of fight. But as he advanced the English archers slowly retreated, in standing order, still maintaining a ceaseless shower of arrows that no human power could withstand. Douglas himself, though cased in a splendid suit of armour, which had taken three years to make, was five times wounded in this fatal fight, and at length, weary and overpowered, was taken prisoner with Murdoch, Angus, and Moray. By this time the Scottish army was completely routed, and the English archers, rushing in upon the disordered host with their knives and short swords, made captive almost every Scotsman of distinction, with great

slaughter. It is said that nearly fifteen hundred Scots were drowned in attempting to ford the Tweed.

Such was the Battle of Homildon Hill, in which the English retrieved the honours lost at Otterburn and the Earl of March had the satisfaction of seeing his proud and unscrupulous rival, the Earl of Douglas, wounded, defeated, and a captive.

The defeat of the Scots at Homildon Hill was followed by the conspiracy of the Percies against Henry IV. which led to the battle of Shrewsbury, a civil conflict in which English fought against English, and Scot against Scot, and which might have been successful but for the fidelity of the Earl of March and the death of Hotspur on the field.

THE STORY OF OWEN GLENDOWER,

1349—1415.

THE traditionary eminence assigned in Scotland to Sir William Wallace, and in Switzerland to William Tell, as asserters of the independence of their country, is given, in Wales, to Owen Vychan or Vaughan—more commonly called Glyndower, from his lands of Glyndwrwy (the bank-side of the Dee) in Merionethshire. This celebrated patriot, born on the 28th of May, 1349, was a lineal descendant of the Princes of Wales, and lord of considerable possessions. At the time of his appearance in the world, Wales was groaning under the ill-administered government of the English, who had conquered it about a century before, without subsequently adopting those conciliatory measures which are necessary for thoroughly uniting new provinces to the principal state. The birth of the Cambrian chief is said to have been marked by circumstances betokening his extraordinary destiny: Holinshed, the English historian says, that “The same night that he was born, all his father’s horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies!” He received his education in England, and, being assigned for the legal profession, was admitted a student in one of the Inns of Court in London. But on the wars breaking out against Richard II. he deserted his studies, and took up arms in behalf of that unfortunate monarch, who knighted him for his services and appointed him squire of his body. After the deposition and death of his master, to whom he was warmly attached, he retired to his estates in Wales, with no friendly feeling, it may be sup-

posed, towards the triumphant Bolingbroke, who now became Henry IV. Here he married Margaret Hanmer, the descendant of an ancient and influential Welsh family, by whom he had a numerous offspring.

For several years Glendower lived peacefully at his castle of Glyndwrwy, a strong building situated on what is now a beautifully wooded hillock beside the Dee, dispensing numerous blessings amongst his happy and devoted tenantry, and, probably, with no loftier wishes than those of contributing to the contentment and happiness of his numerous dependents. His establishment was every way worthy of his rank, and his wealth was rendered tributary to that spirit of boundless hospitality which it was the pride of the Welsh knight to display. Jolo, his favourite bard, informs us that within the mansion were nine spacious halls, each furnished with a wardrobe containing clothing for his retainers. On a verdant bank near the castle was a wooden building, erected on pillars, and covered with tiles : it contained eight apartments, designed as sleeping chambers for such guests as graced the castle with their company. In the immediate vicinity of the residence was every requisite for good eating and drinking : a park well stocked with deer ; a warren, a pigeon-house and heronry ; a mill, an orchard, a vineyard ; with a preserve or stew, well filled at all times with pike, trout, and salmon. The hospitality of the chieftain was so profuse, says the bard, that rich or poor, young or old, all were welcome to the good cheer of the castle. In short, Glendower lived in his castle like a generous and wealthy lord of the soil ; and having imbibed from his English education and from his subsequent residence at court a taste for a more civilised mode of existence than was then common in Wales, Glyndwrwy afforded pastimes and amusements of a more rare, and, consequently, of a more costly character, than could be found elsewhere in the principality. A marked and very prominent feature in Glendower's character at this time was the encouragement and liberality which he extended to the then persecuted and despised race of poets. It was this which contributed, more than any other circum-

stance, to render the chieftain an object of adoration to the Welsh ; for one of the greatest calamities which had happened to the Cambro-British was the contempt and misery into which this favoured race had fallen.

The exciting cause of Glendower's insurrection was an unjust seizure of part of his lands by Lord Gray of Ruthyn, a neighbouring English proprietor. On an application to Parliament for redress, the claim of the Welsh chief was treated with contempt and Lord Gray confirmed in possession of the lands. About the same time, a writ of summons, calling on Glendower to attend the king on an expedition against the Scots, was entrusted to Lord Gray, and by him withheld, so that the chief was unwittingly placed in the condition of a rebel against the royal authority. The king, confirmed in his suspicions by the false representations of Gray, declared Glendower a traitor, and gave that nobleman a grant of the whole of his estates, which he immediately proceeded to take into his possession. Thus treated, it is not wonderful that a chief of that age and country resolved upon a course of vengeance. With a trusty band of friends, he lost no time in spreading desolation through the territories of Gray. He soon recovered the lands of which he had been so unjustly deprived, and, actuated by the spirit of retaliation, took possession of a large portion of the domains of his enemy. But the consequences did not rest here. The mountain wilds of Snowdon and Cader Iris resounded with the tumultuous din of insurrection. Tidings of the chieftain's success ran like wildfire along the hills, and "Liberty and Vengeance!" was once more the terrific war-cry of the Welsh. Glendower himself, too, shook off his lethargy. Ambition now entered his mind ; he called to his recollection his high and princely lineage, and, directing his arms to a nobler cause than the redressing of his own wrongs, he involved both nations in a war which lasted some years, sacrificed many thousand lives, and drenched both countries with blood.

Although the Welsh were at first despised as a barefooted rabble, and their disaffection treated with contempt, they were

soon found to be a formidable and dangerous enemy. The intelligence of Glendower's retaliation upon Lord Gray no sooner reached the court, than the king despatched some troops under the command of that nobleman and the Lord Talbot to chastise him ; and they arrived with such speed and diligence, that they nearly succeeded in surrounding his house before he gained any intimation of their approach. He contrived, however, to escape into the woods, where he did not long remain ; but, having raised a band of men, he caused himself to be proclaimed Prince of Wales on the 20th of September, 1400 ; he surprised, plundered, and burnt to the ground the greater part of the town of Ruthyn (the property of Lord Gray), at a time when a fair was held there. Having achieved this, he retreated to the mountain-fastnesses of Merionethshire, and directed his attention to the speedy and effectual augmentation of his forces.

Hitherto the disturbance in the principality had been chiefly considered as a private quarrel between Gray and Glendower, and the English Government did not seem to be much concerned as to the issue. Now, however, it assumed a more serious and important aspect, and became altogether an international contest. The proclamation issued by Owen alarmed Henry, who determined to march in person into Wales to curb the boldness of the rebel chieftain, and to crush, if possible, a revolt daily becoming more extensive and momentous. For this purpose, he assembled his troops and hastened into Wales ; but Glendower, whose forces were not yet sufficiently powerful, retreated to the fastnesses of Snowdon, and Henry was compelled to return to England without having obtained any material advantage. In order, however, to weaken his opponent, he made a grant of all the chieftain's estates in North and South Wales to his own brother, John Earl of Somerset—an act as ineffectual as it was irritating ; for Glendower was so far from any danger of being dispossessed of them, that, at this very time, he was daily growing more powerful by the accession of new forces.

Preparations were now made by the king to commence a

regular war with the Welsh ; and that they might have no plea of undue severity to urge, a proclamation was issued on the 30th of November, in the same year (1400), offering to protect all Welshmen who would repair to Chester and there make submission to Prince Henry, after which they should be at full liberty to return to their respective homes. Few, however, availed themselves of the monarch's clemency. The martial spirit of the Welsh was once more kindled into action, and Glendower found his cause warmly espoused by great numbers of his countrymen. Multitudes from all quarters flocked to his standard, and contributed to make him a most formidable opponent—so formidable, indeed, that Henry, notwithstanding some very urgent affairs which had detained him at the capital, resolved to march again into Wales, and entering the principality about the beginning of June, 1401, he ravaged the country in his progress, but was finally forced to retreat, his men having suffered severely from fatigue and famine.

The misfortunes which befell the king's army greatly encouraged the rebels ; and a comet, which ushered in the year 1402, infused new spirit into the minds of a superstitious people, and imparted additional vigour to their exertions. A victory, also, which Glendower obtained about this time over a powerful force commanded by Lord Gray, strengthened their hopes of success, and gained the chieftain many friends and followers. By this event Gray fell into the hands of the insurgents, and was secured in close confinement till a ransom of six thousand marks, and, in accordance with the rude policy of the age, a promise to marry one of Owen's daughters, released him from captivity. So elevated were the Welsh with these simultaneous successes, that, if we may believe the prejudiced Holinshed, they were "uplifted with high pride, and their wicked and presumptuous attempts were marvellously increased." At all events, the Welsh patriot now extended his designs, and plundered the domains of all such as were inimical to him, spreading fire and sword through the lands of his opponents. He revenged also, in some degree, the indignities inflicted upon his royal master, the ill-fated Richard, for whom

he seems to have entertained strong feelings of regard and commiseration. John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, who had voted for the deposition of that unfortunate king, became a marked object of his vengeance ; and the cathedral, episcopal palace, and canons' houses belonging to the see, were ransacked and destroyed.

A victory at Bryn-glâs, over the troops of Sir Edward Mortimer, whom he took prisoner, induced the king to march once more against the Welsh, with an army divided into three portions, which were to rendezvous respectively at Shrewsbury, Hereford, and Chester, on the 27th of August. Glendower beheld these formidable preparations without dismay, and continued to devastate the country, destroying the principal towns in Glamorganshire, the inhabitants of that district having refused to embrace his cause, and receiving from all other parts of Wales fresh succours and supplies.

At the time appointed, Henry and his generals advanced towards the principality, and Glendower, too prudent to hazard an engagement with a force so superior in every respect to his own, again retired to the fastnesses among the mountains, driving the cattle from the plains, and destroying every means by which the enemy could procure food for themselves or forage for their horses. The English, willing to conceal their shame, attributed the cause of their ill success to the incantations of the Welsh chieftain, who, as Holinshed expresses it, "through art magic (as was thought) caused such foul weather of winds, tempests, rain, snow, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of."

The Scots now took advantage of the king's absence from the capital, and, under the command of Archibald Douglas, surnamed Tyneman, invaded England with an army of thirteen thousand men. It is probable that they acted in concert with the Welsh. Be this as it may, the revolt in the north was of no small advantage to Glendower, for this event, and the adverse state of the weather, contributed to compel Henry once more to relinquish his design of reducing the Welsh

rebels ; and, for the third time, he quitted the principality without having accomplished any part of his purpose.

The crown of England now began to totter on the brow of Bolingbroke ; for, in addition to his disasters in Wales, the powerful and wealthy family of the Percies conspired to throw off its allegiance to Henry. A dispute between the king and the Earl of Northumberland appears to have been the primary cause of this disaffection ; and, perhaps, the desire of becoming entirely independent might have contributed in no small degree to the same effect. At all events, be the causes what they may, this family and its numerous adherents joined Glendower, and added very materially to the power of the Welsh. The rebels gained another very important ally this year—Sir Edward Mortimer, whom we have already mentioned Glendower had taken prisoner at the battle of Bryn-glâs. He procured the alliance of this knight, whom he had treated with great kindness and liberality since his capture, by insinuating that it might be in his power to seat the representative of his house upon the throne of his ancestors—a temptation not to be withstood by the brave and ambitious captive. Glendower, therefore, Sir Edward Mortimer, and the gallant Percy, entered into a confederacy to overthrow the house of Lancaster, and to advance to the sovereignty of England the nephew of Mortimer, who had unquestionably a preferable title to the crown. So confident were the rebel chieftains of success, that they determined beforehand to divide the empire between them, so that, when they had subdued their opponents, no discord might arise as to a division of the booty. Henry Percy was to possess the district north of the Trent ; Sir Edward Mortimer all the country from the Trent and Severn to the eastern and southern limits of the island ; and Glendower the whole of Wales, westward from the Severn. It was on this occasion that Owen, to animate his followers, reminded them of an ancient bardic prophecy, which predicted the fall of Henry, under the name of *Moldwarp*, or “cursed of God’s own mouth” ; and to revive those pleasing and heroic sentiments which are always associated in the mind of

a Briton with the achievements of the mighty Uthyr Pendragon (the father of the immortal Arthur), he adopted the title of the Dragon; Percy was styled the Lion, and Mortimer the Wolf; and, now in the meridian of his glory, he assembled the states of the principality at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, where he was formally crowned and acknowledged Prince of Wales.

The affairs of Owen Glendower now bore so prosperous an aspect that Charles, King of France, entered into an alliance with him, and compensated, in a slight degree, for the loss of the gallant and high-spirited Hotspur, who fell in the battle of Oswestry about a year before. But he did not reap any very extensive advantages from this union. When it was contracted, he appears to have arrived at the very acme of his career, and the crisis was anything but favourable. Although fortune had hitherto smiled upon him, the time was not far distant when he was to experience her capricious mutability; for, in an engagement between a party of his adherents (in number about eight thousand) and some English troops, the former were defeated with great loss. To repair this misfortune, Glendower instantly dispatched his son Gruffydd with a strong force; and another battle was fought five days afterwards at Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, in Brecknockshire, when the Welsh again sustained a defeat, the prince's son being taken prisoner, and his brother Tudor slain. The latter resembled the prince so closely, that it was at first reported that Glendower himself had fallen; but on examining the body, it was found to be without a wart over the eye, by which the brothers were distinguished from each other.

After this defeat, many of the patriot's followers deserted him, and he was compelled to conceal himself in caves and desert places; from which he occasionally ventured forth to visit a few trusty friends, who still adhered to him, and who supported him with food and other necessaries.

It is possible that our chieftain's career would have terminated without further hostilities, had not his new ally, the King of France, afforded him assistance. A fleet, carrying an

army of twelve thousand men, sailed from Brest, and reached Wales after a favourable voyage. But this succour, seasonable and liberal as it was, seemed only to prolong the war without being eventually of any important service. Glendower never perfectly recovered the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn. From that time he acted chiefly on the defensive, or meditated nothing more than mere marauding excursions: his followers were daily forsaking him, and he was at length obliged to seek refuge among the mountains, from whence he never emerged to perform any exploit of consequence. "A world it was," says an old annalist, "to see his quotidian removing, his painful and busy wandering, his troublesome and uncertain abiding, his continual motion, his daily peregrination in the desert fells and craggy mountains of that barren, unfertile, and depopulate country." Notwithstanding his ill fortune, however, he was still considered so important an enemy that Henry V. condescended to propose terms for a cessation of hostilities; and a treaty to this effect was concluded a short time before his death, which happened on the 20th of September, 1415, and afterwards renewed with his son Meredydd, on the 24th of February in the year following. His death took place at the house of one of his daughters, who had married a wealthy knight of Herefordshire. The Welsh accounts state that he was buried in the churchyard of Monnington, in the above-named county, although there is now neither monument nor memorial of any kind to mark the spot where his bones were laid.

Thus died Owen Glendower, after an eventful life of sixty-six years. After his death, the Welsh endured the miseries of an enslaved people for upwards of a century, when they were at length placed by Henry VIII. on a level with the people of England, and the commencement was made of that prosperity which they have since enjoyed.* C. E. J.

* Abridged from an article in the *Retrospective Review* (vol. xiii.), which seems to have been compiled with great care from authentic documents, and particularly from an old manuscript in the Mostyn collection.

THE STORY OF AGINCOURT,

1415.

IT has been well said that the story of Henry V. reads more like romance than reality. The gay life of his youth, nobly renounced upon coming to the throne ; his reward of the judge who had punished his youthful follies ; his respect for the remains of Richard II., which he removed from Langley where his father had buried them, and conducted with royal pomp to Westminster notwithstanding that in doing so he called attention to the defect in his own title to the throne ; his generous attitude towards the young Earl of Marche, the rightful heir to the crown, which was in such contrast to the ways of kings in general and the manners of his father in particular ; his clemency towards the enemies of his house which led him to revoke the attainder of the Percies and others who had fought against his father, and make full restoration of their titles and estates ; the dismissal of the sycophant supporters of Lancastrian interests, and the filling of the offices of state with men of integrity and power, regardless of party considerations ; the open manliness of his character, the splendour of his brief but brilliant career, the popularity of his rule, and the triumph of his arms, all read so much like the ideal as to suggest a finished picture of imagination rather than the rough sketch of reality.

It was a maxim with Henry IV., inculcated by him, and well understood by his son, that idleness is the mother of mischief and national peace the nurse of domestic faction. The dying advice of the founder of the line of Lancaster counselled his successor to give his subjects little time for

idleness by finding them employment which should draw their minds from the too close scrutiny of home affairs. A splendid opportunity for the pursuit of such a policy offered itself at this time in the deplorable condition of France. Here authority was completely overthrown and rival parties contended for the mastery. "From head to foot," says Howitt, "the whole body political and social was doomed. Every principle of honour and rectitude and every sense of conscience and pity appeared extinct. Cruelty, rapacity, lawlessness, and crime became the grand features of the nation." This condition of things called aloud, if not for the interference of man, at least for the scourge of God; and Henry V. found it coincided entirely with the policy if not the necessity of the hour.

In 1414, a year after his accession to the throne, Henry laid claim to the crown of France. The absence of title does not seem to have troubled him much. Conscious that his right to the English throne could not be legally maintained, he was of course aware that the shadowy title to the throne of France claimed by the Plantagenets did not belong to him, and he can hardly have been surprised that his demand met with no reply. His next claim was for the provinces of Normandy, Maine, and Anjou, which formerly comprised the duchy of Aquitaine, as well as the towns and castles mentioned in the treaty of Bretigny; to which he coolly added a claim for half of the territory of Provence, and the demand for the arrears of the ransom of King John, which amounted to one million two hundred thousand crowns, and the hand of Catherine of France with a dowry of two million crowns besides. This modified if scarcely modest demand found the French government ready to treat with the bold suitor of Catherine, and they expressed their willingness to yield the lands anciently included in the duchy of Aquitaine and to dower the French princess with six hundred thousand crowns; but this was insufficient to satisfy the ambition if the affection of Henry V., and after an embassy of six hundred horsemen headed by the Earl of Dorset and the bishops of Durham and Norwich had failed to move the French further than to add two hundred thousand

crowns to the dowry of the princess, Henry turned from diplomacy to war.

The war seems to have been everywhere popular. The special council, called at Westminster on the 16th of April, 1415, enthusiastically cheered the announcement of the king that he intended to recover his inheritance by force of arms, while the barons and knights were naturally eager for the opportunity of distinction and advancement which the expedition offered. Alarmed at the presumption and determination of Henry's action the French princes hastily despatched the Duke of Vendôme and the Archbishop of Bruges to repeat the offer already made, on English ground; and these ambassadors met Henry at Winchester *en route* for Southampton, where they found him willing to accept nothing less than the restitution of all the rights that England had ever held in France, and determined to wrest them by the sword.

On reaching Southampton Henry despatched his pursuivant-at-arms to the King of France instructed to demand all the provinces of England and the hand of Catherine or to deliver the king's defiance. This elicited a mild but firm reply from the French king and a present of tennis balls from the Dauphin Louis with the message, that from all accounts of his past life they were much more suited to his use than cannon balls—a taunt which stung Henry to reply “these balls shall be struck back with such a racket as shall force open the gates of Paris.”

The discovery of a conspiracy to assassinate the king on the eve of his departure having been made and dealt with by the execution of the chief conspirators the king set sail from Southampton on the 13th of August, 1415, with a fleet of 1500 ships conveying 6000 men-at-arms and 24,000 archers, and favoured by auspicious winds entered the Seine on the 18th of the month, where he disembarked without opposition or molestation.

Henry opened the campaign by investing the fortress of Harfleur, which stood upon the left bank of the river and which was well defended by a garrison of French knights and

men-at-arms, who made frequent charges upon the invading force while engaged in throwing up earthworks and excavating mines. Repulsed by the English archers the French knights found discretion the better part of valour, and retired within the shelter of the walls, which however, but in ill repair, were far from able to resist the English cannon or withstand the undermining of the engineers. Dysentery, moreover, attacked both French and English camps and wrought dreadful havoc on both sides, until succour failing them the French garrison reduced by English arms and weakened by disease capitulated on the 22nd of September, 1415, after a siege of thirty-six days.

The occupation of Harfleur seems to have been dictated by the policy of Edward III. in framing the terms of that of Calais. The men-at-arms were permitted to retire on depositing their arms and promising to take no further part in the campaign and agreeing to surrender to the governor of Calais within a given time. The inhabitants, men, women, and children, were ordered to leave the town, relinquishing all their property except necessary clothes and five pennies each to procure provisions by the way. The property of these unhappy people was divided among the conquerors according to their terms of service, and English families were invited over to take possession of their homes.

But Henry found the dysentery far more formidable than the French and had soon to mourn the loss of two thousand men by this fell disease as well as the disablement of many more. So serious was the crisis that a council of war declared in favour of returning home and postponing the campaign until the following year ; but this was out of the question. To have left France at this time would have looked like fear, and straightened as he was Henry would not for a moment entertain a policy which had the appearance of defeat.

Repairing the fortifications of Harfleur and leaving a garrison of two thousand men under the command of the Earl of Dorset in charge, he despatched all the sick and wounded to England, and started on his march by way of Normandy, Picardy, and Artois to Calais.

It was on the 8th of October, 1415, that Henry V. set out with his little band of heroes upon this daring enterprise. With forces that, all told, numbered less than six thousand men, they started across an enemy's country swarming with overwhelming numbers, with little indeed but their own brave hearts to sustain them in their perilous enterprise.

"At every step," says Howitt, "the little army of England was watched by overwhelming forces. The Constable of France, Count D'Albret, lay directly in their way in Picardy with 14,000 men-at-arms and 14,000 foot, and laid waste the whole country before them. At Rouen the king and dauphin lay with another large army, and fresh troops were hastening from all quarters towards Henry's line of march. The French host mustered in his track already upwards of 100,000, some writers say 140,000 men. Henry had to traverse a long track of country infested with these exasperated enemies. His troops were in want of provisions, lodgings, guides, which their enemies took care to deprive them of. They had, in fact, to march through a desert defended by strong towns, intersected by deep rivers, and were exposed every moment to have their scouts, foragers, and stragglers cut off, while the foe took care to avoid a general engagement.

On the 12th of October, Henry having repulsed an attack of the garrison of Eu at the passage of the river Bresle, and killed its commander, reached the ford of Blanche-Taque where Edward III. had crossed the Somme the day before the battle of Cressy. Finding that the ford had been rendered impassable by the French, and that D'Albret, the Constable of France, with a strong force was posted upon the other side, he proceeded up the river in search of a bridge or ford, D'Albret keeping pace with him upon the further side to intercept his passage. Day after day he made attempts to cross the river, but without avail, until taking advantage of a wide bend in its course he took the short cut from Corbie to Boves, and thence to Nefles, while D'Albret was compelled to follow the windings of the river. Having ordered his archers to provide themselves with stakes six feet long, and sharpened at each end, he pressed forward,

outmarched the Constable of French, found a passage between Voyenne and Bethencourt, crossed the Somme, and reached Mouchy la Gauche.

Here Henry was waited upon by heralds from the French army, who announced upon their knees that the King of France and his nobles would be prepared to meet him in the field on the following Friday, and asking him in which direction he intended to continue his march. Henry with the *nonchalance* of apparent indifference, is said to have replied: "The will of God be done, I go by that road which leads straight to Calais, and if my enemies attempt to intercept me, it will be at their peril. I shall not seek them, and I will not move a step quicker or slower to avoid them;" and then in allusion to his civil proposal, and to the offers to decide the issue in single combat with the dauphin which he had made while at Harfleur, and which had been disregarded he added: "I could have wished that they had adopted other counsels instead of attempting to shed the blood of Christians." On hearing this, the heralds, impressed with the dignity and coolness of the English king, and enriched by a gift of a hundred crowns, retired from the camp, and D'Albret, Constable of France, placed his forces in the line of the direct route to Calais.

The French forces were now so numerous that they began to be impatient of their own inactivity, and though the few who could remember Cressy and Poitiers were anxious to avoid engagement, the generation which had arisen since, and who had yet to learn the taste of English arms, were eager for a long expected triumph. Under these circumstances D'Albret fell back upon Ruisseauville and Agincourt, and there waited to give battle to the English king.

Henry advanced to the village of Maisoncelles, where he halted within a short distance from the enemies' lines, obtained a plentiful supply of wine and provisions with which he cheered and refreshed his troops, and then gave them a much needed rest.

By the light of the moon the king and some of his most

experienced officers ascended the heights above the village, and looked down upon the whole French camp, stretched out across the country covering many miles of ground and effectually barring the road to Calais. It was evident that the day of reckoning was come at last. Advance and retreat were alike cut off, and nothing but a miracle of courage and endurance could save the little army from destruction. Happily the English were commanded by a man of iron heart, and one who had the rare gift of ability to communicate his heroism to others.

D'Albret planted his banner in front of the village of Ruisseauville on the Calais road, and the Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, Alençon, and Berri, the latter of whom fought at Cressy fifty-nine years before and had his misgivings of Agincourt, planted theirs in close proximity, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the French nobles, who had already rough cast their share of the plunder of the fight and the ransom of their prisoners.

At daybreak the English army attended mass, and then took up their positions in the field in three divisions and two wings, though so little separated that they presented the appearance of an undivided body. The archers stood four in file in wedge form in advance of the men-at-arms, being armed with battle-axes and swords, that they might follow up the confusion always caused by their fiery shafts and defend themselves against the French cavalry when attacked. In addition to these weapons each man carried the stout stake he had been ordered to prepare, pointed at each end and tipped with iron, which, having taken up their position, they drove into the earth before them in oblique form, and thus presented a terrible palisade to transfix the cavalry of the enemy. Having decided to fight on foot Henry placed all his horses and baggage in the rear under a small guard, dismissed his prisoners on parole, and, mounting a grey palfrey, visited each division in turn, reminding them of the victories won against tremendous odds at Cressy and Poitiers, urging them to maintain the spirit of their fathers and win a like renown,

and promising that every man who fought worthily should be henceforth esteemed a gentleman, and be allowed to fight in coat-armour.

The French who, even now that the conflict was inevitable seemed still reluctant to begin it, were also ranged in three divisions, D'Albret commanding the first division, the Dukes of Berri and Alençon the second, and the Earls of Marle and Falconberg the third. The ground on which the French camp formed was of a clayey soil, which, damped by recent rains, presented but insecure footing to either horse or man. Indeed, so slippery was the field that the horses had great difficulty in keeping their feet. The English, fighting on foot, had an advantage here, especially as many of them fought bare-footed and so secured a better foothold. Still reluctant to begin the fight the French commanders ordered their men to sit down on the ground with their arms before them, and Henry, whose policy was to act on the defence, did the same, taking the opportunity to distribute food and wine among his men as Edward III. had done before the fight at Cressy. He also sent off two small detachments of his army to occupy the little wood of Tramecourt, commanding the flank of the enemy, and a small group of houses in their rear, to fire them so soon as the engagement should begin, and thus divert the enemy and cause alarm.

Another delay, planned doubtless to allow time for further reinforcements to arrive, was now made by the appearance of three French knights, who came from the Constable of France to offer Henry a free pass to Calais in return for the surrender of Harfleur; but Henry indignantly refused to discuss any terms short of those he had offered before crossing the Channel, and suspecting the real purpose of the visit, told the knights, who now proposed a trial at single combat between the Sire de Helly, one of their number, and any English knight who would take up his challenge, that that was no time for single combats, and bade them return to their camp with all speed, and to take care the English were not there before them.

"*Banners, advance !*" were the next words of the gallant king, and the English archers moved forward to within bowshot of the enemy, and while the priest elevated the host knelt in reverence to the sacred emblem, and kissed the earth in token of consecration to the duties of the field. Rising with a great shout they then stuck their stakes into the ground before them, and stepping in front of them, poured a flight of arrows into the solid mass of the French phalanx, and then retired behind their palisade to receive the charge of the men-at-arms, who, twelve hundred strong, bore down upon them with the cry of "*Mountjoy St. Denis !*"

Such, however, was the slippery condition of the ground and the steady fire of the archers, that this body of men, though specially trained for the purpose of breaking the line of the English bowmen, was thrown into inextricable confusion. The arrows pierced the armour of the men, which cracked like eggshells before the force of these winged messengers of death, and wounded the horses till they plunged and slipped and fell in wild and furious agony. Of the whole twelve hundred men little more than a hundred reached the barricade, and even they did not dare to charge upon it, recoiling from the sharp spikes of the palisade, and falling victims to the arrows that followed their retreat. It is said that only three horses pierced the barricade, and that in a few moments the whole of the brave twelve hundred were either slain or wounded on the field. By this time hundreds of riderless horses were careering between the two armies, rushing hither and thither, ever returning upon the French lines, and throwing the whole of the first division, too closely wedged together to help themselves, into a chaos of confusion.

Meanwhile the archers continued to pour their deadly fire upon the solid masses of men that filled the French camp, until, having shot away their arrows, they seized their battle-axes, and rushing forward with a tremendous shout, flung themselves upon the French host in terrific onslaught. At this point the men in ambush in the little wood raised their shouts, and bore down upon the French flank, increasing the



HENRY V. AND THE DUKE OF ALENÇON AT AGINCOURT.

excitement and confusion. "While they showered their arrows from this direction," says Howitt, "the archers in front hewed the way with their hatchets through all opposition. They dashed amid the steel-clad horsemen, burst through the whole array of horses and armour, slew the commander-in-chief and many of his most illustrious officers, and in a very short time, without any aid whatever from the men-at-arms, dispersed the whole of the first division."

But though the first division of the French army was destroyed, the battle was by no means won; though as the flying horses of the first charge had caused confusion in the ranks of the first division, so the fugitives of the first division caused confusion in the second, which opened to receive them and so became disordered. The Duke of Brabant, who had just come upon the field with a fresh body of horse, now charged the archers, but only to throw his men upon destruction. The prodigies of strength, as well as valour, wrought by the archers that day have probably never been excelled.

The second division of the French army occupied a ploughed field, and against these Henry now led his men-at-arms. Discovering the nature of the ground and the disadvantage under which they fought who carried weight, the king rallied the gallant bowmen and led them to a fresh charge. The Duke of Alençon, the intrepid leader of the second division, had sworn to take the life or the person of the King of England or perish in the attempt, and now with all the valour of a brave soldier and the determination of a resolute man, set himself to the keeping of his oath. For two hours the battle raged with unabated fury. Alençon led on his men with desperate earnestness and the king fought among his archers, animating them by his words of cheer and inspiring them by his deeds of valour.

Many a time it seemed that the king must be overborne and was within an ace of death; but danger was ever the signal for a rally; and the bold Frenchmen who advanced too far found it impossible to return. At one time the king's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was felled to the earth and was

in danger of being killed. The king went to his aid, and bestriding his body defended it until assistance came and the young and wounded duke was removed to a place of safety. At this moment, however, the king was confronted with, an even greater danger—the Lord of Croy, with a band of eighteen knights all sworn to take or kill him, dashed towards him. A blow from the battle-axe of one of them brought the king to his knees ; but in an instant he was surrounded by his own sturdy followers, and every one of the attacking knights was slain. The Duke of Alençon was the next assailant. Dashing up to the royal standard, with one blow of his battle-axe he struck the Duke of York to the ground and killed him, and with the next he clove the helmet of the king. Immediately surrounded, the duke perceived his danger, and shouted to the king, “I yield to you : I am Alençon.” But he was too late. The king held out his hand, but the gallant duke lay dead.

At this point the battle might have ended, for though the third division of the French army yet remained unengaged the sight of the wreckage of the hosts of Alençon took away their stomach for the fight, and except that a diversion was caused by a body of peasants who attacked the baggage and the horses in the rear of the English army and made both French and English think that reinforcements had arrived, would hardly have waited to taste the quality of English arms.

In this excitement Henry ordered the captives to be destroyed lest they should turn against their captors, and the third division of the French army plucked up courage to advance. The true state of the case, however, soon became known, and Henry immediately reversed the order for the destruction of the prisoners, and the third division of the French army decamped with all speed. One small body of six hundred men alone made a last effort to redeem the day, and following their chiefs the Earls of Marle and Falconberg, charged upon the English army, but only to perish in the effort or fall captives to the conquerors.

“Too much exhausted and too much encumbered with

prisoners to pursue the flying legions," says Howitt, "the king gave orders for the care of the wounded and then traversed the fields accompanied by his chief barons and saw the coats of arms of the fallen princes and knights examined and their names registered." It was while doing this that he inquired the name of a neighbouring castle and named the field Agincourt after it. He then called the clergy together and bade them perform service of thanksgiving upon the field; a service in which they sang the *Te Deum* and chanted Psalm cxiv., when at the words "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name be the glory," every man knelt upon the ground.

"Of all the battles ever fought by France up to that time," says Howitt, "none was ever so fatal as that of Agincourt." On the whole there fell that day 10,000 men, amongst whom were 7 princes of the blood, the Constable of France, 1 marshal, 13 earls, 92 barons, 1500 knights, and 8000 gentlemen. There were 14,000 prisoners, which included 2 dukes, 1 marshal, 5 counts, and 7000 barons, knights, and gentlemen. The highest estimate of loss upon the English side is 1600, and the only persons of note who fell were the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York.

The battle of Agincourt was fought on St. Crispin's Day, the 25th of October, 1415, and the next morning the English set forward on their way to Calais. Arrived at Calais, Henry V. called a council of war to determine his future course; but the English had had enough of fighting to last them for a little while, and though it was obviously in the interest of French conquest to follow up the victory of Agincourt, peaceable counsels prevailed, and Henry returned to England, where he met with an enthusiastic welcome, whole crowds wading out into the sea to meet him and the people carrying him ashore in their arms.

THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY, 1417—1418.

THE terrible condition of France after the return of Henry V. from Agincourt—torn by dissension and given over to every form of outrage and abomination—soon afforded Henry another opportunity of assuming the *rôle* of the scourge of God and furthering his own ambition at the same time.

Less than two years after his return to England, he again set sail at the head of a powerful armament, including sixteen thousand men-at-arms, as many archers, and an efficient train of artillery, with which he landed on the coast of Normandy on the 1st of August, 1417.

It is due to Henry V. that it should be recognised that he conducted this as he had conducted his former campaign, in a chivalrous and humane spirit. "We are not like our adversaries at Soissons," he had said at Agincourt. "We have not come into our kingdom of France like mortal enemies; we have not burnt towns and villages and outraged women," and he might with truth have added, "We have not plundered peaceable people but have paid honestly for our necessities." He maintained strict discipline, and punished severely all injuries inflicted by his followers upon the lives and property of the people, seeking to win them by justice and mercy as much as to conquer them by force of arms. One has only to compare this spirit with that exhibited by the conquerors of Cressy and Poitiers to see how much advance had been made in the cause of humanity in less than seventy years.

The success of Henry's arms was everywhere evidenced. Several towns successively capitulated after a short show of resistance, Caen was stormed and taken, Bayeux surrendered without a blow, and l'Aigle, Lisieux, Alençon, and Falaise after more or less resistance. Going into winter quarters, Henry determined to wait more extended operations until the return of spring, and during the interval made occasional military demonstrations as opportunity served, and received deputations from the rival parties of France. But his success increased his demands, and he now claimed the hand of Catherine, the immediate regency of France, and the succession of the crown upon the death of Charles VI.

Renewing hostilities in the spring, Henry pressed on from conquest to conquest, and by July 1418 had practically completed the subjugation of Lower Normandy. His next step was the reduction of Rouen; but before attempting this he reorganised the government of the conquered country, appointing officers of state to represent him, and "left that part of France, though under foreign rule, far more quiet and habitable than any other district of the realm."

Rouen, the capital of Upper Normandy, was at the time of this invasion "one of the most populous and beautiful cities in France." It lay peacefully in the lap of a semicircle of undulating hills, washed on its southern side by the quiet waters of the Seine. Its suburbs, even in those days, extended far beyond the walls of the town; but these were ruthlessly sacrificed to the safety of the city by Guy le Bouteillier, the general charged with its defence, who ordered every house to be burnt and every garden destroyed that they might afford no shelter to the invader. Much depended upon the defence and capture of Rouen. It was the key of the situation. To Henry it meant the completion of the conquest of Normandy and the opening of the road to Paris. To the French it meant the staying of the hand of the conqueror and the maintenance of the independence of France. With such issues involved, naturally everything was done by invader and invaded to speed the taking or holding of the town.

"The city," says Howitt, "was strongly fortified. On all sides it was enclosed by massive ramparts, towers, and batteries. Fifteen thousand trained men and a garrison of four thousand men-at-arms were collected in it. The governor had made every preparation for a most obstinate resistance. Not only had he laid waste the environs and annihilated the suburbs, but he had commanded every man and every family to quit the city who had not provisions for ten months, and the magistrates had enforced the order."

Bouteillier, who was one of the bravest and most skilful generals with whom Henry had to contend, had no more than completed his arrangements for the defence of Rouen when, on the 30th of July, 1418, the hosts of Henry appeared before the town. Bouteillier, prepared to stand a siege, was, however, not content to suffer it without an effort to deal with his enemy in the open field, and so when Henry approached the city he had to fight his way to the walls before he could lay siege to them.

Henry had received a reinforcement of fifteen thousand before he began his spring campaign, and though he divided his army that it might operate in different directions, at one time he reached Rouen at the head of a considerable force. Bouteillier was outnumbered in the fight before the walls, and his soldiers man for man were hardly equal to the English; but they gave a good account of themselves and fought a brave fight before they retired behind the walls of their city, and repeated their attacks upon the English in many a desperate sortie upon their camp, throwing down the embankments, filling in the trenches, and otherwise obstructing and destroying the works of the besiegers.

Henry divided his force into six sections and placed one of these in front of each of the six gates of the city. To protect them from the fire from the walls he raised a lofty embankment, and to enable men to pass from one division to another without danger he connected his divisions with deep trenches. In the rear of these works he formed strong military lines protected by thick hedges of thorn, and beyond

these erected wooden structures upon advantageous elevations for his cannon and other engines of war.

Having cut off all means of access or egress on the land side he secured the approach from the river by placing three iron chains across it above the city and three others below. These were protected by detachments of soldiers, who held the banks and the islands of the Seine, while a hired fleet of Portuguese ships guarded the river mouth. At length the investure was so complete that the fall of the city was reduced to a simple matter of time.

It was not long before signs of suffering showed themselves in the beleaguered city. Following the example of John of Vienne at the siege of Calais the governor of Rouen, under pressure of famine, turned twelve thousand non-combatants out of the city and, following the example of Edward III., Henry V. refused to allow them passage through the lines and left them to perish between the camp and the city walls. Within three months of the commencement of the siege the inhabitants began to eat their horses and then their dogs and cats; after that, they had to stay their hunger with rats and mice. In vain the people looked to Paris for help. Promises they had, but no relief. The bells rang and the famished people indulged in every demonstration of joy, for the Duke of Burgundy had promised to relieve them, and named the day of his attempt. The day came but no deliverance, the day passed and with it the hope of the doomed city.

In these extremities Cardinal Ursini appealed to Henry to moderate his demands, but the king would not bate a jot of his pretensions. "Do you not perceive," he said, "that God has led me hither by the hand? France has no sovereign. There is nothing here but confusion; there is no law, no order. No one thinks of resisting me: can I have a more convincing proof that the Being who disposes of empires has determined to put the crown of France upon my head?"

With the approach of winter the famished citizens of Rouen became desperate. The resources of the city had become exhausted, and there was no hope of help from without. On

the 3rd of January, 1419, Bouteillier offered to surrender, but Henry would make no conditions. The garrison was then assembled and the situation discussed. They were desperate but brave men. They would burn their city rather than surrender it without terms, and throwing down a portion of the walls already undermined, dash through the camp, escape if possible, or die in the attempt.

But Henry had no desire to destroy the city, and hearing of this design, offered easier terms. He promised the soldiers their lives and liberties upon condition that they abstained from fighting against him for twelve months, and he gave the inhabitants their property upon the promise of three hundred thousand crowns. In the defence of this ill-fated city no less than fifty thousand people perished by war, famine, and disease.

The fall of Rouen completed the Norman conquest. Such fortresses as yet held out now gave way, and in a very short time "the red cross of England waved on all the towers of Normandy."

Rouen taken, Henry crossed the Seine and marched straight for Paris. The rival factions of the court now rendered desperate, each opened up negotiations with him, each desirous of making capital out of the discomfit of France, the dauphin on the one part, and the Queen Isabella and the Duke of Burgundy on behalf of the king on the other, seeking to make use of the conqueror to gain their own ends. The dauphin, a dissolute coward, afraid to come to close quarters, carried on his negotiations from a distance, while Queen Isabella and the Duke of Burgundy went to meet the conqueror, and discussed the circumstances face to face. The progress of negotiations between Henry and Isabella, however, alarmed the dauphin, who saw in the success of his rival's schemes the certain destruction of his own. He therefore proposed a reconciliation with the court and a union of all French interests in opposition to the invader. This led to an interruption in the negotiations with Henry for a time ; but the insincerity of the proposal soon became evident, for the Duke of Burgundy

was foully murdered in the act of making obeisance to the dauphin at their first interview, ostensibly arranged for the purposes of conference—an act of treachery which while removing one enemy from the path of the dauphin created many more.

Philip, afterwards called “the good,” who succeeded his father as Duke of Burgundy, now made overtures to Henry with a view to the punishment of the dauphin, as a result of which, terms being agreed upon, Henry entered Troyes on the 30th of May, 1419, accompanied by sixteen thousand men, and on the following day the perpetual peace was signed by Henry and ratified by Isabella and Philip of Burgundy as commissioners of the old king of France.

On Trinity Sunday, June the 3rd, 1419, Henry of England married Catherine of France at Troyes, where he gave a splendid entertainment on the following day. But time was not to be wasted on festivities. Within twenty-four hours more the conqueror was again upon the march. Sens capitulated after two days' siege, Montereau after a desperate resistance, Villeneuve-le-Roy by the way, and Melun after a siege of four months. This accomplished, the courts of England and France proceeded in triumph to Paris, where Henry and his young wife spent Christmas, after which they returned to England, where they were received with unbounded demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. After the coronation of the queen the royal party made a progress, in the course of which Henry heard at Pontefract of the temporary reverse of his arms and the death of the Duke of Clarence before a united body of French and Scots at the battle of Beaujé. This called him once more to the contest with four thousand men-at-arms and twenty-four thousand archers, aided by the young King James I. of Scotland, who had been a prisoner in England for many years, and who was now promised his freedom three months after the termination of the campaign as the price of his countenance and aid.

In this new campaign the arms of Henry were as successful as they had been before. The temporary check at Beaujé, due more to an indiscretion on the part of the Duke of

Clarence in trusting solely to his men-at-arms and not waiting for his archers to come up, was not likely to be repeated under the leadership of the hero of Agincourt, who knew so well the superiority of the English bowmen. The Duke of Burgundy captured Mons-en-Vimeu, Henry took Beaugency, and James of Scotland conquered Dreux. The very name of Henry was enough to frighten the dauphin, who fled before him, finally taking refuge in Bourges, where Henry left him for more important quarry. A siege of ten weeks then reduced the city of Meaux, during the course of which Henry received news of the birth of a son, at Windsor, on the 6th of December, 1421. After the fall of Meaux Catherine crossed the Channel to rejoin her husband, accompanied by a reinforcement of twenty thousand troops, to enable him to pursue his campaign. The young king and queen went to Paris to spend Whitsuntide, Henry and Catherine occupying the Louvre, and Charles and Isabella the Hotel de St. Pol. While here, however, an urgent summons from the Duke of Burgundy induced Henry to march to his assistance against the dauphin who, aided by the Scots under the Earl of Buchan, had taken La Charité and invested Cosne.

Though stricken with the illness which so soon proved fatal, Henry made a determined effort to relieve Cosne, which had agreed to surrender if not succoured by the 16th of August. Arrived at Senlis his malady increased so much that he was obliged to be carried on a horse litter to Corbeil, where he resigned the command of the army to the Duke of Bedford and returned to Bois de Vincennes, where his wife awaited him.

“Henry was just reaching the summit of one of the most brilliant fortunes which ever attended a monarch,” says Howitt, “when he thus saw it snatched from him by death. He was in the very prime of his existence, being still only thirty-four years of age. He had won the most extraordinary battles, had been ever supported by his people in the most generous and constant manner, was the conqueror of two-thirds of France, and the acknowledged heir to the whole.

His father-in-law was already sinking into the grave, and two more months would have seen him proclaimed sovereign of England and France. He was surrounded by great generals; his royal brothers were his cordial and fast friends; he was the husband of one of the most beautiful princesses of the age, and saw his glories give promise of transmission to his son. He had won the respect of the French by his justice, if not in his claims at least in his administration, and he was almost worshipped by his own army and nation. If ever there was a combination of circumstances calculated to make the deathbed hard and cause the heart to cling tenaciously to life, they were those which surrounded the couch of Henry V."

But Henry's death was worthy of his life. He felt no fear and experienced no regret, and all his anxiety was for his little boy—a baby nine months old—and his beautiful and disconsolate Catherine. He appointed the Duke of Gloucester protector in England during his son's minority, and the Duke of Bedford regent of France, urging the latter to maintain pleasant relations with the Duke of Burgundy, and to make no peace with the dauphin except upon his renunciation of the crown. He then took spiritual consolation, and calmly expired on the 31st of August, 1422.

The funeral of the dead king was conducted upon a scale of splendour rarely, if ever, equalled. He died surrounded by true and loyal friends, who determined that these last offices should lack nothing that honour could suggest and love supply. In solemn procession, attended by a splendid retinue and every mark of loyalty and love, the body passed from town to town from Rouen to Calais, where ships awaited to carry it across the sea. At Dover the great procession re-formed, and passed through Canterbury, Rochester, and London, to St. Paul's, and finally to Westminster Abbey, where the body of the great king was laid to rest.

With the death of Henry V. and the accession of the baby king Henry VI. the maintenance of English dominion in France became impossible. Charles VI. survived his brilliant son-in-law less than two months, dying at the palace of St. Pol

in Paris, on the 21st of October, 1422. The followers of the dauphin immediately proclaimed him king, under the title of Charles VII., and the Duke of Bedford, calling a great assembly of the Parliament and the most distinguished men in Paris, proclaimed the infant prince King of England and France, and followed this by repeating the ceremony in all the provinces of the kingdom then held by the English and Burgundians. For a time the power of the English arms and the skill of the Duke of Bedford maintained English authority over vast tracts of France, the battle of Verneuil fought in 1424, and many another fight proving that a large share of the military genius of the hero of Agincourt still survived in the regent of France. But as time wore on difficulties increased on every side. The eccentricities of the Duke of Gloucester paralysed the efforts of the Duke of Bedford. Divided councils weakened the action of allies and mutual jealousies thwarted the co-operation of commanders. In 1428 it was proposed to attack the provinces south of the Loire and drive Charles from his retreat. Bedford, suspicious of his allies, opposed the scheme, but was outvoted by the majority. This led to the siege of Orleans and the introduction of influences which worked upon the superstitions alike of the English and French soldiery by the appearance of Joan of Arc with her claims of supernatural inspiration. "Alle things prospered for you," the duke wrote the young king some time after, "till the time of the Siege of Orleans, taken in hand, God knoweth, by what advice."

The success of Joan of Arc was a great blow to English prestige, and her subsequent capture and martyrdom did not restore it. Joan of Arc was burnt at Rouen on the 30th of May, 1431, and for four years longer the Duke of Bedford succeeded in stemming the tide of French patriotism. In the meantime great efforts were made to reconcile the Duke of Burgundy to Charles VII., and in 1435 this was effected and a formal treaty made between them. This was almost immediately followed by the death of the Duke of Bedford, and by this, the removal of the one man who stood between France and freedom.

"The duke's remains," says Howitt, "were buried on the right hand of the high altar of Rouen, where his grave yet meets the eye of the English traveller, and the reputation which he won amongst his enemies in France is evidenced by the reply of Louis XI., who was entreated to remove his remains from so honourable a sepulchre:—'I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine, and who, were he now living, would make the proudest of us tremble. Let his ashes rest in peace, and may the Almighty have mercy on his soul.'"

The Duke of Bedford dead, Paris suddenly rose against its garrison and declared for Charles VII., and the dominion of Henry VI. almost immediately shrank to Normandy and the outlying fortresses of Picardy and Maine. "The Duke of York, who succeeded Bedford as regent," to quote Green, "by his abilities stemmed for a time the tide of ill-fortune, but the jealousy shown to him by the king's counsellors told fatally on the course of the war." With a view to peace the Earl of Suffolk negotiated marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, ceding to her father Duke René Maine, "the Bulwark of Normandy"; but the war party under Gloucester rendered his efforts fruitless. To quote Green, "In two months from the resumption of the war, half Normandy was in the hands of Dunois. Rouen rose against her feeble garrison and threw open her gates to Charles, and the defeat of the English at Fourmigny was the signal for revolt throughout the rest of the province. The surrender of Cherbourg in 1450 left Henry VI. without a foot of Norman ground, and the next year the last fragment of the Duchy of Guienne was lost. The Hundred Years' War had ended, not only in the loss of the temporary conquests made since the time of Edward III., but in, with the exception of Calais, the loss of the great southern province which had remained in English hands since the marriage of its Duchess Eleanor to Henry II. and in the building up of France into a far greater power than it had ever been before."

THE CAMPAIGNS OF HENRY VIII., 1513—1544.

THE campaigns of Henry VIII. were characterised by little that redeems them from contempt. Prompted by vanity and arrogance, he made several invasions of French territory. Twice he had it in his power to make easy conquest of the capital, but on both occasions he contented himself with the capture of comparatively unimportant cities, and then, having practically done nothing, returned to England with all the pomp and pride of a great conqueror.

In 1510 England was happy, prosperous, and free. She was at peace with all the world and undisturbed by civil dissension at home. The memory of Henry V. still secured for her the respect of Europe and, destitute of continental possessions, she escaped the dangers of European jealousy. Trade was flourishing and, thanks to the parsimony of Henry VII., the treasury was full. The king was young, handsome, and skilled in all the manly accomplishments of his time, and enjoyed a measure of popularity such as few princes attain. The balance of power in Europe was apparently firmly established. Spain had become united under Ferdinand, France consolidated by Louis, Germany, a powerful empire, under Maximilian, whose son Charles, the heir at once of three kingdoms—Austria, Spain, and the Netherlands—was ruler of Burgundy and governor of the Netherlands under the guardianship of his aunt, Margaret of Savoy.

Henry VIII., who had renewed the treaties made by his father with these several rulers, as well as his treaty with

Scotland, declared his intention of maintaining peace abroad and developing resources and interests at home. Had he possessed the character necessary for such a position he might easily have become the arbiter of Europe by keeping out of European complications and using his influence in the settlement of continental disputes. But he was vain, and so open to flattery ; insincere, and so untrustworthy ; while in his own enterprises he was vain-glorious, and so content with empty triumphs ; selfish and weak, and so tyrannical.

It was his vanity which first led Henry into war. Louis XII., under treaties made with Henry VII. and renewed with Henry VIII., had agreed to pay England the sum of £80,000 a year ; but a time came when he found it inconvenient to continue this drain upon his exchequer, and Henry, whose extravagances had considerably lightened his own, was equally reluctant to relinquish the subsidy. Under these circumstances the payments fell into arrears, and coolness supervened between those concerned. The warrior pope, Julius II., and the crafty Ferdinand of Spain both had private reasons for fomenting differences between England and France. The pope, who had made use of Louis to humble the power of Venice, now desired to see him weakened that he might be able to drive him out of Italy. Ferdinand wished to reduce his power that he might the more easily make conquest of Navarre. Both found in Henry a tool well suited to their purpose ; both used him for other interests under colour of helping him in his own. On the pretence that Louis was aiming at the overthrow of the dominion of the Church, the Italian League was formed, and the pope flattered Henry by declaring him its head, and transferring to him from Louis the title of "Most Christian King." At the instance of the pope, Ferdinand, who with wary cunning always concealed his own plans, now joined Henry in urging Louis to make peace with the pope, though the insincerity of this holy alliance is evident from the fact that the parties to it were all actively engaged at the time in preparing to make war on Louis for other ends. Louis, well aware of the true

state of things, treated these overtures as they deserved, and Henry, piqued with the contempt of Louis, precipitated matters by demanding the surrender of Anjou, Maine, Normandy, and Guienne, as his lawful inheritance.

Parliament having voted subsidies to support the policy of the king Henry declared war upon Louis and undertook to act in concert with Ferdinand, whose own designs on Navarre were carefully concealed. On the 16th of May, 1512, the Marquis of Dorset embarked at Southampton with ten thousand men, mostly archers, and a train of artillery to co-operate with the Spaniards in the reduction of Guienne, and shortly after, landed at Guipuscoa on the coast of Spain. Playing his own game, Ferdinand directed the English to encamp at Fontarabia, promising a speedy union with his own forces. Dorset, who was accompanied by the Lords Howard, Broke, Ferrers, and other noblemen and gentlemen, was anxious to cross the Bidassoa and lay siege to Bayonne, but lacking sufficient artillery for the purpose was compelled to wait the pleasure of Ferdinand. The cool insincerity of Ferdinand on this occasion it would be difficult to parallel. He was bent on the conquest of Navarre, for himself an enterprise entirely outside the purpose of the war and the plan of campaign, and, to cover his own design, pretended that it would not be safe to commence operations against Louis until the neutrality of Navarre had been secured. This was, however, simply a pretext for quarrelling with D'Albret the King of Navarre, who readily promised neutrality, but who was immediately asked for a measure of security for the neutrality which made perfectly plain the object of Ferdinand and therefore could not possibly be given. The refusal of this monstrous proposal was taken as a proof of insincerity, and the Duke of Alva was deputed by Ferdinand to subdue the kingdom. Alva soon over-ran the open country and took some of the smaller towns, and then with the coolest effrontery called upon the English to march into Navarre and complete the conquest. Dorset, who now saw clearly through the craft of Ferdinand, refused to depart from his instructions and demanded trans-

ports to carry his forces home. Ferdinand still pretended that it was necessary to complete the conquest of Navarre before attacking Louis, and as Dorset still refused to join in this selfish and mercenary enterprise the English army remained idle all the summer and became weary, discontented, and diseased. Dorset's repeated demands for transports were disregarded until Ferdinand had secured his purpose, when he offered to march into Guienne; but Dorset, who saw that Ferdinand had yet another private purpose to effect first, namely, the conquest of Bearne, again demanded transports, and having at last secured them returned home. Such treatment on the part of Ferdinand should have opened the eyes of the dullest of kings to his perfidy, but Henry VIII. was dull enough to allow himself to be duped by his confederates over and over again.

In February, 1513, the fighting pope died and a new league was formed by his successor, Leo. X. The object of this league was the same as that of the last, but each of the signatories to the treaty had his own purpose to serve, and such was the morality, or rather the immorality, of the times that some of them simultaneously signed secret treaties with Louis, neutralising the provisions of the league. Ferdinand, who by one treaty undertook to invade Bearne and Languedoc while Henry invaded Normandy, Picardy and Guienne, by another agreed to leave Louis unmolested. Maximilian, who was to receive 100,000 crowns of gold to equip his forces, was in need of money and meant to make a profit out of the transaction. Henry was, apparently, the only one of the signatories who was sincere in his intentions, and he lived in a fool's paradise.

On the 6th of June, 1513, the vanguard of the army, under the Earl of Shrewsbury, passed over to Calais, followed on the 16th by the second division under Lord Herbert, and on the 30th by the main army under Henry himself, the whole forming a force of 25,000 men.

Immediately on arrival Lord Herbert and the Earl of Shrewsbury laid siege on Terouenne while Henry lingered to

amuse himself and his courtiers at Calais. Terouenne, none too well prepared for siege, was soon in distress, but contriving to communicate with Louis, was relieved by Fontrailles with a troop of eight hundred horse, each man carrying upon his back a sack of gunpowder and two quarters of bacon. Coming unawares upon the English forces they dashed through the camp, and reaching the town fosse flung down their loads, wheeled round, and at full gallop dashed back again and made their escape. This brilliant feat of arms apparently convinced the pleasure-loving Henry that he had serious business on hand, for, turning from the round of gaiety in which he was indulging, he marched out of Calais on the 21st of July at the head of fifteen thousand men and made his way towards Terouenne. Passing Ardres the English came in sight of a large body of French horse and immediately prepared for battle; but the French were in no way anxious to come to an engagement, and so proceeded to amuse the English with a series of dexterous manœuvres, in the course of which they again managed to throw supplies into the beleagured city.

Arrived at Terouenne Henry arrayed himself and his nobles in all that splendour of cloth and gold which gave him so much delight, to receive the Emperor Maximilian at the head of the German contingent. But bad weather bedraggled his finery, and Maximilian, after all his splendid promises and the payment of 120,000 golden crowns, came dressed in black, for he was in mourning, and accompanied by no more than four thousand horse. This disappointment was followed by annoyance from another source, for an unexpected visitor arrived in camp in the person of the Scottish Lion-king-at-arms, who came on behalf of James IV. of Scotland to declare war against England, and to inform Henry that he had already taken the field and sent a fleet to succour the King of France.

Notwithstanding English vigilance the French still continued to throw supplies into Terouenne, and after a six weeks' siege the French army advanced in force upon the beleagured city to effect a diversion in its favour. A large body of cavalry,

issuing from Blangy, proceeded along the opposite bank of the Lis. To meet this force Maximilian crossed the river with his German horse, followed by a large body of mounted archers and Henry with a large force of infantry. The French cavalry charged the main army with great brilliance, but, failing to break the line, withdrew and rode off. On this the German cavalry and the mounted archers gave chase. It was soon evident, however, that the retreat was only a ruse, for no sooner was the diversion effected than the Duke of Alençon dashed across the river and made for the gates of the city, while the garrison made an impetuous and simultaneous sally from the town. But the English were on the alert. Lord Herbert faced the cavalry of Alençon and drove them back, while the Earl of Shrewsbury attacked the sortie and compelled the garrison to return to the shelter of the city. Meanwhile the feigned retreat of the decoy cavalry had become a real one, for the German and English horse following fast and faster, the Frenchmen quickened their speed and rode back upon the main French army with such haste and force as to cause a panic, and in a few moments the whole army was in full and headlong flight. In vain did the French officers try to check the rout. The shout of "St. George! St. George!" reverberated in the ears of the terrified Frenchmen, who struck their spurs into their horses' flanks and dashed precipitately away. On the arrival of the English a number of distinguished officers were taken prisoners, including that knight of all time, Bayard the Chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

This victory was a surprise to both sides, and when the captured officers were presented to Henry and Maximilian the absurdity of the situation, notwithstanding its seriousness, became the occasion of no little mirth. Henry is said to have ironically complimented the French officers on the speed of their men, upon which the astonished Frenchmen replied that the battle was only one of spurs, for spurs were the only weapons used. From this circumstance the battle has been known in history as "the Battle of Spurs" ever

since, though it is otherwise known as the battle of Guinegate from the locality of its happening. The Battle of Spurs was fought on the 22nd of August, 1513.

Failing relief, Terouenne now surrendered, and Maximilian, still having his own purposes to serve, persuaded Henry, instead of pushing on to Paris, as he might have done, to stay and demolish the fortifications, and then to proceed to Tournay, another town which Maximilian was anxious to reduce in the interest of his grandson the Duke of Burgundy. Tournay capitulated after a siege of eight days, and Wolsey, who had helped Maximilian to cajole Henry into this catspaw enterprise, was rewarded with a wealthy bishopric then vacant in the town. So ended this second inglorious campaign, in which Henry had again been duped, and had spent enormous sums of English gold in fighting battles for Maximilian, and in paying Maximilian for helping him to do so, besides throwing away the opportunity of making himself master of Paris and securing the surrender of all those fair domains which were the property of his ancestors and the ostensible object of the war.

Louis of France died on the 1st of January, 1514, less than six months after signing the treaty of peace; and though Henry VIII. renewed the treaty made with Louis with Francis I., his successor, circumstances soon arose calculated to disturb the peace of Europe. Complications in Scotland led to the recall from France of Albany, who had been banished from Scotland by James III. Henry charged Francis with conniving at Albany's intrigues with Scotland, and though Francis declared that he had given no countenance to Albany's schemes, and was indeed not cognisant of his departure from France, Henry was not satisfied. At this date, however, Francis was prepared for war, and Henry was not, so the matter dropped. Francis now proceeded into Italy, where he made a conquest of Milan and obtained a bull from the pope, giving the bishopric of Tournay to the prelate, who, at the time of its conquest by the English, had been appointed to the see, but not installed—a situation taken advantage of at the time by Maximilian in

the interest of Wolsey. This angered Wolsey, and so both king and cardinal were now enemies to Francis. The success of the French king in Italy also excited the jealousy of Henry and Wolsey, but as it afforded no sufficient pretext for quarrelling with him, they entered into an agreement with Maximilian, who, for a large sum of money, undertook to march into Italy and drive Francis out. Once more Maximilian pocketed the king's gold, and once more the king was duped.

In February, 1516, Ferdinand of Spain died, and his grandson Charles, already Duke of Burgundy and heir of Austria, succeeded him as Charles V.¹ of Spain. Henry, turning his face towards the rising sun, proposed a league between himself, Maximilian, and Charles, to be called a holy league, which should have for its object the defence of the Church "and the restraint of the ambitions of certain princes."

Meanwhile, Francis having secured the duchy of Milan set about conciliating the two men whose power he most feared, the pope and Henry VIII. The pope propitiated, Francis next directed his attention to England. A conference was proposed, but Francis, knowing that there was only one way of conciliating Wolsey and that through his pocket, made a secret preliminary grant in his favour of 12,000 livres a year, in compensation for the loss of the bishopric of Tournay, after which a treaty was made in which peace was arranged between the two kings *for ever*, and a marriage arranged between the infant dauphin and the baby Mary Tudor; Tournay was restored to France for 600,000 crowns, and a meeting of the two kings was agreed upon to take place between Calais and Ardres upon the last day of July, 1519.

Shortly after this Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany, died, and Francis I. and Charles V. became rival candidates for the imperial throne. Both spent large sums of money in bribing the electors, but Charles had the longer purse as well as the more legal claim, and in the end he secured the larger number of votes. Francis, though ruler of a great and united kingdom, was now more than equalled by Charles, who was king of Spain, Austria, and the Netherlands, lord

of the two Sicilies and Emperor of Germany; both were, however, extremely anxious for English preference.

Charles V., hearing of the proposed meeting between Henry and Francis, became jealous and determined to forestall Francis in his interview with Henry. Bribing Wolsey, who was ready to take money from any one, with 7000 ducats to prepare the way, Charles landed at Dover on his way to Germany and met Henry on his way to Calais. After a few days' delay, during which Wolsey managed to enlist the interest of Charles in his designs upon the papal chair, the two kings went their respective ways, Charles to the Netherlands and Henry to "the Field of the Cloth of Gold." On returning from these engagements Henry and Charles again met at Gravelines and proceeded to Calais, where Henry provided a splendid entertainment for his guest, after which he returned to England.

Differences between Charles and Francis were not long in developing, and Henry was called upon, under the provisions of the last treaty, to mediate. Each of the kings, however, had his own ends to serve, and Wolsey was bound to Charles by his hopes of the popedom. The so-called arbitration, therefore, became a foregone conclusion, and though carried out with all the pomp and ceremony of state was, in reality, a solemn farce. In the midst of the proceedings Wolsey, who had been chosen arbiter, left the conference to pay a visit to Charles, ostensibly to induce him to lower his demands, but really to further his own purposes, which having effected, he returned, pronounced Francis the aggressor and declared Henry bound to aid the emperor.

War was declared at Lyons on the 21st of May, 1522, and five days later Charles V. landed at Dover; the marriage between the dauphin and Mary Tudor was set aside and one arranged between the infant princess and Charles himself, who undertook to indemnify Henry for the amount due to him from Francis, and to appease Wolsey with an annual payment of 9000 crowns to cover the loss of his French pension. The campaign of 1522 was even more inglorious than that which had

preceded it. Surrey, who landed at Calais about the middle of August with an army of fifteen thousand men, marched through Picardy and Artois devastating the country and destroying the defenceless towns, but keeping clear of fortified cities and strongholds until, attacked by dysentery and sickness brought on by bad weather and privation, he returned to Calais, having done considerable damage but gained no advantage whatever beyond the plunder of the helpless.

In the following year the Duke of Suffolk landed in Calais on the 24th of August, and collected an army of thirteen thousand men, with which he joined the army of the Netherlands, forming a force of some twenty thousand men. The true policy of the army at this time was to join the imperial forces now on their way from Germany, and march upon Paris; but a month was wasted in discussing whether this should be done or whether the army should proceed to the conquest of Boulogne. Meanwhile France had time to make other arrangements, and before a juncture could be effected the Germans were put to flight by the Duke of Guise, and Vendôme and Tremouille began seriously to menace the allied forces. Wet weather, bad roads, scanty supplies, disease and harassing attacks by the enemy, combined to break the spirit of the troops, and Suffolk was at length compelled to retreat upon Calais, which he reached with but a remnant of his army, and that in a deplorable condition.

1524 was occupied by conflicts between Francis and the Duke of Bourbon, financed with one hundred thousand crowns by Henry and aided by Charles V. In these Henry and Charles both failed to make the diversions which they undertook to make, and Francis, concentrating his forces, was able to drive the Duke of Bourbon across the Alps into Italy. Not content with this success he followed the flying enemy into Italy, where he wintered, but was defeated and taken prisoner in July, 1525.

For the next twenty years Henry was too much occupied in quarrelling with the pope and disposing of his wives to take much part in continental wars; but in 1543, annoyed with Francis, who in the meantime had been restored to the

throne of France, he proposed to Charles that they should jointly require Francis to renounce his alliance with the Turks and compensate all Christians for the losses sustained by that alliance, pay Henry the arrears of his pension, and give security for more punctual payment in future; and it was further agreed that in the event of Francis failing to comply with these terms, Charles should appropriate the Duchy of Burgundy and Henry all the provinces of France which had belonged to his predecessors.

To quote Howitt, "Francis refused to listen to these terms, and would not even permit the messengers of the newly-allied sovereigns to cross his frontiers, so the emperor, desirous of recovering the towns which he had lost in Flanders, obtained from Henry a reinforcement of six thousand men, under Sir John Wallop, and laid siege to Landreci, whilst Charles himself, with a still greater force, overran the Duchy of Cleves, and compelled the duke, the devoted partisan of Francis, to acknowledge the imperial allegiance. Charles then marched to the siege of Landreci, when Francis approached at the head of a large army. A great battle now appeared inevitable; but Francis, manœuvring as for a fight, contrived to throw provisions into the town, and withdrew. Imperialists and English pursued the retiring army, and the English, by too much impetuosity, suffered considerable loss. Henry promised himself more decided advantage in the next campaign, which he intended to conduct in person. This he had not been able to make illustrious by his victorious presence, for he had been busy marrying and being given in marriage to his sixth wife."

During the winter of 1543-4 a plan of campaign was agreed upon. Henry was to enter France by Picardy, and Charles by Champagne, and it was mutually agreed that they should make direct for the capital, seize Paris, and from thence dictate terms to Francis. In May, 1544, the Imperialists took the field, and in June Henry landed at Calais. The total forces numbered thirty-five thousand men. But notwithstanding the plan of campaign, Charles turned aside to reduce Luxembourg,

Ligne, and St. Didier, and Henry threw away his second chance of becoming master of Paris by devoting himself to a siege of Boulogne. Nothing could divert Henry from the reduction of this town, and Charles, having made many abortive attempts to induce him to join in a march on Paris, concluded a separate treaty of peace with France ; while Henry, having secured the surrender of Boulogne, raised the siege of Montreuil, and returned to England, having accomplished nothing worthy of an expedition, though quite sufficient to flatter his own vanity and enable him to assume the airs of a conqueror. So ended the last of Henry's inglorious campaigns on the continent of Europe. For the next three years he was occupied with difficulties in Scotland, and on the 27th of January, 1547, he died.

THE STORY OF FLODDEN FIELD,

1513.

WHILE Henry VIII. was encamped before Terouenne in France in the month of August 1513 he was visited by the Scottish Lion-king-at-arms, who on behalf of his royal master James IV. of Scotland declared war upon England and informed Henry that James had already taken the field and had sent a fleet to aid the cause of his ally the King of France.

Before leaving England, Henry had ordered the towns and forts in the Border country to prepare for war and placed the defence of the country in the hands of the Earl of Surrey, so he was able to meet the defiance of the Scottish king with the contemptuous remark that he had left the Earl of Surrey to entertain King James, and that he well knew how to do it.

Lord Home commenced the war in an irregular way by crossing the Border and ravaging the country, plundering the defenceless and returning with the results of the foray. Before he regained Scottish ground, however, he was met by Sir William Bulmer, who, attacking his forces, slew 500 Scots and took 400 prisoners. James, who had collected perhaps the largest army ever raised in Scotland, a host numbering from 80,000 to 100,000 men, immediately assembled his forces on Burrow Moor, and crossing the Tweed on the 22nd of August, 1513, encamped at Twisel-haugh. He then issued a proclamation exempting the heirs of all those who fell in the war "from all charges for wardship, relief, or marriage," and proceeding up the Tweed, invested the Border Castle of Norham.

On the 29th of August Norham Castle was surrendered, the governor having exhausted his ammunition. The Castles of Wark, Etall, Heaton, and Ford soon followed suit, and James took up his position on Flodden hill, the east spur of the Cheviot mountains, at the base of which the Till wended its way towards the Tweed.

Meanwhile the Earl of Surrey had not been idle. Summoning all the noblemen and gentlemen in the northern counties to assemble their retainers, he named Newcastle-on-Tyne for the rendezvous, and the 1st of September for the trysting day. Leaving York on the 27th of August he proceeded by forced marches to Durham, where he heard of the Scots' successes further north. Proceeding on to Newcastle, he called a council of war, and it was agreed to gather the troops at Bolton, in Glendale, within marching distance of the invading Scots. Shortly after this Surrey was joined by his son Lord Thomas Howard, Admiral of England, with five thousand men sent by Henry from France.

From Alnwick the earl sent a herald to James appointing the 9th of September for the fight, and the king replying that he would wait for him till that day the earl pressed on to Wooller-haugh, which brought him within three miles of the enemies' camp. On reconnoitring the Scots' position Surrey was impressed with its natural advantages, and made an unsuccessful attempt to work upon the king's chivalrous feelings and induce him to leave his impregnable position and descend and fight him in the plain; but James, weak to a fault on points of honour, refused to give up his advantage, though he showed before the end that he had no mean motives for doing so. He had chosen, says Tytler, an impregnable position, had fulfilled his agreement by abiding the attack of the enemy; and such was the distress of Surrey's army in a wasted country, that to keep it longer together was impossible. He attempted, therefore, a decisive measure which would have appeared desperate unless he had reckoned upon the carelessness and inexperience of his opponent. Passing the Till on the 8th of September he proceeded along its

east side to Barmoor Wood, about two miles from the Scottish position, where he encamped for the night. Early on the 9th he continued his march in a north-westerly direction, and then turning suddenly to the eastward, his vanguard and artillery, commanded by Lord Howard, crossed the Till at Twisel bridge, not far from the confluence of the Till and the Tweed, whilst the rear division, under Surrey in person, passed the river at a ford about a mile higher up. Whilst these movements were taking place with a slowness which afforded ample opportunity for a successful attack, the Scottish king remained unaccountably passive. His veteran officers remonstrated. They showed him that if he advanced against Surrey when the enemy were defiling over the bridge with their vanguard, separated from the rest, there was every chance of destroying them in detail and gaining an easy victory.

The Earl of Angus, whose age and experience gave weight to his advice, implored him either to assault the English or to change his position by a retreat ere it was too late. But his prudent counsel was only received by a cruel taunt. "Angus," said the king, "if you are afraid you may go home," a reproach which the spirit of the old baron could not brook. Bursting into tears he turned mournfully away, observing that his former life might have spared him such a rebuke from the lips of his sovereign. "My age," said he, "renders my body of no service, and my counsel is despised ; but I leave my two sons and the vassals of Douglas in the field. May the result be glorious and the forebodings of Angus unfounded !"

The army of Surrey was still marching across the bridge when Borthwick, the master of the artillery, fell on his knees before the king and earnestly solicited permission to bring his guns to bear upon the columns, which might then be done with the most disastrous effect ; but James commanded him to desist on peril of his head, declaring that he would meet his antagonist on equal terms in a plain field and scorned to avail himself of such an advantage. The counsel of Huntly was equally ineffectual ; the remonstrances of Lindsay

provoked such indignation that James threatened to hang him up at his own gate on his return. Time ran on amidst these useless altercations, and the opportunity was soon irrecoverable. The last division of Surrey's force had disentangled themselves from the narrow bridge, the rear had passed the ford, and the earl, marshalling his army with the leisure which his enemy allowed him, placed his entire line between James and his own country. He was enabled thus, by an easy and gradual ascent which led to Flodden, to march upon the rear of the enemy, and this he immediately proceeded to do. On learning Surrey's movements James set fire to the huts and booths of his encampment and descended the hill with the object of occupying the eminence on which the village of Brankston is built.

"The battle commenced at four in the afternoon by a furious charge of Huntly and Home upon the portion of the English vanguard under Sir Edmund Howard, which after some resistance was thrown into confusion and totally routed. At this critical moment Lord Dacre galloped forward with his cavalry to the support of the vanguard, and drove back the division of Huntly with great slaughter. Dacre and Admiral Howard then turned their attack against another portion of the Scottish vanguard, led by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, who met them with levelled spears, and resolutely withstood their charges. Meanwhile a desperate contest was carried on between James and the Earl of Surrey in the centre. James dashed upon the English centre with so furious a charge that its ranks were broken, and for a while the standard of the Earl of Surrey was in danger ; but Lord Dacre and the admiral, having defeated Crawford and Montrose, wheeled towards the left, and attacked the flank of the Scottish centre, which wavered under the shock, until the Earl of Bothwell came up with the reserves and restored the day in this quarter. On the right the divisions led by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle, chiefly Highlanders and Islesmen, were dreadfully galled by the English archers, and disdaining restraint, threw themselves, sword in hand, upon the English. The squares of

English pikemen, however, stood their ground, and although for a moment the shock of the mountaineers was terrible, its force, once sustained, became spent with its own violence, and nothing remained but a disorganisation so complete that recovery was impossible. The consequence was a total rout of the right wing of the Scots with dreadful slaughter, in which the Earls of Lennox and Argyle were slain. Yet notwithstanding this defeat on the right, the centre under the king still maintained an obstinate and dubious conflict with the Earl of Surrey. The personal valour of James, imprudent as it was, had the effect of rousing to a pitch of desperate courage the meanest of the private soldiers, and the ground becoming soft and slippery from blood, they pulled off their boots and shoes, and secured a firmer footing by fighting in their hose.

About this time Sir Edward Stanley, returning from the pursuit of the right wing of the Scots which he had defeated, impetuously charged the rear of the Scottish centre. It was now late in the evening, and this movement was decisive. Pressed on the flanks by Dacre and the admiral, opposed in front by Surrey, and now attacked in the rear by Sir Edward Stanley, the king's battle fought with fearful odds against it; yet James continued, by voice and gesture, to animate his soldiers, and the contest was still uncertain when he fell, pierced with an arrow and mortally wounded in the head by a bill within a few paces of the English earl, his antagonist. The death of the sovereign seemed only to animate the fury of the Scottish nobles, who threw themselves into a circle round the body and defended it until darkness separated the combatants.

Too dark to fight, it was also too dark to see how far the fight had flourished, and it was not until the dawn of another day that the Earl of Surrey was assured that the field was his. Under cover of the night the enemy had left the field.

The loss of the Scots in this fatal fight amounted to ten thousand men, while of the English five thousand soldiers were numbered with the slain.

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF PINKIE, 1547.

ON the death of James IV. at Flodden Field, his infant son was crowned at Scone under the title of James V., and the Queen mother Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., was appointed regent.

The reign of James V. which began at the age of two years, and continued to the age of thirty-one, was harassed by continual feuds at home, and disgraceful intrigues between the nobles of Scotland and the courts of England and France. The former led to frequent border forays, and the latter to the invasion of the kingdom. The desire to unite the interests of England and Scotland under one crown, which had to a more or less degree animated the kings of England since the time of Edward I., was evinced by Henry VIII. with a determination of purpose which wrought much ill to the distracted country during the troublous days of the regency. In 1528 the young king assumed the reins of government, and soon after Henry proposed a matrimonial alliance between him and the Princess Mary of England. The Scots, however, were determined to maintain the independence of the kingdom, and it was but too clear that Henry, under the pretence of uniting the two countries under one crown, was aiming at the subservience of one to the other. The result was that the proposal was evaded, and James married Magdalen, daughter of Francis I. of France; and within twelve months of her death, which took place six weeks after her marriage, Mary of Guise, widow of the Duke of Longueville.

As time wore on the relations between England and Scotland became more and more strained, and as had often happened before Border forays and reprisals developed into national hostilities. In one of the former Sir James Bowes, Captain of Norham and Warden of the East Marches, broke across the Borders and with a body of three thousand horse penetrated into Teviotdale, accompanied by the Earl of Angus, Sir George Douglas and a large body of their retainers ; but the Earl of Huntly encountered them with a strong force at Hadden-Rig, and with the assistance of Lord Home obtained a complete victory. Six hundred prisoners of note fell into the hands of the Scots after this engagement, amongst whom were the Lord Warden, Sir James Bowes, and his brother. Upon this Henry despatched the Duke of Norfolk with a large force to invade Scotland, and James sent commissioners to meet the army and treat for peace. By this means James secured time but failed to do more than delay the attack ; and the Duke marched into Scotland without opposition, and laid waste the country in his progress. James assembled an army of thirty thousand men on the Borough Muir near Edinburgh, but the war was not popular and counsels were divided, and when intelligence was brought to James that Norfolk had been compelled by the advance of winter and the failure of supplies to recross the border, his nobles refused to march into England to follow up the retreat. James had now no alternative but to disband his army, but another army of ten thousand men was immediately organised by the energy of Lord Maxwell, and this force was despatched into England with all speed while James waited at Caerlaverock the result of the invasion. James, however, with that fatality which has so often led kings to take the wrong time and the wrong way to reward their friends, had doomed his own enterprise by giving secret orders that his favourite, Oliver Sinclair, should take command of the army as soon as it reached the Esk. This caused great dissatisfaction. The nobles refused to serve under his command and their retainers and clansmen supported the opposition

of their chiefs, so that the whole army became disorganised and ready to fall to pieces on the slightest alarm. It was at this crisis that Dacre and Musgrave, two English leaders, advanced to reconnoitre at the head of three hundred horse, and approaching the Scottish camp which lay at Solway Moss became sensible of its situation. Upon this they charged the camp in a compact body with level lances, and at full speed with so much force and vigour that the Scots' army believing them to be only the advance of a larger force was thrown into immediate panic and fled precipitately, with scarcely a moment's resistance. Ten thousand men were thus routed by three hundred, and one thousand were taken prisoners. James V. did not long survive this terrible defeat and disgrace and died, it is said of a broken heart, on the 13th of December, 1542, leaving an only daughter Mary, a baby six days old, to succeed him upon the throne.

Henry now set himself to take advantage of the new situation to further his own ends, and with this view proposed a marriage between the infant Mary Queen of Scots and his own son Edward, afterwards Edward VI. of England, and bribed, cajoled, and threatened the Scots nobles who had fallen into his hands at Solway Moss, to buy their personal liberty at the price of their national independence, by acknowledging him lord, and to use their influence in Scotland to bring the country into vassalage.

After four or five years of disgraceful intrigue in which Henry scrupled at nothing which seemed to favour his designs, and became privy even to the murder of Cardinal Beaton, the gross king died in 1547, and the government of both England and Scotland fell into the hands of regents.

The Battle of Pinkie was fought between the Earl of Arran, the guardian of Mary Queen of Scots, and the Duke of Somerset, protector of Edward the VI. of England. It was the natural climax of the policy of Henry VIII., which, however, he did not live to see, and was as far as Mary and Edward were concerned an hereditary war. Henry had left instructions to his followers to insist on the marriage of the two

infants, and Somerset on becoming protector addressed a letter to the Scottish nobility urging them to consummate these wishes. The Scots took little notice of Somerset's appeal, and with the determination of forcing this marriage at the point of the sword the lord protector assembled his army at Newcastle, and joined it on the 27th of August, 1547.

The Duke of Somerset entered Scotland on the 2nd of September, 1547, and without interruption advanced along the coast in sight of the English fleet, made himself master of the castle of Douglass, Thornton, and Innerwick, crossed the Tyne without molestation at Linton Bridge, and reached Lang-Niddry on the 7th of September, and encamped for the night. Proceeding the following day, the Duke halted near Prestonpans, within view of the enemy's camp at Edmonstone edge, about three miles distant. On the following morning a body of fifteen hundred light horse under Lord Home approached the English vanguard attempting to provoke an onset. Somerset, who was not disposed to precipitate matters, forbade an advance, but at last permitted Lord Grey to try the effect of a charge. In this the weight of the men-at-arms and their barbed steeds out-matched the light but hardy hackneys of the borderers, who, after maintaining the conflict for three hours were completely broken and the greater part of them cut to pieces. In this unfortunate affair thirteen hundred men were slain within sight of the camp, Home was severely wounded, his son taken prisoner, and nearly all the Scottish cavalry destroyed. After this success the protector, accompanied by a small party, descended from Faside Hill by a lane to reconnoitre the Scottish position. On his return he was overtaken by the Scottish herald with his tabard on, accompanied by a trumpeter, who brought a message from the governor asking for an exchange of prisoners, and offering to allow him to retreat without molestation and upon honourable conditions. The trumpeter then addressed the Duke, offering on the part of the Earl of Huntly, in case such terms were not accepted, to encounter the Duke twenty to twenty or ten to ten, or, if he would so far honour him, man to man. To these messages

Somerset made a brief and temperate reply. He declared that his coming into Scotland had been at the first to seek peace, and to obtain such terms as should be good for either realm. His quarrel he added was just; he trusted therefore God would prosper it, and since the governor had already rejected such conditions as would never again be offered, he must look now to its being decided by arms; "and as for thy master," he said, addressing the trumpeter, "he lacketh some discretion to send this challenge to one who, by reason of the weighty charge he bears hath no power to accept it; whilst there are yet many noble gentlemen here his equal in rank to whom he might have addressed his cartel without fear of refusal." At this moment the Earl of Warwick broke eagerly in, telling the messenger that he would not only accept the challenge, but would give him a hundred crowns if he brought back his master's consent. "Nay," said Somerset, "Huntly is not equal in rank to your lordship, but, Herald, tell the governor, and the Earl of Huntly also, that we have now spent some time in your country; our force is but a small company—yours far exceeds ours, yet bring me word they will meet us in a plain field, and thou shalt have a thousand crowns for thy pains and thy masters fighting enough."

After consulting with his officers Somerset determined to make one more effort to prevent further bloodshed, and so directed a letter to the governor, declaring his readiness to retreat from the kingdom, on the single condition that the Scots would consent to keep their youthful queen in their own country, unfettered by any agreement with the French government until she had reached a marriageable age and was able to say for herself whether she would marry Edward VI. This, however, was taken by the governor as evidence of weakness on the part of Somerset and with fatal folly disregarded, while to anger the Scots a false report as to the nature of the message was circulated throughout the army. Bitterly did the poor Scots pay for this act of folly and wickedness on the part of their leaders.

“On the morning of the 10th of September the Duke of Somerset broke up his camp and gave orders for the army to advance towards the hill of Inveresk, his design being to encamp near that spot and to plant his advance on the eminence commanding the Scottish position. This led the Scottish governor to suppose that the protector had commenced a retreat towards his fleet which lay in Musselburgh Bay, with a view to embarking his army. Resolving to anticipate this movement by placing his men between the English and their ships, he gave orders for the whole army to dislodge and cross the river. Angus who led the vanguard, deeming it madness to throw away their advantage, refused to obey; but being charged, on pain of treason, to pass forward, he forded the river and was followed by the governor who led the main battle, and the Earl of Huntly with his northland men who formed the rear. This movement of the Scots in abandoning their advantage and crossing the river was viewed with equal astonishment and pleasure by the English commander. Somerset and Warwick, who were riding together when they saw the Scots marching towards them, instantly perceived their advantage, and thanked God for the fortunate event, ordered forward their artillery, and, taking a joyful leave of each other, proceeded to their respective charges. Warwick arranged his division on the side of the hill; the protector formed his battle chiefly on the hill, but his extreme right rested on the plain. The rear, under Lord Dacre, was drawn up wholly on the plain, whilst Lord Grey with the men-at-arms and the mounted carabineers were stationed at some distance upon the extreme left. By the time these arrangements were completed the Scots were considerably advanced, but in throwing themselves between the English and their fleet, the wing of their rearward which moved nearest to the Firth, found themselves exposed to the fire of one of the English galleys which galled them severely and threw Argyle's Highlandmen into disorder. Falling back from the exposed ground and declining to the southward, the rearward sought to gain the side of the hill to attack the enemy from

the higher ground, whereupon the protector ordered Lord Grey and Sir Ralph Vane to charge the right wing of the Scots, and if they could not break it at least to keep it in check till their own rearward might advance further on the hill, and their centre and rear coming up, form a full front against the enemy. This measure was performed by Lord Grey with the utmost readiness and gallantry. Waiting until Lord Warwick was pretty well up with the enemy, he charged down the hill at full gallop right against the left wing of Angus' division. The shock at first was dreadful, but the superiority of infantry over cavalry was soon evidenced. The Scottish foot were armed with spears eighteen feet in length, far exceeding that of the lances of the men-at-arms, and they knew well how to avail themselves of this advantage. To meet their charge Angus commanded his men to assume an impenetrable formation which had often baffled English cavalry. Nothing could be more simple but nothing more effective. The soldiers closed inwards so near as to appear locked together, shoulder to shoulder; the front line stooped low and almost knelt, placing the butt-end of their pike against the right foot, grasping it firmly with both hands and inclining its steel point breast-high against the enemy; the second rank crossed their pikes over the shoulders of the first rank, the third assumed the same position, and so on to whatever depth the column might be, giving it the appearance of a gigantic hedgehog, covered with steel bristles. On such a body, if the men stood firm, the finest cavalry in the world could not make any serious impression. It happened also that a broad, muddy ditch or slough lay between the English and the Scottish foot, into which the horses plunged up to the counters, clearing it with much difficulty. Undismayed by these circumstances, Lord Grey, heading his men-at-arms, struggled through, and with his front companies charged the enemy's left. But no human force could break the wall against which he had thrown himself, and in an incredibly short time two hundred saddles were emptied, the horses stabbed with the spears and their

fallen riders despatched by the *whingers*, or short double-edged daggers, which the Scots carried at their girdles.

In this struggle Flammock, who carried the English Standard, saved the colours, but left the staff in the hands of the enemy, and Lord Grey was dangerously wounded in the mouth and neck. Many horses, furious from their wounds, carried disorder into their own companies, and such was soon the inextricable confusion into which the whole body of the men-at-arms was thrown, that a portion of them breaking away, fled through the ranks of their own division, and Lord Grey had the greatest difficulty in extricating the rest, and retreating up the hill with their shattered remains. Had Angus been supported by the rest of the army, or had the Scots possessed a body of men-at-arms to improve their advantage, the English would in all probability have been undone ; but the cavalry had been destroyed the day before, and the centre and rear, under the Governor and Huntly, were still at a considerable distance, the rearward therefore halted for a brief space. Brief as it was, it was still sufficient to allow Warwick to restore order, rally his men, push forward the company of Spanish carabineers, who, man and horse, armed in complete mail, galloped up to the brink of the ditch, and at half musket-shot discharged their pieces full in the face of the Scottish infantry. Upon this Sir John Mewtas brought up his foot hag-butteers, and the archers moving rapidly forward, discharged a flight of arrows, while the artillery, judiciously placed upon the hill, were brought to bear upon Angus' division. Under these circumstances Angus deemed it advisable to fall back upon the main battle, which he therefore did in good order. At this moment the Highlanders, who, unable to restrain their propensity for plundering, were dispersed over the field, stripping the slain, mistook this movement for a flight, and seized with panic, fled in all directions. This panic soon communicated itself to the burgh troops, who formed the main portion of the centre, and who, although still a quarter of a mile away from the English, started from their ranks, threw away their weapons, and followed the Highlanders.

The Earl of Warwick meanwhile was coming fast forward ; the horsemen showed themselves once more ready to charge, and the English centre and rear hastened on at an accelerated pace. Had the Scottish vanguard been certain of support, they might even alone have withstood this formidable attack ; but deserted by the rest of the army, they did not choose to sacrifice themselves, and the body which so lately had opposed an impenetrable front to the enemy, beginning first to undulate to and fro like a steely sea agitated by the wind, after a few moments was seen breaking into a thousand fragments, and dispersing in all directions. Everything was now lost. The flight became precipitate and general, and the chase beginning at one o'clock, continued until six in the evening.

Without making any attempt to capture the young queen Somerset, whose movements are said to have been hurried by the receipt of unpleasant news from England, advanced to Leith, despatched the fleet up the Firth, destroying all the shipping it could find, and desolating the country on its banks ; and then firing the town of Leith, turned his steps towards the south, to the surprise and joy of the whole country.

THE STORY OF THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS, 1558.

THE reign of Mary witnessed the completion of England's reverses in France, for it was during the troublous times of her administration that Calais, the conquest of which had cost Edward III. nearly twelve months' siege more than two hundred and ten years before, capitulated at the summons of the Duke of Guise after a siege of eight days.

In the year 1555 Charles V. of Spain had become tired of the weight of rule which he had sustained since and during part of the reigns of Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France, and was anxious to abdicate in favour of his son Philip, who had married Mary Queen of England the year before. To take over the responsibilities of government, Philip left England on the 4th of September, 1555, and in the same year, at an assembly in Brussels, Charles V. made over to him the government of 'he Netherlands ; in the year 1556 he resigned to him the kingdom of Spain, and, a few months later, the imperial title. Charles then retired to the monastery of St. Just in 1557, had his own obsequies performed, and died in 1558.

Meanwhile Henry II. of France, at the instance of the pope, had determined to make war upon Philip, and Philip sought, and ultimately secured, the assistance of England. In July, 1557, the Earl of Pembroke, with Lord Robert Dudley as his master of ordnance, joined Philip on the Continent with a contingent of seven thousand men ; the whole army, which included representatives of many nationalities, comprising a force of forty thousand soldiers, the command of which was

placed in the hands of Philibert Duke of Savoy. After alternately menacing his opponents in several directions the duke proceeded to invest the town of St. Quentin on the right bank of the Somme. The French made several attempts to throw provisions into St. Quentin by carrying them across the vast marshes which covered one side of the town. In one of these Montmorency, with a large body of cavalry and fifteen thousand foot soldiers, posted along the banks of the marsh, sought by means of boats, which he had carried to the spot on carts, to convey a large quantity of provisions to the beleaguered garrison. The earlier of these boats arrived in safety, but before the French had had time to despatch the others, they were surprised by an attack in the rear; for the Spaniards had made a *détour*, and coming suddenly upon the French with six thousand horse completely broke their cavalry and put their infantry to flight. In this rapid movement one half of the French army was either taken or destroyed, and most of the officers were captured. On the defeat of the French army the duke's infantry and the English auxiliaries, who had held the opposite bank of the river, crossed, assaulted, and carried the town by storm. This reverse of the French arms caused great consternation in France, and it is thought that had the duke followed up his advantage he might have made easy conquest of the capital. But he was content with laying siege to Ham and Cattelet, which he ultimately took, but thus gave time, which was eagerly employed for the fortification of Paris.

The war with France led as usual to an invasion of England by the Scots; but the attempt was not made until too late in the season, and it did not find England unprepared, for the Earl of Shrewsbury with a large army waited near the castle of Wark to give battle, and the Scots' army, though strengthened by a French contingent, did not wait to take it. The victory of St. Quentin reminded them of Flodden, and so after holding councils and discussing probabilities they deemed discretion the better part of valour, recrossed the Tweed and disbanded the army.

The victory which sent the Scots back to Scotland recalled the

Duke of Guise from Italy, and while Philip was quietly retiring into winter quarters the Duke of Guise was busily occupied in a scheme of winter war. Assembling a body of twenty-five thousand men and a train of battering artillery at Compiègne, in December 1557 he marched out suddenly and took the road to Calais. "He was bound," says Howitt, "to carry out an idea of Admiral Coligni's and attempt Calais in the middle of winter, when such an attempt could be least expected."

England was quite unprepared to deal with the impending crisis. Mary's exchequer was completely exhausted, and Philip's offer to garrison the town with Spanish troops was refused from fear that once admitted they would never leave; and so the repeated appeals of Lord Wentworth the governor for reinforcements were totally disregarded.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Guise drew nearer, entered the English pale, divided his army into two detachments, sent one along the downs to Risebank, and led the other towards Newnham Bridge. Forcing the outworks at the village of St. Agatha, he took possession of them and drove the garrison into Newnham. The defences of Froyton and Nesle were abandoned, and the garrison of Newnham Bridge withdrew so secretly that the French fired for a long time upon the empty fort. The Duke of Guise had thus secured the forts which commanded the harbour of the city, and the causeway which communicated with Flanders. He now placed a battery on the heath of St. Pierre, which played on the wall to create a diversion, while another played upon the castle.

A breach effected in the wall near the western gate engaged the garrison in repairs, while the duke brought a cannonade of fifteen double cannons to bear upon the castle, which had been allowed to relapse into a disgraceful state of decay. A wide breach was at length made and at ebb-tide Grammont, at the head of a hundred men, marched up to the ditch opposite the breach, when, finding the castle undefended, the duke ordered a number of hurdles to be thrown into the ditch, and then forded it at the head of his men, though the water reached waist-high, and so entered the castle. At

this moment the castle and its captors ought to have been hurled heavenward in company, had but the mine prepared by Lord Wentworth exploded as he expected it to ; but the duke's soldiers after wading the ditch waist-high brought so much water into the breach that they damped the powder of the train and so foiled the desperate attempt. On the following day the duke sent a body of troops to assault the town, expecting no serious opposition to his arms ; but Sir Anthony Agar, with a very small body of followers, not only repulsed the invaders but drove them back into the castle. Had the gallant knight been but adequately supported he might with confidence have been trusted to regain the honours of the fight ; but he had but a handful of men, and while vainly endeavouring to drive the French out of the castle fell at the gate with his son and a faithful band of followers.

Lord Wentworth seeing that he could not withstand the enemy and looking wistfully in vain across the sea for succour, offered to surrender upon conditions ; but the French, sure of their prize, made their own terms, which the governor was obliged to accept.

The terms of the surrender and the conditions of evacuation are given as follows by Holinshed, according to whom they set forth that "the town with all the great artillery, victuals, and munitions should be fully yielded to the French king, the lives of the inhabitants only saved, to whom safe conduct should be granted to pass where they listed, saving the lord-deputy, with fifty others such as the duke should appoint, to remain prisoners, to be put to their ransom. The next morning the Frenchmen entered and possessed the town, and forthwith, all the men, women, and children were commanded to leave their houses, and to go to certain places appointed for them to remain in till orders might be taken for their sending away. The places thus appointed for them to remain in were chiefly four—the two churches of our Lady and St. Nicholas, the deputy's house, and the Staple, where they rested a great part of the day and one whole night and the next day till three of the clock at afternoon, without either

meat or drink. And while they were thus in the churches and those other places the Duke of Guise, in the name of the French king, in their hearing made a proclamation, strictly charging all and every person that were inhabitants of the town of Calais, having about them any money, plate, or jewels, to the value of one groat, to bring the same forthwith and lay it down upon the high altars of the said churches, on pain of death, bearing them in hand ; also that they should be searched. By reason of which proclamation there was made a great and sorrowful offertory. And while they were at this offering within the churches, the Frenchmen entered their houses and rifled the same, where was found considerable riches and treasures, especially of ordnance, armour, and other munitions. Thus dealt the French with the English in recompense of the like usage to the French when the forces of King Philip prevailed at St. Quentin ; where, not content with the honour of victory, the English in sacking the town sought nothing more than the satisfying of their greedy vein of covetousness, with an extreme neglect of all moderation.

“About two o'clock of the next day at afternoon, being January 7th, 1558, a great number of the meanest sort were suffered to pass out of the town in safety, being guarded through the army with a number of Scottish light horsemen, who used the English very well and friendly ; and after this every day, for the space of three or four days together, were sent away divers companies of them, till all were avoided ; those only excepted that were appointed to be reserved for prisoners, as the Lord Wentworth and others. There were in the town of Calais five hundred English soldiers ordinary and no more ; and of the townsmen not fully two hundred fighting men (a small garrison for such a town), and there were in the whole number of men, women, and children (as they were accounted as they went out of the gate) forty-two hundred persons.”

With the fall of Calais fell also all the English possessions in the Calais district, for though Guisnes made a gallant resistance under the Earl of Wilton it was soon reduced, and the Castle of Ham was abandoned without a blow.

THE STORY OF ZUTPHEN,

1586.

THE reign of Queen Elizabeth was famous for its victories upon the sea rather than upon the land ; the defeat of the Spanish Armada far eclipsing all the other martial enterprises of her time. The suppressing of the Irish rebellion under Shane O'Neill, which resulted in his defeat and death in 1567, and that of Hugh O'Neill which led to the complete conquest of Ireland by Mountjoy in 1603, and the expedition into Flanders in 1585, chiefly remarkable for its demonstrations of the military incapacity of the Earl of Leicester and the chivalry of Sir Philip Sidney, are if not all the military enterprises of Elizabeth's reign at least all that need be named.

The times were those of a desperate struggle for religious liberty in which the Church of Rome sought with the utmost activity to counteract the influence of the Reformation. In this struggle the influence of Elizabeth was excited in opposition to the power of Rome. The death of the Duke of Anjou had placed Henry of Navarre, a Protestant, next in succession to the throne of France, and the persecutions of Philip of Spain as King of the Netherlands had driven many of his Dutch subjects into revolt. Elizabeth showed her sympathy with Henry by large gifts of money and offers of asylum in England if refuge should be necessary, and with the Dutch Protestants by the dispatch of an expedition to their assistance under the Earl of Leicester in 1585.

That the sending of such an expedition was in fact making war upon Philip without having declared war against him, was pointed out to Elizabeth, but she affirmed that she had no

intention of helping the Dutch to throw off their lawful allegiance to Philip, but was merely assisting them to recover rights of which they had been deprived. This nice distinction, though sufficient for the purposes of Elizabeth, did not convince Philip of her pacific intentions with regard to him, and the appearance of her army in the Netherlands was accepted as raising a direct issue.

In 1585 the Earl of Leicester, at the head of a thousand horse and five thousand foot soldiers, made his appearance in the Low Countries, so often and for so many years the theatre of continental wars that it gained the name of "the cock-pit of Europe," and so convinced were the Flemings of the sincerity of Elizabeth's purposes that in the June of the following year the revolted provinces petitioned her to annex them to the crown of England.

Unfortunately the Earl of Leicester proved himself quite incapable of fighting the battle of freedom, and far more bent upon his own aggrandisement than upon the relief of the Dutch. With such skill as he had he sought to avoid rather than bring on an engagement, and kept as clear as possible of the Prince of Parma and the famous infantry of Spain. His self-aggrandisement angered Elizabeth, and his sham soldiiership disgusted his Dutch allies. In the autumn of the year, after a profitless campaign, he returned to the Hague, where he met with unmistakable signs of public dissatisfaction, and on the approach of winter he was recalled from his vain enterprise.

The redeeming lustre of this campaign was contributed by Sir Philip Sidney, nephew of the Earl of Leicester, who was regarded by Elizabeth as "the jewel of her times," and designated by her as "my Philip."

Sir Philip Sidney, who was as famous for his gifts as for his virtues, was called "the English Petrarch" by Sir Walter Raleigh," and celebrated as Astrophel by the poet Spenser. His sonnets, "Astrophel and Stella"—Stella standing for Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex—have been much admired, and his prose writings, his "Apology for Poetry," and his romance "Arcadia," are accepted as English

classics. Cowper spoke of him as "a warbler of poetic prose," and Young designates his "Arcadia" as "the charm of the ages." As a diplomatist he fulfilled several important missions when not more than twenty-two years of age, and so impressed the Stadtholder William the Silent that he described him as "one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of estate in Europe."

At this time Sir Philip Sidney was made governor of Flushing and contributed his quota to the campaign by the capture of Axel, a fortified town on an island in the Scheldt, which he effected with great skill and daring, and by leading a section of the cavalry of his uncle's army in their attack upon a convoy engaged in carrying provisions to the beleaguered city of Zutphen. This latter engagement was the sacrifice of some of the noblest blood of England to a false sense of honour. A few Englishmen, being nearly all gentlemen, finding themselves on the 22nd of September, 1586, face to face with a body of three thousand of the enemy, whom it would have been easy to avoid, felt themselves bound in honour to charge and re-charge the superior force, though they wasted the flower of their chivalry in the vain strife.

Mr. Francis T. Palgrave has a fine ballad describing this famous fight, part of which we may quote here.

"Where Guelderland outspreads
Her green wide water-meads
Laced by the silver of the parted Rhine;
Where round the horizon low
The waving millsails go,
And poplar avenues stretch their pillar'd line;
That morn a clinging mist uncurl'd
Its folds o'er South-Fen town, and blotted out the world.

"There, as the gray dawn broke,
Cloked by that ghost-white cloke,
The fifty knights of England sat in steel;
Each man all ear, for eye
Could not his nearest spy;
And in the mirk's dim hiding heart they feel,
—Feel more than hear,—the signal sound
Of tramp and hoof and wheel, and guns that bruise the ground.

"—Sudden, the mist gathers up like a curtain, the theatre clear ;
 Stage of unequal conflict, and triumph purchased too dear !
 Half our best treasures of gallantry there, with axe and with glaive,
 One against ten,—what of that ?—We are ready for glory or grave !
 There, Spain and her thousands nearing, with levin-tongued weapons
 of war ;—

Ebro's swarthy sons, and the bands from Epirus afar ;
 Crescia, Gonzaga, del Vasto,—world-famous names of affright,
 Veterans of iron and blood, unremorseful engines of fight :—
 But ours were Norris and Essex and Stanley and Willoughby grim,
 And the waning Dudley star, and the star that will never be dim,
 Star of Philip the peerless,—and now at height of his noon,
 Astrophel !—not for thyself but for England extinguish'd too soon !

" Red walls of Zutphen behind ; before them, Spain in her might :—
 O ! 'tis not war, but a game of heroic boyish delight !
 For on, like a bolt-head of steel, go the fifty, dividing their way,
 Through and over the brown mail-shirts,—Farnese's choicest array ;
 Over and through, and the curtel-axe flashes, the plumes in their pride
 Sink like the larch to the hewer, a death-mown avenue wide :
 While the foe in his stubbornness flanks them and bars them, with
 merciless aim

Shooting from musket and saker a scornful death-tongue of flame.
 As in an autumn afar, the Six Hundred in Chersonese hew'd
 Their road through a host, for their England and honour's sake wasting
 their blood,

Foolishness wiser than wisdom !—So these, since Azincourt morn,
 First showing the world the calm open-eyed rashness of Englishmen born !

" Foes ere the cloud went up, black Norris and Stanley in one
 Pledge iron hands and kiss swords, each his mate's, in the face of the sun,
 Warm with the generous wine of the battle ; and Willoughby's might
 To the turf bore Crescia, and lifted again,—knight honouring knight ;
 All in the hurry and turmoil :—where North, half-booted and rough,
 Launch'd on the struggle, and Sidney struck onward, his cuisses thrown
 off,

Rash over-courage of poet and youth !—while the memories, how
 At the joust long syne She look'd on, as he triumph'd, were hot on his
 brow,

' Stella ! mine own, my own star !'—and he sigh'd :—and towards him
 a flame

Shot its red signal ; a shriek !—and the viewless messenger came ;
 Found the unguarded gap, the approach left bare to the prey,
 Where through the limb to the life the death-stroke shatter'd a way."

Sir Philip had his horse shot under him, but mounting another he made his third desperate onslaught, when he received a shot in his left thigh which ultimately proved fatal. It was at this time that the fine unselfishness of his chivalrous nature showed itself in the act which more than his splendid courage endears his character to millions unborn till centuries after his death. As he was being borne from the field languid from loss of blood he asked for water, but just as the refreshing draught was being put to his lips he saw a wounded soldier looking wistfully at the cup and put it from him, saying, "This man's necessity is greater than mine."

Sir Philip Sidney was carried to Arnheim, where he died on the 15th of October, 1586. By the order of Elizabeth his body was brought to England and buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF NAMUR,
1695.

ON the morning of the 30th of August, 1695, just as the sun began to tinge the dark and blood-stained battlements of Namur, a detachment of Mackay's Scottish regiment made their rounds, relieving the last night-sentinels and placing those of the morning. As soon as the party returned to their quarters and relaxed from the formalities of military discipline, their leader, a tall muscular man, of about middle age, with a keen eye and manly features, though swarthy and embrowned with toil, and wearing an expression but little akin to the gentle or the amiable, moved to an angle of the bastion, and, leaning on his spontoon, fixed an anxious gaze upon the rising sun.

While he remained in this position he was approached by another officer, who, slapping him roughly on the shoulder, accosted him in these words—"What, Monteith! are you in a musing mood? Pray let me have the benefit of your morning meditations." "Sir!" said Monteith, turning hastily round. "Oh! 'tis you, Keppel. What think you of this morning?" "Why, that it will be a glorious day for some; and for you and me, I hope, among others. Do you know that the Elector of Bavaria purposes a general assault to-day?" "I might guess as much, from the preparations going on. Well, would it were to-morrow!" "Sure you are not afraid, Monteith?" "Afraid! It is not worth while to quarrel at present; but methinks you, Keppel, might have spared that word. There are not many men who might utter it and live." "Nay, I meant no offence: yet permit me to say that your words and manner are strangely at variance with your usual

bearing on a battle-morn." "Perhaps so," replied Monteith; "and, but that your English prejudices will refuse assent, it might be accounted for. That sun will rise to-morrow with equal power and splendour, gilding this earth's murky vapours, but I shall not behold his glory." "Now, do tell me some soothful narrative of a second-sighted seer," said Keppel; "I promise to do my best to believe it. At any rate, I will not laugh outright, I assure you." "I fear not that. It is no matter to excite mirth; and, in truth, I feel at present strangely inclined to be communicative. Besides, I have a request to make; and I may as well do something to induce you to grant it." "That I readily will, if in my power," replied Keppel. "So, proceed with your story, if you please." "Listen attentively, then, and be at once my first and my last confidant.

"Shortly after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, I joined the troop commanded by Irvine of Bonshaw; and gloriously did we scour the country, hunting the rebel Covenanters, destroying man, woman, and child, person and property. I was then but young, and, for a time, rather witnessed than acted in the wild and exciting commission which we so amply discharged. But use is all in all. Ere half a dozen years had sped their round I was one of the smartest men in the troop at everything. It was in the autumn of 1684, as I too well remember, that we were engaged in beating up the haunts of the Covenanters on the skirts of Galloway and Ayrshire. A deep mist, which covered the moors thick as a shroud—friendly at times to the Whigs, but in the present instance their foe—concealed our approach till we were close upon a numerous conventicle. We hailed and bade them stand; but, trusting to their mosses and glens, they scattered and fled. We pursued in various directions, pressing hard upon the fugitives. In spite of several morasses which I had to skirt, and difficult glens to tread, being well mounted I gained rapidly on a young mountaineer, who, finding escape by flight impossible, bent his course to a house at a short distance, as hoping for shelter there, like a hare to her form. I shouted to him to

stand ; he ran on. Again I hailed him, but he heeded not ; when, dreading to lose all trace of him should he gain the house, I fired. The bullet took effect. He fell, and his heart's blood gushed out on his father's threshold. Just at that instant an aged woman, alarmed by the gallop of my horse and the report of the pistol, rushed to the door, and, stumbling, fell upon the body of her dying son. She raised his drooping head upon her knee, kissed his bloody brow, and screamed aloud, 'O God of the widow and the fatherless, have mercy on me !' One ghastly, convulsive shudder shook all her nerves, and the next moment they were calm as the steel of my sword ; then raising her pale and shrivelled countenance, every feature of which was fixed in the calm unearthly earnestness of utter despair, or perfect resignation, she addressed me, every word falling distinct and piercing on my ear like dropping musketry : 'And hast thou this day made me a widowed, childless mother ? Hast thou shed the precious blood of this young servant of Jehovah ? And canst thou hope that thy lot will be one of unmingled happiness ? Go ! red-handed persecutor ! Follow thine evil way ! But hear one message of truth from a feeble and unworthy tongue. Remorse, like a blood-hound, shall dog thy steps ; and the serpent of an evil conscience shall coil around thy heart. From this hour thou shalt never know peace. Thou shalt seek death, and long to meet it as a friend ; but it shall flee thee : and when thou shalt begin to love life and dread death, then shall thine enemy come upon thee, and thou shalt not escape. Hence to thy bloody comrades, thou second Cain ! —thou accursed and banished from the face of Heaven and of mercy !' 'Old wretch !' I exclaimed, 'it would take little to make me send thee to join thy psalm-singing offspring !' 'Well do I know that thou wouldst, if thou wert permitted,' replied she. 'But go thy way, and bethink thee how thou wilt answer to thy Creator for this morning's work !' And ceasing to regard me, she stooped her head over the dead body of her son. I could endure no more, but wheeled round and galloped off to join my companions.

“From that hour I felt myself a doomed and miserable man. In vain did I attempt to banish from my mind the deed I had done and the words I had heard. In the midst of mirth and revelry, the dying groan of the youth, and the words of doom spoken by his mother, rang for ever in my ears, converting the festal board to a scene of carnage and horror, till the very wine-cup seemed to foam over with hot-bubbling gore. Once I tried—laugh, if you will—I tried to pray; but the clotted locks of the dying man and the earnest gaze of the soul-stricken mother came betwixt me and Heaven; my lip faltered, my breath stopped, my very soul stood still; for I knew that my victims were in Paradise, and how could I think of happiness—I, their murderer—in one common home with them? Despair took possession of my whole being. I rushed voluntarily to the centre of every deadliest peril, in hopes to find an end to my misery. Yourself can bear me witness that I have ever been the first to meet, the last to retire from, danger. Often, when I heard the battle-signal given, and when I passed the trench or stormed the breach in front of my troop, it was less to gain applause and promotion than to provoke the encounter of death. ’Twas all in vain. I was doomed not to die while I longed for death. And now——”

“Well, by your own account, you run no manner of risk, and at the same time are proceeding on a rapid career of military success,” said Keppel; “and, for my life, I cannot see why that should afflict you, supposing it all perfectly true.”

“Because you have not yet heard the whole. But listen a few minutes longer. During last winter our division, as you know, was quartered in Brussels, and was very kindly entertained by the wealthy and good-natured Flemings. Utterly tired of the heartless dissipation of life in a camp, I endeavoured to make myself agreeable to my landlord, that I might obtain a more intimate admission into his family circle. To this I was the more incited that I expected some pleasure in the society of his daughter. In all I succeeded to my wish. I became quite a favourite with the old man,

and procured ready access to the company of his child. But I was sufficiently piqued to find that, in spite of all my gallantry, I could not learn whether I had made any impression upon the heart of the laughing Fanchon. What peace could not accomplish, war and sorrow did. We were called out of winter quarters to commence what was anticipated to be a bloody campaign. I obtained an interview to take a long and doubtful farewell. In my arms the weeping girl owned her love, and pledged her hand, should I survive to return once more to Brussels. Keppel, I am a doomed man ; and my doom is about to be accomplished ! Formerly I wished to die, but death fled me. Now I wish to live, and death will come upon me ! I know I shall never more see Brussels nor my lovely little Fleming. Wilt thou carry her my last farewell and tell her to forget a man who was unworthy of her love—whose destiny drove him to love and be beloved, that he might experience the worst of human wretchedness ? You'll do this for me, Keppel ?”

“If I myself survive I will. But this is some delusion, some strong dream. I trust it will not unnerve your arm in the moment of the storm.”

“No ! I may die—*must* die ; but it shall be in front of my troop, or in the middle of the breach. Yet how I long to escape this doom ! I have won enough of glory ; I despise pillage and wealth ; but I feel my very heartstrings shrink from the now terrible idea of final dissolution. Oh that the fatal hour were past, or that I had still my former eagerness to die ! If I dared, I would to-day own myself a coward !”

“Come with me,” said Keppel, “to my quarters. The night air has made you aguish. The cold fit will yield to a cup of as generous Rhine-wine as ever was drunk on the banks of the Sambre.” Monteith consented, and the two moved off to partake of the stimulating and substantial comforts of a soldier's breakfast in the Netherlands.

It was between one and two in the afternoon. An unusual stillness reigned in the line of the besiegers. The garrison remained equally silent, as watching in deep suspense on what

point the storm portended by this terrible calm would burst. A single piece of artillery was discharged. Instantly a body of Grenadiers rushed from the entrenchments, struggled over masses of ruins, and mounted the breach. The shock was dreadful. Man strove with man, and blow succeeded to blow with fierce and breathless energy. The English reached the summit, but were almost immediately beaten back, leaving numbers of their bravest grovelling among the blackened fragments. Their leader, Lord Cutts, had himself received a dangerous wound in the head; but disregarding it, he selected two hundred men from Mackay's regiment, and putting them under the command of Lieutenants Cockle and Monteith, sent them to restore the fortunes of the assault. Their charge was irresistible. Led on by Monteith, who displayed a wild and frantic desperation rather than bravery, they broke through all impediments, drove the French from the covered way, seized on one of the batteries, and turned the cannon against the enemy. To enable them to maintain this advantage, they were reinforced by parties from other divisions. Keppel, advancing in one of these parties, discovered the mangled form of his friend Monteith lying on heaps of the enemy on the very summit of the captured battery. He attempted to raise the seemingly lifeless body. Monteith opened his eyes. "Save me!" he cried; "save me! I will not die! I dare not—I must not die!"

It were too horrid to specify the ghastly nature of the mortal wounds which had torn and disfigured his frame. To live was impossible. Yet Keppel strove to render him some assistance, were it but to soothe his parting spirit. Again he opened his glazing eyes. "I will resist thee to the last!" he cried, in a raving delirium. "I killed him but in the discharge of my duty. What worse was I than others? Poor consolation now! The doom—the doom! I cannot—dare not—must not—*will not* die!" And while the vain words were gurgling in his throat, his head sank back on the body of a slaughtered foe, and his unwilling spirit forsook his shattered carcass.

C. E. J.

STORY OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1650—1722.

JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill, the representative of a family of note long settled in Devonshire, and was born at Ashe, the seat of his maternal grandfather, Sir John Drake, on the 24th of June, 1650.

Winston, the eldest son, dying in infancy, John became heir to the family name and declining fortunes. He was brought up under the care of his father, and was for a short time educated at St. Paul's School, but to quote his biographer, Archdeacon Coxe, from whom these facts are taken, "he was removed to the theatre of active life at a period when the ordinary course of liberal education is scarcely more than half completed."

The interest of Sir Winston Churchill enabled him to secure good settlements for his rising family. Arabella, his only daughter, was introduced at court soon after the Restoration as maid of honour to the first Duchess of York, and John was appointed page of honour to the duke.

John inherited a military spirit from his father, and when the Duke of York on one occasion asked him what profession he would like to follow, he is said to have thrown himself upon his knees and begged that he might be appointed to a pair of colours, whereupon he became an ensign in the Guards on the 14th of September, 1667, in the seventeenth year of his age.

Young Churchill first saw active service at Tangier, then a dependency of the British Crown and besieged by the

Moors, where he eagerly engaged in the frequent sallies and skirmishes which occurred during the course of the siege, and in this desultory warfare gave the first indications of his active and daring character. In 1672, when England united with France against Holland, he accompanied the detachment of six thousand men which was sent abroad under the Duke of Monmouth, and shortly after his arrival on the Continent was appointed Captain of the Grenadiers in the duke's regiment. This service was particularly calculated to call forth and improve his military talents, and he seems to have made good use of all his opportunities for perfecting himself in the arts of war. At the battle of Nimeguen he attracted the attention of Turenne, the French commander, who désignated him "my handsome Englishman," and gave him other marks of distinction and confidence. On one occasion, irritated by the conduct of another officer, who had abandoned without resistance a station he had been ordered to defend to the last extremity, Turenne exclaimed, "I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret that my handsome Englishman will recover the fort with half the number of men that the officer commanded who has lost it." The wager was accepted, and the event justified the confidence of the general, for Captain Churchill, after a short but desperate struggle, expelled the enemy and regained the post.

"In the year following," says his biographer, "he signalised himself at the battle of Maestricht. A lodgment having been made in the half moon he accompanied the storming party, which was led by the Duke of Monmouth, and at the head of his own company planted the banner of France on the rampart. Before morning, however, the enemy sprang a mine, and rushing forward at the moment of the explosion, recovered the work. But the Duke of Monmouth with a party of only twelve, among whom was Captain Churchill, traversed the ditch, penetrated through a portion into the half moon, and being seconded by the bravest of their soldiers regained the lodgment. Captain Churchill was slightly wounded in this action. For this service he received the thanks of Louis XIV. at the

head of the army, and a strong recommendation to the notice of his own sovereign. The Duke of Monmouth also generously accorded to him the whole honour of the exploit, and on presenting him to Charles II. after a warm eulogium on his conduct and courage, added, "to the bravery of this gallant officer I owe my life."

Churchill's advancement was now rapid and deserved. Continuing to serve in the English forces left at the disposition of France, he was appointed colonel of an English regiment in succession to Lord Peterburgh, who had resigned in 1674, and in this rank served Turenne in Germany and was present at the battle of Sinzheim. It is probable that he continued to serve in the military operations of 1675—1677 after the death of Turenne, though he occasionally varied his occupation, serving the Duke of York, first as gentleman of the chamber and afterwards as master of the robes.

In 1678 Churchill clandestinely married Sarah Jennings, daughter of Richard Jennings, Esq. of Sandridge, near St. Albans, a lady who afterwards played a prominent if not great part in the political history of the reign of Queen Anne. She was at the time attached to the court of the Duchess of York, and the marriage was kept secret from all except her royal highness, on account of the smallness of Churchill's means and the desire of his parents that he should make a more wealthy alliance. After his marriage Churchill was appointed to a regiment of foot, and a little later employed by Charles II. on a diplomatic mission to the Prince of Orange. "Charles and his brother," says Churchill's biographer, "being incensed against the King of France for refusing to increase the pensions by which he had purchased their connivance at his ambitious designs, affected a disposition to renew the Triple Alliance. Charles appealed to Parliament, made military preparations, and opened a communication with the Prince of Orange, who had recently espoused his niece the Princess Mary. Colonel Churchill was the agent selected on this occasion to concert measures with the Prince, and is mentioned in the letters of the Duke of York as possessing the full

confidence of his brother and himself. This was in April, 1678, and led to a demonstration of active support on the part of William of Orange, which was, however, allayed by the peace of Nimeguen effected soon after.

The struggles over the Exclusion Bill now ensued, and during the Duke of York's enforced absence from England, whether at the Hague or in Scotland, Colonel Churchill remained in constant attendance upon him. Colonel Churchill, who had been brought up in conformity to the Church of England, and who ever maintained allegiance to the Church of his fathers, seems to have placed implicit confidence in the solemn promises of the Duke of York not to interfere with the national religion, and it is not surprising that having been a boy in the duke's service and having been indebted to all through his career for his interest and advancement, and not having yet found out the untrustworthiness of his royal master, Churchill should continue to show the duke every demonstration of loyalty. Surely his attitude with regard to the burning question of the hour may be taken as sincerely expressed in his own words to a confidential friend: "Though I have an aversion to Popery, yet I am no less averse to persecution for conscience' sake. I deem it the highest act of injustice to set any one aside from his inheritance upon bare supposition of intentional evils, when nothing that is actual appears to preclude him from the exercise of his just rights." Several attempts were made to gain permission for the duke to live in England, but without success until in 1682, favoured by a reaction against the popular party, he came to England, accompanied by Colonel Churchill, and established himself in London. It was at this time that Churchill met with one of the narrowest escapes of his life. Returning to Scotland with his royal master for the purpose of removing the court to London, they took passage on board the *Gloucester* frigate then under the command of Sir John Berry and sailed on the 23rd of April, 1682. On the 3rd of May, while the ship was in charge of the pilot and in the mouth of the Humber, Sir John Berry discovered what he considered an error

in the disposition of the pilot and earnestly entreated the duke to lie to at least for the night that they might avoid disaster. The pilot foolishly opposed this advice, and being a favourite with the duke was allowed to have his own way, with the result that in less than an hour the ship was lost, with more than three hundred persons, many of them of high distinction and foremost rank. The duke himself only narrowly escaped in the long boat, Sir John Berry standing sword in hand to prevent it being overcrowded. Colonel Churchill was one of the few who escaped the general doom, being personally invited by the Duke to take his place in the boat.

Churchill was now made Baron of Aymouth in Scotland, the 21st of December, 1682, and appointed Colonel of the 1st Dragoons then newly raised; and Lady Churchill, on the marriage of the Princess Anne to Prince George of Denmark, was appointed one of the ladies of her bed-chamber. The relations of Lady Churchill and the Princess Anne became very friendly and familiar, and the desire for intimate and informal intercourse is shown in their correspondence. In one letter, written by the Princess Anne at this time, she says, "If you will not let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before I see you, let me beg of you not to call me your highness at every word, but to be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another; and you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg you to do; and if ever it were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself. I am all impatient for Wednesday, till when, farewell."

"This correspondence," says Churchill's biographer, "became daily more confidential, till at length, to set aside the restraints of rank and custom, the princess offered her friend the choice of two feigned names under which she proposed to continue their intercourse. 'I,' says the duchess, 'chose the name of *Freeman*, as more conformable to the frankness of my disposition,' and the princess adopted that of *Morley*."

On the accession of James II. Churchill was made gentleman

of the bed-chamber, and raised to the English peerage under the title of Baron Churchill of Sandridge, in Hertfordshire, the 14th of May, 1685. Upon Monmouth's rebellion he was sent to command the troops at Salisbury, and was appointed major-general the 3rd of July, 1685. He served under Feversham at Sedgemoor, three days later, where his coolness and promptitude restored order among the royal troops disorganised by a midnight attack by the insurgents, for which he was rewarded by a colonelcy of the third troop of the Horse Guards.

Churchill wisely abstained from the practical politics of the new reign. By every tie of interest and personal regard he was bound to James II., but by feeling and conviction he was committed to the support of the Protestant cause. His course was a difficult one, and at every step he necessarily laid himself open to misconception; but it is clear that while he took care to communicate to the Prince of Orange his determination to quit the service of the king if he should attempt to change the religion or the constitution of the country, he also did his best to convince the king of the fatal character of his policy; and there can be little doubt that had James moderated his plans and remained faithful to his oft-repeated promises, he might have retained the services of his servant.

Under date May the 17th, 1687, Churchill wrote the Prince of Orange as follows: "The Princess of Denmark having ordered me to discourse with Monsieur Dykvelt, and to let him know her resolutions so that he might let your highness and the princess her sister know that she was resolved, by the assistance of God, to suffer all extremities, even to death itself, rather than be brought to change her religion, I thought it my duty to your highness and the princess royal, by this opportunity of Monsieur Dykvelt, to give you assurances under my own hand, that my places and the king's favour I set at nought in comparison of being true to my religion. In all things but this the king may command me, and I call God to witness that, even with joy I should expose my life for his service, so sensible am I of his favours. I know the troubling you, sir, with thus much of myself—I being of so

little use to your highness—is very impertinent, but I think it may be a great ease to your highness and the princess to be satisfied that the Princess of Denmark is safe in the trusting of me, I being resolved, although I cannot live the life of a saint, if there be ever occasion for it, to show the resolution of a martyr.”

Churchill was made lieutenant-general the 7th of November, 1688, and was appointed to command the troops assembled at Salisbury to oppose the march of the Prince of Orange. On the 24th of November, a council of war was held, at which James decided upon a retreat, contrary to the advice of the lieutenant-general, and that same night Churchill left the camp with the Duke of Grafton, Colonel Berkley, and other officers, and joined the Prince of Orange at Axminster.

Before leaving the camp Churchill wrote a letter to the king, from which the following may be quoted :—

“SIR,—Since men are seldom suspected of sincerity when they act contrary to their interests, and though my dutiful behaviour to your majesty in the worst of times (for which I acknowledge my poor services much over-paid) may not be sufficient to incline you to a charitable interpretation of my actions ; yet I hope the great advantage I enjoy under your majesty, which I can never expect in any other change of government, may reasonably convince your majesty and the world that I am actuated by a higher principle, when I offer that violence to my inclination and interest, as to desert your majesty at a time when your affairs seem to challenge the strictest obedience from all your subjects, much more from one who lies under the greatest obligations to your majesty. This, sir, could proceed from nothing but the inviolable dictates of my conscience and a necessary concern for my religion (which no good man can oppose), and with which I am instructed nothing can come in competition. Heaven knows with what partiality my dutiful opinion of your majesty has hitherto represented those unhappy designs, which inconsiderate and self-interested men have framed against your majesty’s true interest and the Protestant religion, but as I

can no longer join with such to give a pretence by conquest to bring them to effect, so I will always, with the hazard of my life and fortune (so much your majesty's due), endeavour to preserve your royal person and lawful rights with all the tender concern and dutiful respect that becomes, etc."

Churchill was employed by William in restoring order among the royal troops which were disbanded by the order of James, and was one of the peers who acted as a provisional government during the interregnum which followed the flight of James. In the discussions of the convention parliament he supported the scheme of a regency, but afterwards absented himself from the House of Lords, to quote his biographer, "from motives of delicacy." On the throne being declared vacant he persuaded the Princess Anne to postpone her own succession to the throne, and to consent to that of the Prince and Princess of Orange, and in this way removed one great obstacle to the settlement of the nation. Lord Churchill was then sworn a member of the Privy Council, was made a lord of the bed-chamber, and raised to the dignity of the Earldom of Marlborough, April 9th, 1689.

The year 1689 saw Marlborough once more in active service, for in June he was sent to serve under the Prince of Waldeck at the head of an English force. The Allies repulsed an attack made by the French upon the Dutch at Walcourt mainly through an attack made on the enemy's flank by Marlborough and his English troops. He also served in Ireland, capturing Cork, which still held out for James, after two days' opposition, on the 28th of September, 1690. Returning to Kensington in October, he drew the remark from William that he knew no man so fit to be a general who had seen so few campaigns. He went back to Ireland, where he spent the winter, and in the following summer went to Flanders with William, but found no opportunity of distinguishing himself, though he attracted the attention of Prince Vaudemont, who prophesied his future glory.

Discontent became manifest about this time among the High Church Tories, to whom William's phlegmatic disposition did not commend him, and some amount of coquetry was

indulged in with the exiled king. Marlborough and the Princess Anne seem to have taken part in these conspiracies, though it is doubtful what their ultimate aims were. The suspicion that Marlborough intended to take advantage of the discontent to put Anne upon the throne led to the betrayal of the scheme and Marlborough's disgrace. On the 10th of January, 1691-2, Marlborough was dismissed from all his offices, and it was not until 1698 that he was fully restored to favour. Mary became reconciled to Anne, but demanded the dismissal of Lady Marlborough. This, however, was refused, and Anne had to leave the palace, which she did, rather than desert her old friends.

In 1701 Marlborough was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Holland, and plenipotentiary at the Hague. On the 16th of September James II. died, and Louis of France formally recognised the Pretender. This gave great offence in England, and the Parliament passed laws for securing the Protestant succession, and Whig and Tory alike joined in a determined resolution to support the king in his differences with the French.

On the 8th of March, 1702, William died and Anne became queen of England. Marlborough was made a Knight of the Garter, captain-general of the forces, and master-general of the ordnance, and his countess became groom of the stole, mistress of the robes, keeper of the privy purse, and ranger of Windsor Park. On the 4th of May war was declared against France, and Marlborough began his brilliant career of ever victorious warfare.

It is not possible within present limits to follow Marlborough through all his subsequent campaigns, and the briefest record must suffice. On reaching Holland Marlborough found himself at the head of a motley force of Dutch, English, and German troops. The French, under Marshal Boufflers, had made an unsuccessful attempt to surprise Nimeguen, in which they had been thwarted by the Earl of Athlone with his Dutch troops, and had assumed a threatening position between the Waal and the Meuse; while the Prince of

Saarbruck, with a body of Prussian, Dutch, and German soldiers, had laid siege to Kaiserswerth on the Lower Rhine. Kaiserswerth capitulated on the 15th of June, and Marlborough took the command of sixty thousand men collected on the line of the Waal near Nimeguen.

Marlborough's first campaign resulted in the taking of the fortress of Venloo on the 23rd of September ; Stevenswaert on the 5th of October, Rüremonde on the 6th, and the large town of Liége on the 29th of the same month. This campaign over, Marlborough now had a narrow escape of capture by the enemy ; for descending the Meuse in a boat his party was challenged by a body of Frenchmen from Guelder, and but for the presence of mind shown by one of his men, who slipped an old passport into his hand which procured his release, he might have been detained until recognised. He afterwards declared that this deliverance cost him a pension of £50 a year for the attendant whose ready wit served him so well in his predicament. Returning to England Marlborough was now made Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough, and received the thanks of Parliament and a pension of £5000 a year.

On the 17th of March, 1703, Marlborough once more reached the Hague. In the meantime, the King of Portugal had joined the Confederacy, the Elector of Bavaria had joined France, the Earl of Athlone and the Prince of Saarbruck had both died, and Overkirk had taken command of the Dutch troops. Moving up the Rhine, Marlborough laid siege to Bonn, which surrendered after twelve days' siege on the 15th of May, 1703. Schemes for combined action continually broke down through divided counsels, the Dutch refusing on several critical occasions to co-operate in securing certain victory. Marlborough took Huy on the 27th of August, and Limburg on the 27th of September. Guelders surrendered to the Prussians on the 17th of December, and the whole country between the Meuse and the Rhine fell into the hands of the Allies.

In 1704 Marlborough determined to attack the Elector of Bavaria. On the 10th of June he met Eugene for the first

time, and it was arranged that Marlborough and the Prince of Baden should command the main army on alternate days, and Eugene should take command of the army on the Upper Rhine. Marlborough attacked the Elector at Schellenberg, which he carried by assault the 2nd of July. In this engagement the English and Dutch lost 1500 killed and had 4000 wounded. Upon the conquest of Schellenberg, the Elector fell back on Augsburg and left Bavaria at the mercy of the Allies. On the 11th of August the two armies were in presence on the north bank of the Danube. The French army under Tallard, from 50,000 to 60,000 strong, occupied an advantageous position between the Danube and Blenheim and the heights to the north. The allied army, nearly as numerous, under Marlborough and Eugene, who had effected a juncture, now menaced this position, and it was determined to attack it without delay. The battle of Blenheim was fought on the 13th of August, 1704, and resulted in a complete victory for the Allies—indeed, no such victory had been gained by any English general since the famous battles of the Middle Ages. The Allies lost 4500 killed and 7500 wounded, and the loss of the French, including deserters after the battle, was estimated at 40,000. Marshal Tallard was taken prisoner with 11,000 of his officers and men, and the French army was entirely broken up. Fresh honours followed this triumph. The standards taken at Blenheim were now placed in Westminster Hall, the Parliament voted their thanks, the Queen bestowed upon Marlborough the Manor of Woodstock and gave orders for the building of the Palace of Blenheim.

In the following year Marlborough proposed the invasion of France from the Moselle, but he met with all kinds of hindrances and oppositions from his Allies, annoyances which ended in hints of resignation followed by the apologies of the Dutch Minister in England and the dismissal of the Dutch general Slangenberg from the army, and on the 10th of March, 1705, the emperor made him Prince of Mindelheim. The campaign of 1706 was rendered splendid by the great victory at Ramillies fought on the 23rd of May, 1706.

This crushing defeat cost the Allies 1000 killed and 2,500 wounded, while the French, who fought under Villeroy, are said to have lost 13,000 men. The effect of this victory acted like a magic key in opening the cities and fortresses of the enemy; Louvain, Malines, and Brussels were successively occupied, and Bruges, Ghent, and Oudenarde surrendered. After a visit to the Hague Marlborough proceeded to Ostend, which surrendered on the 6th of July; to Menin, reputed one of the masterpieces of Vauban, which surrendered on the 23rd of August, and thence to Dendermond on the Scheldt, which Louis is reported to have said would need an army of ducks to attack it. Marlborough was favoured by dry weather and the town surrendered on the 5th of September, the campaign closing with the surrender of Ath on the 4th of October.

Fresh honours for the conqueror at home and abroad stirred up jealousy among the Allies and the different motives which led them to enter the war made them each look forward to a settlement favourable to their own purposes. Hence Marlborough's difficulties seemed only to increase with his triumphs. The campaign of 1707 was barren of military results. In the spring of 1708 the Pretender attempted an invasion of Scotland, and at the end of March Marlborough was once more at the Hague. The French made an attempt to neutralise the advantages gained by the Allies in 1706 by attacking the towns then captured on the Scheldt. Ghent and Bruges admitted the French without opposition, and Vendôme proposed to follow these successes by the capture of Oudenarde, by which he sought to cut off communication with England through Ostend. Marlborough threw a small force into the town, which was invested on both sides by the French on the 9th of July. Marlborough and Eugene made a rapid march of fifteen miles upon Oudenarde and struck the main French army while still on the march. The battle of Oudenarde, fought on the 11th of July, 1708, resulted in another complete victory for the Allies. The French are said to have lost 20,000 men including deserters. It was now determined to attack Lille, a slightly fortified city occupied by a garrison

of nearly 15,000 men under Boufflers, who was, however, compelled to capitulate on the 22nd of October after a siege of sixty days. The citadel, however, still held out, and it was not until December 9th, 1708, that Boufflers marched out, having lost 8000 men, the Allies having lost not less than 14,000 men. Ghent was then recaptured, after a short siege, on the 30th of December, and the French retreated into their own territory.

In the campaign of 1709 Tournay was besieged and surrendered to the Allies on July 28th, the citadel holding out until the 3rd of September, after which Marlborough determined to attack Mons. The siege having been laid Villars led the French to its relief, a movement which resulted in the battle of Malplaquet. This was one of the bloodiest of victories. The official returns, gave the loss of the Allies at 5554 infantry killed and 12,706 wounded and missing. The French loss is variously estimated at from 6000 to 16,000. Mons capitulated on October 21st, and the campaign of 1709 came to an end.

The campaigns of 1710-11 added little to the fame of Marlborough. Most people had grown tired of the war and the duke's enemies charged him with prolonging it for his own advantage.

Towards the end of the year 1711 preliminaries of peace were signed in London and the war came to an end. All sorts of charges of corruption were now made against Marlborough, and on the 31st of December, 1711, the queen wrote an order dismissing him from all his offices in order that "the matter might undergo impartial investigation." An order was also obtained from the queen for his prosecution, but the ministers, having made inquiries, abandoned the idea. "The failure of his enemies, when in power, to justify their accusations is sufficient proof," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "that no case could be made out." He was even accused by Lord Poulet of exposing his officers to danger that he might profit by the sale of their commissions, but this led to a challenge which would have ended in a duel but for the interference of the queen.

In 1712 he went to reside on the Continent, where he remained until the illness of the queen caused him to return. He arrived at Dover on the day of her death, which occurred on the 1st of August, 1714. He now became once more captain-general and master of the ordnance, and took some part in the military measures of the time. His life was now saddened by the deaths of his second and third daughters, of whom he was very fond, and on the 28th of May, 1716, he had a paralytic stroke, which was followed by another on the 10th of November. From these he sufficiently recovered to take part in Parliamentary business and to attend to his official duties, but it was evident that he was approaching the inevitable end. He resided alternately at Blenheim, Windsor, and Holywell, St. Albans, where he found his chief delight in the society of his grandchildren. He died of paralysis on the 16th of June, 1722.

Marlborough was not only a great soldier but he had great powers of administration and diplomacy, by which he was able for years to keep together a confederacy which included many all but irreconcilable interests, in spite of jealousy abroad and faction at home. He was a loving husband and a fond father, his letters to his countess, even late in life, reading more like lover's letters than the unromantic communications of mature life.

It was, perhaps, his diplomacy which made him his worst enemies, for it was his apparent desire to keep in with all parties that led men to suspect him of insincerity to all. It can hardly be pretended that he kept a straight course, but he lived in crooked times, and probably no man ever had graver charges made against him of which so few were proved.

THE STORY OF BLENHEIM,

1704.

BY SIR EDWARD CREASEY.

"The decisive blow struck at Blenheim resounded through every part of Europe; it at once destroyed the vast fabric of power which it had taken Louis XIV., aided by the talents of Turenne, and the genius of Vauban, so long to construct."—ALISON.

THERE are few successful commanders on whom Fame has shone so unwillingly as upon John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire—victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet—captor of Liege, Bonn, Limburg, Landau, Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, Oudenarde, Ostend, Menin, Dendermonde, Ath, Lille, Tournay, Mons, Douay, Aire, Bethune and Bouchain; who never fought a battle that he did not win, and never besieged a place that he did not take. Marlborough's own private character is the cause of this. Military glory may, and too often does, dazzle both contemporaries and posterity until the crimes as well as the vices of heroes are forgotten. But even a few stains of personal meanness will dim a soldier's reputation irreparably; and Marlborough's faults were of a peculiarly base and mean order. His treachery and ingratitude to his patron and benefactor, James II., stand out in dark relief, even in that age of thankless perfidy; and a more un-English act cannot be recorded than Godolphin's and Marlborough's betrayal to the French court in 1694 of the expedition then designed against Brest, an act of treason which caused some hundreds of English soldiers and sailors to be helplessly slaughtered on the beach in Camaret Bay.

It is, however, only in his military career that we have now to consider him; and there are very few generals, of either ancient or modern times, whose campaigns will bear a comparison with Marlborough, either for the masterly skill with which they were planned, or for the bold yet prudent energy with which each plan was carried into execution. It would be difficult, indeed, to name a single quality which a general ought to have, and with which Marlborough was not eminently gifted. What principally attracted the notice of contemporaries was the imperturbable evenness of his spirit. Voltaire says of him :—

“He had, to a degree above all other generals of his time, that calm courage in the midst of tumult, that serenity of soul in danger, which the English call *a cool head* [que les Anglais appellent *cold head, tête froide*], and it was perhaps this quality, the greatest gift of nature for command, which formerly gave the English so many advantages over the French in the plains of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.”

King William's knowledge of Marlborough's high abilities, though he knew his faithlessness equally well, is said to have caused that sovereign in his last illness to recommend Marlborough to his successor as the fittest person to command her armies; but Marlborough's favour with the new queen, by means of his wife, was so high, that he was certain of obtaining the highest employment; and the war against Louis opened to him a glorious theatre for the display of those military talents which he had before only had an opportunity of exercising in a subordinate character, and on far less conspicuous scenes.

He was not only made captain-general of the English forces at home and abroad, but such was the authority of England in the council of the Grand Alliance, and Marlborough was so skilled in winning golden opinions from all whom he met with, that, on his reaching the Hague, he was received with transports of joy by the Dutch, and it was agreed by the heads of that republic, and the minister of the Emperor, that Marlborough should have the chief command of all the allied armies.

It must indeed, in justice to Marlborough, be borne in mind that mere military skill was by no means all that was required of him in this arduous and invidious station. Had it not been for his unrivalled patience and sweetness of temper, and his marvellous ability in discerning the character of those with whom he had to act, his intuitive perception of those who were to be thoroughly trusted, and of those who were to be amused with the mere semblance of respect and confidence,—had not Marlborough possessed and employed, while at the head of the allied armies, all the qualifications of a polished courtier and a great statesman, he never would have led the allied armies to the Danube.

War was formally declared by the Allies against France on the 4th of May, 1702. The principal scenes of its operation were, at first, Flanders, the Upper Rhine, and Northern Italy. Marlborough headed the allied troops in Flanders during the first two years of the war, and took some towns from the enemy, but nothing decisive occurred. Nor did any actions of importance take place during this period between the rival armies in Italy. But in the centre of that line from north to south, from the mouth of the Scheldt to the mouth of the Po, along which the war was carried on, the generals of Louis XIV. acquired advantages in 1703 which threatened one chief member of the Grand Alliance with utter destruction. France had obtained the important assistance of Bavaria, as her confederate in the war. The Elector of this powerful German state made himself master of the strong fortress of Ulm, and opened a communication with the French armies on the Upper Rhine. By this junction, the troops of Louis were enabled to assail the Emperor in the very heart of Germany. In the autumn of the year 1703, the combined armies of the Elector and French king completely defeated the Imperialists in Bavaria; and in the following winter they made themselves masters of the important cities of Augsburg and Passau. Meanwhile the French army of the Upper Rhine and Moselle had beaten the allied armies opposed to them, and taken Treves and Landau. At the same time the discontents in

Hungary with Austria again broke out into open insurrection, so as to distract the attention and complete the terror of the Emperor and his council at Vienna.

Louis XIV. ordered the next campaign to be commenced by his troops on a scale of grandeur and with a boldness of enterprise such as even Napoleon's military schemes have seldom equalled. On the extreme left of the line of the war, in the Netherlands, the French armies were to act only on the defensive. The fortresses in the hands of the French there were so many and so strong that no serious impression seemed likely to be made by the Allies on the French frontier in that quarter during one campaign; and that one campaign was to give France such triumphs elsewhere as would (it was hoped) determine the war. Large detachments were, therefore, to be made from the French force in Flanders, and they were to be led by Marshal Villeroy to the Moselle and Upper Rhine. The French army already in the neighbourhood of those rivers was to march under Marshal Tallard through the Black Forest, and join the Elector of Bavaria and the French troops that were already with the Elector under Marshal Marsin. Meanwhile the French army of Italy was to advance through the Tyrol into Austria, and the whole forces were to combine between the Danube and the Inn. A strong body of troops was to be despatched into Hungary, to assist and organise the insurgents in that kingdom; and the French grand army of the Danube was then, in collected and irresistible might, to march upon Vienna and dictate terms of peace to the Emperor. High military genius was shown in the formation of this plan, but it was met and baffled by a genius higher still.

Marlborough had watched, with the deepest anxiety, the progress of the French arms on the Rhine and in Bavaria, and he saw the futility of carrying on a war of posts and sieges in Flanders while death-blows to the empire were being dealt on the Danube. He resolved therefore to let the war in Flanders languish for a year, while he moved with all the disposable forces that he could collect to the central scenes of decisive

operations. Such a march was in itself difficult, but Marlborough had, in the first instance, to overcome the still greater difficulty of obtaining the consent and cheerful co-operation of the Allies, especially of the Dutch, whose frontier it was proposed thus to deprive of the larger part of the force which had hitherto been its protection. Fortunately, among the many slothful, the many foolish, the many timid, and the not few treacherous rulers, statesmen, and generals of different nations with whom he had to deal, there were two men, eminent both in ability and integrity, who entered fully into Marlborough's projects, and who, from the stations which they occupied, were enabled materially to forward them. One of these was the Dutch statesman Heinsius, who had been the cordial supporter of King William, and who now, with equal zeal and good faith, supported Marlborough in the councils of the Allies: the other was the celebrated general, Prince Eugene, whom the Austrian cabinet had recalled from the Italian frontier to take the command of one of the Emperor's armies in Germany. To these two great men, and a few more, Marlborough communicated his plan freely and unreservedly; but to the general councils of his allies he only disclosed part of his daring scheme. He proposed to the Dutch that he should march from Flanders to the Upper Rhine and Moselle, with the British troops and part of the foreign auxiliaries, and commence vigorous operations against the French armies in that quarter, whilst General Auverquerque, with the Dutch and the remainder of the auxiliaries, maintained a defensive war in the Netherlands. Having with difficulty obtained the consent of the Dutch to this portion of his project, he exercised the same diplomatic zeal, with the same success, in urging the King of Prussia, and other princes of the empire, to increase the number of the troops which they supplied, and to post them in places convenient for his own intended movements.

Marlborough commenced his celebrated march on May 19th. The army which he was to lead had been assembled by his brother, General Churchill, at Bedburg, not far from

Maestricht on the Meuse: it included sixteen thousand English troops, and consisted of fifty-one battalions of foot and ninety-two squadrons of horse. Marlborough was to collect and join with him on his march the troops of Prussia, Luneburg, and Hesse, quartered on the Rhine, and eleven Dutch battalions that were stationed at Rothweil. He had only marched a single day, when the series of interruptions, complaints, and requisitions from the other leaders of the Allies began, to which he seemed doomed throughout his enterprise, and which would have caused its failure in the hands of any one not gifted with the firmness and the exquisite temper of Marlborough. One specimen of these annoyances and of Marlborough's mode of dealing with them may suffice. On his encamping at Kuppen, on the 20th, he received an express from Auverquerque pressing him to halt because Villeroy, who commanded the French army in Flanders, had quitted the lines, which he had been occupying, and crossed the Meuse at Namur with thirty-six battalions and forty-five squadrons, and was threatening the town of Huys. At the same time Marlborough received letters from the Margrave of Baden and Count Wratislaw, who commanded the Imperialist forces at Stollhoffen near the left bank of the Rhine, stating that Tallard had made a movement, as if intending to cross the Rhine, and urging him to hasten his march towards the lines of Stollhoffen. Marlborough was not diverted by these applications from the prosecution of his grand design. Conscious that the army of Villeroy would be too much reduced to undertake offensive operations, by the detachments which had already been made towards the Rhine and those which must follow his own march, he halted only a day to quiet the alarms of Auverquerque. To satisfy also the Margrave he ordered the troops of Hompesch and Bulow to draw towards Philipsburg, though with private injunctions not to proceed beyond a certain distance. He even exacted a promise to the same effect from Count Wratislaw, who at this juncture arrived at the camp to attend him during the whole campaign

Marlborough reached the Rhine at Coblenz, where he crossed that river, and then marched along its right bank to Broubach and Mentz. His march, though rapid, was admirably conducted, so as to save the troops from all unnecessary fatigue; ample supplies of provisions were ready, and the most perfect discipline was maintained. By degrees Marlborough obtained more reinforcements from the Dutch and the other confederates, and he also was left more at liberty by them to follow his own course. Indeed, before even a blow was struck, his enterprise had paralysed the enemy, and had materially relieved Austria from the pressure of the war. Villeroy, with his detachments from the French-Flemish army, was completely bewildered by Marlborough's movements; and, unable to divine where it was that the English general meant to strike his blow, wasted away the early part of the summer between Flanders and the Moselle without effecting anything.

Marshal Tallard, who commanded forty-five thousand men at Strasburg, and who had been destined by Louis to march early in the year into Bavaria, thought that Marlborough's march along the Rhine was preliminary to an attack upon Alsace; and the marshal therefore kept his forty-five thousand men back in order to support France in that quarter. Marlborough skilfully encouraged his apprehensions by causing a bridge to be constructed across the Rhine at Philipsburg, and by making the Landgrave of Hesse advance his artillery at Mannheim, as if for a siege of Landau. Meanwhile the Elector of Bavaria and Marshal Marsin, suspecting that Marlborough's design might be what it really proved to be, forbore to press upon the Austrians opposed to them, or to send troops into Hungary; and they kept back so as to secure their communications with France. Thus, when Marlborough, at the beginning of June, left the Rhine and marched for the Danube, the numerous hostile armies were uncombined, and unable to check him.

"With such skill and science had this enterprise been concerted, that at the very moment when it assumed a specific

direction, the enemy was no longer enabled to render it abortive. As the march was now to be bent towards the Danube, notice was given for the Prussians, Palatines, and Hessians, who were stationed on the Rhine, to order their march so as to join the main body in its progress. At the same time directions were sent to accelerate the advance of the Danish auxiliaries, who were marching from the Netherlands."

Crossing the river Neckar, Marlborough marched in a south-eastern direction to Mundelshene, where he had his first personal interview with Prince Eugene, who was destined to be his colleague on so many glorious fields. Thence, through a difficult and dangerous country, Marlborough continued his march against the Bavarians, whom he encountered on July 2nd, on the heights of the Schullenberg, near Donauwert. Marlborough stormed their entrenched camp, crossed the Danube, took several strong places in Bavaria, and made himself completely master of the Elector's dominions, except the fortified cities of Munich and Augsburg. But the Elector's army, though defeated at Donauwert, was still numerous and strong; and at last Marshal Tallard, when thoroughly apprised of the real nature of Marlborough's movements, crossed the Rhine. He was suffered through the supineness of the German general at Stollhoffen to march without loss through the Black Forest, and united his powerful army at Biberach near Augsburg with that of the Elector and the French troops under Marshal Marsin, who had previously been co-operating with the Bavarians. On the other hand, Marlborough re-crossed the Danube, and on the 11th of August united his army with the Imperialist forces under Prince Eugene. The combined armies occupied a position near Hochstadt, a little higher up the left bank of the Danube than Donauwert, the scene of Marlborough's recent victory, and almost exactly on the ground where Marshal Villars and the Elector had defeated an Austrian army in the preceding year. The French marshals and the Elector were now in position a little farther to the east, between Blenheim and Lutzingen, and with the little stream of the Nebel between them and the troops of Marlborough

and Eugene. The Gallo-Bavarian army consisted of about sixty thousand men, and they had sixty-one pieces of artillery. The army of the Allies was about fifty-six thousand strong, with fifty-two guns.

Although the French army of Italy had been unable to penetrate into Austria, and although the masterly strategy of Marlborough had hitherto warded off the destruction with which the cause of the Allies seemed menaced at the beginning of the campaign, the peril was still most serious. It was absolutely necessary for Marlborough to attack the enemy before Villeroy should be roused into action. There was nothing to stop that general and his army from marching into Franconia, whence the Allies drew their principal supplies; and besides thus distressing them, he might, by marching on and joining his army to those of Tallard and the Elector, form a mass which would overwhelm the force under Marlborough and Eugene. On the other hand, the chances of a battle seemed perilous, and the fatal consequences of a defeat were certain. The inferiority of the Allies in point of number was not very great, but still it was not to be disregarded; and the advantage which the enemy seemed to have in the composition of their troops was striking. Tallard and Marsin had forty-five thousand Frenchmen under them, all veterans, and all trained to act together: the Elector's own troops also were good soldiers. Marlborough, like Wellington at Waterloo, headed an army, of which the larger proportion consisted not of English, but of men of many different nations and many different languages. He was also obliged to be the assailant in the action, and thus to expose his troops to comparatively heavy loss at the commencement of the battle, while the enemy would fight under the protection of the villages and lines which they were actively engaged in strengthening. The consequences of a defeat of the confederated army must have broken up the Grand Alliance, and realised the proudest hopes of the French king. Beyond all question, a universal despotic dominion would have been established over the bodies, a cruel spiritual thralldom over the minds of men.

France and Spain united under Bourbon princes, and in a close family alliance—the empire of Charlemagne with that of Charles V.—the power which revoked the edict of Nantes and perpetrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, with that which banished the Moriscoes and established the Inquisition, would have proved irresistible, and beyond example destructive to the best interests of mankind.

“The Protestants might have been driven, like the Pagan heathens of old by the son of Pepin, beyond the Elbe; the Stuart race, and with them Romish ascendancy, might have been re-established in England; the fire lighted by Latimer and Ridley might have been extinguished in blood; and the energy breathed by religious freedom into the Anglo-Saxon race might have expired. The destinies of the world would have been changed. Europe, instead of a variety of independent states, whose mutual hostility kept alive courage, while their national rivalry stimulated talent, would have sunk into the slumber attendant on universal dominion. The colonial empire of England would have withered away and perished, as that of Spain has done in the grasp of the Inquisition. The Anglo-Saxon race would have been arrested in its mission to overspread the earth and subdue it. The centralised despotism of the Roman empire would have been renewed on Continental Europe; the chains of Romish tyranny, and with them the general infidelity of France before the Revolution, would have extinguished or perverted thought in the British islands.”¹

Marlborough's words at the council of war, when a battle was resolved on, are remarkable, and they deserve recording. We know them on the authority of his chaplain, Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Hare, who accompanied him throughout the campaign, and in whose journal the biographers of Marlborough have found many of their best materials. Marlborough's words to the officers who remonstrated with him on the seeming temerity of attacking the enemy in their position, were—“I know the danger, yet a battle is absolutely necessary; and

¹ Alison's “Life of Marlborough,” p. 248.

I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages." In the evening orders were issued for a general engagement, and received by the army with an alacrity which justified his confidence.

The French and Bavarians were posted behind a little stream called the Nebel, which runs almost from north to south into the Danube immediately in front of the village of Blenheim. The Nebel flows along a little valley, and the French occupied the rising ground to the west of it. The village of Blenheim was the extreme right of their position, and the village of Lutzingen, about three miles north of Blenheim, formed their left. Beyond Lutzingen are the rugged high grounds of the Godd Berg, and Eich Berg, on the skirts of which some detachments were posted so as to secure the Gallo-Bavarian position from being turned on the left flank. The Danube protected their right flank; and it was only in front that they could be attacked. The villages of Blenheim and Lutzingen had been strongly palisaded and entrenched. Marshal Tallard, who held the chief command, took his station at Blenheim: Prince Maximilian the Elector and Marshal Marsin commanded on the left. Tallard garrisoned Blenheim with twenty-six battalions of French infantry and twelve squadrons of French cavalry. Marsin and the Elector had twenty-two battalions of infantry and thirty-six squadrons of cavalry in front of the village of Lutzingen. The centre was occupied by fourteen battalions of infantry including the celebrated Irish Brigade. These were posted in the little hamlet of Oberglau, which lies somewhat nearer to Lutzingen than to Blenheim. Eighty squadrons of cavalry and seven battalions of foot were ranged between Oberglau and Blenheim. Thus the French position was very strong at each extremity, but was comparatively weak in the centre. Tallard seems to have relied on the swampy state of the part of the valley that reaches from below Oberglau to Blenheim for preventing any serious attack on this part of his line.

The army of the Allies was formed into two great divisions: the largest being commanded by the Duke in person, and

being destined to act against Tallard, while Prince Eugene led the other division, which consisted chiefly of cavalry, and was intended to oppose the enemy under Marsin and the Elector. As they approached the enemy, Marlborough's troops formed the left and the centre, while Eugene's formed the right of the entire army. Early in the morning of August 13th, the Allies left their own camp and marched towards the enemy. A thick haze covered the ground, and it was not until the allied right and centre had advanced nearly within cannon shot of the enemy that Tallard was aware of their approach. He made his preparations with what haste he could, and about eight o'clock a heavy fire of artillery was opened from the French right on the advancing left wing of the British. Marlborough ordered up some of his batteries to reply to it, and while the columns that were to form the allied left and centre deployed, and took up their proper stations in the line, a warm cannonade was kept up by the guns on both sides.

The ground which Eugene's columns had to traverse was peculiarly difficult, especially for the passage of the artillery; and it was nearly mid-day before he could get his troops into line opposite to Lutzingen. During this interval, Marlborough ordered divine service to be performed by the chaplains at the head of each regiment, and then rode along the lines, and found both officers and men in the highest spirits, and waiting impatiently for the signal for the attack. At length an aide-de-camp galloped up from the right with the welcome news that Eugene was ready. Marlborough instantly sent Lord Cutts, with a strong brigade of infantry, to assault the village of Blenheim, while he himself led the main body down the eastward slope of the valley of the Nebel, and prepared to effect the passage of the stream.

The assault on Blenheim, though bravely made, was repulsed with severe loss; and Marlborough, finding how strongly that village was garrisoned, desisted from any further attempts to carry it, and bent all his energies to breaking the enemy's line between Blenheim and Oberglau. Some temporary

bridges had been prepared, and planks and fascines had been collected ; and by the aid of these, and a little stone bridge which crossed the Nebel, near a hamlet called Unterglau, that lay in the centre of the valley, Marlborough succeeded in getting several squadrons across the Nebel, though it was divided into several branches, and the ground between them was soft, and in places little better than a mere marsh. But the French artillery was not idle. The cannon balls plunged incessantly among the advancing squadrons of the Allies ; and bodies of French cavalry rode frequently down from the western ridge to charge them before they had time to form on the firm ground. It was only by supporting his men by fresh troops, and by bringing up infantry, who checked the advance of the enemy's horse by their steady fire, that Marlborough was able to save his army in this quarter from a repulse, which, following the failure of the attack upon Blenheim, would probably have been fatal to the Allies. By degrees, his cavalry struggled over the blood-stained streams ; the infantry were also now brought across, so as to keep in check the French troops who held Blenheim, and who, when no longer assailed in front, had begun to attack the Allies on their left with considerable effect.

Marlborough had thus at last succeeded in drawing up the whole left wing of his army beyond the Nebel, and was about to press forward with it, when he was called away to another part of the field by a disaster that had befallen his centre. The Prince of Holstein-Beck had, with eleven Hanoverian battalions, passed the Nebel opposite to Oberglau, when he was charged and utterly routed by the Irish Brigade which held that village. The Irish drove the Hanoverians back with heavy slaughter, broke completely through the line of the Allies, and nearly achieved a success as brilliant as that which the same brigade afterwards gained at Fontenoy. But at Blenheim their ardour in pursuit led them too far. Marlborough came up in person, and dashed in upon their exposed flank with some squadrons of British cavalry. The Irish reeled back, and as they strove to regain the height of

Oberglau, their column was raked through and through by the fire of three battalions of the Allies, which Marlborough had summoned up from the reserve. Marlborough having re-established the order and communication of the Allies in this quarter, now, as he returned to his own left wing, sent to learn how his colleague fared against Marsin and the Elector, and to inform Eugene of his own success.

Eugene had hitherto not been equally fortunate. He had made three attacks on the enemy opposed to him, and had been thrice driven back. It was only by his own desperate personal exertions, and the remarkable steadiness of the regiments of Prussian infantry which were under him, that he was able to save his wing from being totally defeated. But it was on the southern part of the battle-field, on the ground which Marlborough had won beyond the Nebel with such difficulty, that the crisis of the battle was to be decided.

Like Hannibal, Marlborough relied principally on his cavalry for achieving his decisive successes, and it was by his cavalry that *Blenheim*, the greatest of his victories, was won. The battle had lasted till five in the afternoon. Marlborough had now eight thousand horesmen drawn up in two lines, and in the most perfect order for a general attack on the enemy's line along the space between *Blenheim* and *Oberglau*. The infantry was drawn up in battalions in their rear, so as to support them if repulsed, and to keep in check the large masses of the French that still occupied the village of *Blenheim*. Tallard now interlaced his squadrons of cavalry with battalions of infantry; and Marlborough, by a corresponding movement, brought several regiments of infantry, and some pieces of artillery, to his front line, at intervals between the bodies of horse. A little after five, Marlborough commenced the decisive movement, and the allied cavalry, strengthened and supported by foot and guns, advanced slowly from the lower ground near the *Nebel* up the slope to where the French cavalry, ten thousand strong, awaited them. On riding over the summit of the acclivity, the Allies were received with so hot a fire from the French artillery and small arms, that at

first the cavalry recoiled, but without abandoning the high ground. The guns and the infantry which they had brought with them maintained the contest with spirit and effect. The French fire seemed to slacken. Marlborough instantly ordered a charge along the line. The allied cavalry galloped forward at the enemy's squadrons, and the hearts of the French horsemen failed them. Discharging their carbines at an idle distance, they wheeled round and spurred from the field, leaving the nine infantry battalions of their comrades to be ridden down by the torrent of the allied cavalry. The battle was now won. Tallard and Marsin, severed from each other, thought only of retreat. Tallard drew up the squadrons of horse which he had left in a line extended towards Blenheim, and sent orders to the infantry in that village to leave and join him without delay. But long ere his orders could be obeyed, the conquering squadrons of Marlborough had wheeled to the left and thundered down on the feeble army of the French marshal. Part of the force which Tallard had drawn up for this last effort was driven into the Danube; part fled with their general to the village of Sonderheim, where they were soon surrounded by the victorious Allies and compelled to surrender. Meanwhile, Eugene had renewed his attack upon the Gallo-Bavarian left, and Marsin, finding his colleague utterly routed, and his own right flank uncovered, prepared to retreat. He and the Elector succeeded in withdrawing a considerable part of their troops in tolerable order to Dillingen; but the large body of French who garrisoned Blenheim were left exposed to certain destruction. Marlborough speedily occupied all the outlets from the village with his victorious troops, and then, collecting his artillery round it, he commenced a cannonade that speedily would have destroyed Blenheim itself and all who were in it. After several gallant but unsuccessful attempts to cut their way through the Allies, the French in Blenheim were at length compelled to surrender at discretion; and twenty-four battalions and twelve squadrons, with all their officers, laid down their arms, and became the captives of Marlborough.

"Such," says Voltaire, "was the celebrated battle, which the French call the battle of Hochstet, the Germans Plentheim, and the English *Blenheim*. The conquerors had about 5000 killed and 8000 wounded, the greater part being on the side of Prince Eugene. The French army was almost entirely destroyed: of 60,000 men, so long victorious, there never reassembled more than 20,000 effective. About 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all the cannon, a prodigious number of colours and standards, all the tents and equipages, the general of the army and 1200 officers of mark, in the power of the conqueror, signalised that day!"

Ulm, Landau, Treves, and Trarbach surrendered to the Allies before the close of the year. Bavaria submitted to the Emperor, and the Hungarians laid down their arms. Germany was completely delivered from France; and the military ascendancy of the arms of the Allies was completely established. Throughout the rest of the war Louis fought only in defence. *Blenheim* had dissipated for ever his once proud visions of almost universal conquest.

STORY OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

BY ALFRED G. SAYERS.

EVERY reader of Sir Walter Scott remembers the brilliant description of the battle of Bothwell Bridge given in "Old Mortality"; where the Covenanters were so badly beaten by the Royal troops under the Duke of Monmouth. The Royal force on that occasion included "The Earl of Mar's foot regiment"; the earl, its first colonel, having raised it the year before (September, 1678). Colonel Groves in his history of the regiment considers it probable that the battle of Bothwell Bridge was its maiden enterprise.

Happily we are able to appreciate the valour shown by our soldiers without much regard to the wisdom of the particular enterprises in which they may be from time to time engaged; and though, doubtless, most British readers prefer the story of Waterloo to that of our American campaign, no one will begrudge the soldier his meed of praise in either, where his duty was done soldierly and well. Therefore, we can say that this victorious engagement in which the Scots Fusiliers had part was a happy augury of their career—not that the regiment has been an "ever-victorious" one, but that it has had, even in reverse, an ever-glorious career. In the annals of war, as the Duke of Wellington confessed, victory is only less terrible than defeat, but the difference between valour and chivalry on the one hand, and cowardice and treachery on the other, is a difference that can never be belittled.

The term "Fusiliers" was given at the end of the 17th century to certain regiments, the first to be entrusted with

the "fusil," a weapon lighter and shorter than the ordinary musket with which most regiments were then armed. For some years following Bothwell Bridge the Fusiliers were engaged in the inglorious work of chasing and harrying the Covenanters. Presently in the whirligig of political affairs in that disturbed time we find them taking the field against their former general—for Monmouth and the Duke of Argyll had raised the standard of revolt—but their "scratch" force was not proof against the Royal Scots, and the revolt was swiftly quelled.

In 1688 James II. had worn out the patience of the English people, and William of Orange was invited to assume the Crown. The Fusiliers were ordered south to repel the prince; but public sentiment was contagious, and like the bulk of the army, they welcomed, instead of resisting the Dutch king, losing their colonel (Colonel Buchan) in the process. In May of the following year William declared war against France, and the Royal Scots came under the banner of the invincible Marlborough. Here their work lay until 1697, and how well they did it may be read to-day on their colours, where the words "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," and "Malplaquet" attest the honours won in the long and arduous campaigns generally designated as the "War in the Low Countries." In 1697, at the conclusion of peace, the regiment returned to Scotland, and the prestige that had gathered about its name brought a host of superior recruits to its ranks.

The peace of 1697 was, however, of short duration. Anne ascended the throne in 1702, war was again declared against France, and the Fusiliers embarked for Holland. In 1704 they marched with Marlborough into the interior of Germany, and took part in the gallant and successful attack on the heights of Schellenberg. This, however, was but a prelude to the "immortal glory" of Blenheim, in which the Royal Scots shared a few weeks later (August, 1704). In this great and memorable battle the 21st Fusiliers (the regiment had in 1694 been numbered 21st of the line) were commanded

by their colonel, Brigadier-General Archibald Row, and led the attack on Blenheim. The colonel dismounted and led his men right up to the palisades. He was shot down instantly—his lieutenant-colonel and major stepped forward to raise their chief, and were also shot down. These misfortunes made no panic amongst the regiment, but served to exasperate the men, and valour got the better of discretion—they made desperate attempts to carry the entrenchments at the point of the bayonet, and, this failing, to hew down the palisades. All in vain—they were terribly outnumbered, and in a furious cavalry charge of the enemy they lost their colours. Seven squadrons of English horse were, however, immediately despatched to the assistance of the distressed regiment, which was not only thus saved from annihilation but its colours were recaptured. The Fusiliers lost nine officers and a large number of men; precisely how many is not recorded.

On the 23rd of May, 1706, the Fusiliers were in the battle of Ramillies, and in conjunction with the 3rd Foot did good service. In 1708 and 1709 alarms and excursions, sieges and assaults continued—Oudenarde, Lisle, Tournay and Mons—all these engagements the Fusiliers shared; and at the great and bloody battle of Malplaquet, in which nearly two hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged, the 21st greatly distinguished themselves. In 1713, when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed, the regiment returned to Scotland, having seen twelve years' service on the Continent. Then succeeded humdrum years. Until 1742 the Fusiliers were in England, Scotland, or Ireland; but in that year they formed part of an army of sixteen thousand troops sent by George II. to Flanders to support Austria against France and Bavaria. On the 26-7th of June, 1743, the battle of Dettingen was fought, the Fusiliers maintaining their credit for gallantry and courage. The same may be said of the uninteresting "war of the Austrian succession." Here again the regiment maintained its reputation as one that always had a terrible mortality table—a regiment always "to the fore." However, difficulties had arisen at home, and in 1745 the Fusiliers were fighting at

Culloden. Immediately they could be spared from their own country they were re-shipped to the Netherlands, and fought in the battle of Val the 2nd of July, 1747.

Space fails us to follow even so gallant a lead into all its expeditions—Belle Isle, the island in the Bay of Biscay (suggesting the story of Dumas), surrendered to it in 1761. In 1775, when the War of Independence broke out, they were ordered to the relief of Quebec, returning home after a prolonged campaign in 1781. After a visit to the West Indies in 1793—1796 the regiment came home to recruit. Until 1806, when it was part of Nelson's *cortège*, home duties of one sort or another engaged the Royal Scots—troubles in Ireland, and what not. Then in 1814 the word that had filled all Europe for many a long year—Napoleon—was the menace of war to England, and the Royal Scots were ordered to Holland. In the *United Service Journal* for 1830 there appeared an account of that part of the great Anti-Napoleonic Campaign in which the Royal Scots Fusiliers were engaged; an important item was the ill-fated attempt to carry Bergen-op-Zoom. It will be remembered that Napoleon had laid his grip upon Holland, and the Prince of Orange was an exile. The besieging army under Sir Thomas Graham numbered eight thousand men, the French garrison about six thousand, very finely intrenched. The weather was severe. At 10.30 p.m. on the 8th of March, 1814, a column made its way into the town, but afterwards fell into confusion and had to surrender. No better fortune awaited the later exploits of the army, and the conclusion of the matter may be told in the narrator's own words. The attack had been renewed from several points—all day long the tide of battle went this way and that, but with the dawn of a new day the situation appeared hopeless. "The enemy now brought an overwhelming force against us. Keeping up an incessant fire to divert our attention, the French detached a part of their force, which, skirting the outside of the ramparts, suddenly opened a most destructive fire on our left flank and rear. The slaughter was dreadful, and our poor fellows fell thick and fast, until our gallant

commander, seeing the inutility of continuing the unequal contest, gave the order to retreat. Not one of us seemed to entertain the idea of surrender, however, and in the despair which had now taken possession of every heart we threw ourselves into the water, or leaped for the broken pieces of ice which were floating about. The scene that ensued was shocking beyond description—the air was rent with vain cries for help from the drowning soldiers, mixed with the exulting shouts of the enemy, who seemed determined to make us drain the bitter cup of defeat to the very dregs. Escape in our state being out of the question, the survivors surrendered themselves prisoners.”

In 1814 Napoleon abdicated, and peace was proclaimed—not, however, peace of any duration. England had become involved in hostilities with the United States, and the Royal Scots was one of the regiments told off for American service. On American territory, however, the Fusiliers won one of their honours, the word “Bladensburg” indicating a town on the Potomac where they inflicted a good deal of disaster on our “rebellious” cousins. But in 1815 it was Napoleon again, and the Royal Scots were embarked for the Netherlands. Too late for Waterloo, they became a humbler “army of occupation.” For the next thirty-nine years—till the breaking out of the Crimean War in 1854—the record of the Fusiliers lies between home and the West Indies. In the Crimea they had a share in the triumphs of Alma, Inkermann and Sevastopol, and a share also in the bad boots and other abominations of commissariat for which that campaign was infamous. Malta, East Indies, Madras, home again—so the time was spent till 1881, and after thirteen years abroad the Royal Scots Fusiliers again trod British ground.

The second battalion of the regiment was formed in 1858. Its best known exploits have been in South Africa and Burma, both of which names figure on its colours. In 1878 the disastrous battle of Isandlwana had been fought, and the state of things at the Cape appeared serious. The second battalion was despatched. It took part in the expeditions

in Zululand and the Transvaal and against Secocoeni, in all of which it acquitted itself worthy of the famous name it bore, the name that had come to mean in the army, not invincibility—for in modern warfare that is an almost outworn word—but splendid valour, courage to do and dare, fortitude to hold on against all odds.

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

MAJOR ALEXANDER Campbell was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusiliers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed—little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of the captain.

The 21st Regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted. Unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the theatre, where the officers had patronised a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly inter-

changed, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental frenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that everything was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent, replied, "Yes, it was fair—but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and, contrary to the entreaties of his family and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased, received his friends, held unrestricted communication with all that sought him, and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that

reigned through the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin, bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow-creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil ! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure, thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified—and, while on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box, the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonising pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury, then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs ; but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who thronged the court ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the gaol, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given; and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime, strong exertions were made to save him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and, consequently, the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the queen's feet and implore her commiseration. To cross the Channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation her journey was interrupted: a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbour, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close-reefed canvas was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little barque was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast-head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed, the pier was weathered, and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had

excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell inquired "if the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "O God! he will be lost," she murmured. "Could I but cross that angry sea, he might yet be saved!" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across, or perish. "It is madness," said the old man; "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken. The lady was placed on board, the skirt of the main-sail set, and after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain —, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness which are so peculiarly the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. — urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keepers' room they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger

on his lip—"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then, taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and——." The convict put his hand upon her mouth. "Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her good-night, he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber, without awakening the sleeping gaoler.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last, his courage was unshaken; and while his friends were dissolved in grief he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event that the 42nd Regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and the same men he led to a bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon formed the gaol guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was upturned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the

judgment-seat ; and when the board, descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "they laid him in his father's grave."

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN, 1743.

THE battle of Dettingen is most easily identified by the average school-boy as the last battle led by an English king in person and by the average musician as the one which inspired one of the very finest of occasional works, the *Dettingen Te Deum* of Handel. It was fought on the 27th of June, 1743, between the allied forces of England, Hanover, and Hesse under George II. and the French army under De Noailles, the disparity of numbers being largely in favour of the French. The political situation was not a little ridiculous. England and France were politically at peace, each entertaining the ambassadors of the other at their respective courts as though the two kings were bosom friends. But we were at war with Spain and fought France as an auxiliary force. As Horace Walpole put it, "We had the name of war with Spain without the thing, and war with France without the name."

Immediately after the rising of Parliament, prorogued on the 21st of April, 1743, George II., accompanied by his son the Duke of Cumberland, crossed the Channel and directed his steps to Germany. They arrived at the English camp at a critical moment and none too soon. The Earl of Stair, who had command of the English forces, had entered Aschaffenburg on the 16th of June, where he had allowed himself to be cut off from his stores at Hanau and his source of supplies in Franconia by Noailles, who seized the fords of both the upper and lower Maine and barred both advance and retreat.

"The position of the British army," says Howitt, "was

enough to have driven the troops of any less determined nation to despair. They were not only hemmed in between the Spessart woods, and the Maine with a superior army ready to attack them, move which way they would, but they were totally cut off from supplies and so destitute of forage that in two more days they must sacrifice their horses."

Desperate needs require desperate remedies and the king, having positively no other alternative but surrender or destruction, determined to fight his way through the French and re-establish communications with Hanau. His intentions were, however, soon perceived and Noailles took active measures to prevent the retreat. Immediately crossing the Maine and passing from the front of the English army to the rear, he despatched his nephew, the Duke de Grammont, to occupy the defile of Dettingen through which the English would have to pass in their retreat, at the same time raising powerful batteries upon the further bank of the Maine to attack the English as they retired along the river. In blissful ignorance of all these preparations to receive him, George II. broke up his camp on the 27th of June, 1743, and proceeded to march on Dettingen. Though the circumstances were depressing the king kept up a bold and cheerful demeanour, which inspired the hope and resolution of his men, and under the impression that the enemy was still in his rear kept his infantry in that position and remained with them.

As he advanced, however, he was quickly undeceived. His advance guard was repulsed from Dettingen and the French troops came pouring over the bridge of the Maine. Immediately perceiving his error he reversed the order of his march, placing the infantry in the front and the cavalry to bring up the rear. The situation was now even more critical than before. On the one side the English were hemmed in by the Spessart woods, and on the other by the River Maine. To the fore they were confronted by De Grammont, who held the village of Dettingen covered by a swamp and a ravine, and to add to their extremities, Noailles now occupied the town of Aschaffenburg, which they had just left

in the rear, with twelve thousand men, and sent further reinforcements to strengthen De Grammont in front. There was, however, nothing for it but to press on and force their way through De Grammont's position; and as they were preparing for the charge they met with another surprise, for the batteries upon the further side of the Maine, which had been improvised for the purpose, but of the existence of which the English were quite ignorant, began to play upon them with disastrous effect.

At this crisis the true policy of the French was to hold their ground and wait the onslaught, and having much the best of the position, take advantage of it to the fullest extent. This course, doubtless, Noailles would have pursued, but crossing the Maine to give some orders to his officers on the further side, De Grammont took advantage of his absence to act on his own judgment, and, anxious to gain the honour of the victory for himself, crossed the ravine, and attacked the English on their own side. This disastrous movement had the effect of silencing the batteries on the further side of the Maine, as they could no longer fire at the English, for the French were now in between. At this moment the king's horse became unmanageable and seemed inclined to carry him into the midst of his enemies, whereupon George II. dismounted, and, "placing himself at the head of the British and Hanoverian infantry on the right, flashed his sword, and said, 'Now, boys! Now for the honour of England! Fire! and behave bravely, and the French will soon run!'"

In the first charge the French made a furious onset, which threw the English advance guard into some confusion, but the king and the Duke of Cumberland exerted themselves with great energy to restore order, and succeeded in inspiring their troops with the utmost enthusiasm.

The tide of battle soon turned, and Noailles, who saw with dismay his plans frustrated by the impetuosity of his nephew, recrossed the Maine too late to retrieve the honour of the day. The English infantry pressed forward with a sturdiness and enthusiasm which bore everything before them, breaking the

French ranks and cutting their way through with terrific slaughter. Noailles, seeing the discomfort of his army, now gave the order to recross the Maine ; but, under the circumstances, an orderly manœuvre of such a character was impossible, and in a very short time the retreat became a rout. The French, disorganised and panic-stricken, soon choaked up all the bridges, and masses of troops, swarming at the entrances, were forced into the river and drowned ; while others, flinging down their arms, sought refuge in the woody hills on the other side of the camp. The battle lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon, when what remained of the French forces drew off and left George II. master of the field. The French lost about six thousand in killed, taken, and wounded, and the Allies about half that number. The Duke of Cumberland, who, like his father, fought in the front rank, received a bullet in his leg early in the fight, but refused to leave the field ; but George II. was fortunate enough to escape injury, though in front of the battle all the time. The English were in no condition to follow up the fight, for they were hungry, thirsty, and exhausted ; they therefore proceeded on to Hanau, where they were refreshed and reinforced.

CLIVE IN INDIA.

1742—1752.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

THE Clives had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire. In the reign of George I. this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He had been bred to the law, and divided his time between professional business and the avocations of a small proprietor. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskill, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert, the founder of the British Empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the 29th of September, 1725.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year ; and from these it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to the family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also

relate how he formed all the good-for-nothing lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shop-keepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

Clive's voyage was unusually tedious even for that age. The ship remained some months at the Brazils, where the young adventurer picked up some knowledge of Portuguese and spent all his pocket-money. He did not arrive in India till more than a year after he had left England. His situation at Madras was most painful. His funds were exhausted, his pay was small, he had contracted debts, he was wretchedly lodged—no small calamity in a climate which can be rendered tolerable to an European only by spacious and well-placed apartments. He had been furnished with letters of recommendation to a gentleman who might have assisted him; but when he landed at Fort St. George he found that this gentleman had sailed for England. His shy and haughty disposition withheld him from introducing himself. He was several months in India before he became acquainted with a single family. The climate affected his health and spirits. His duties were of a kind ill suited to his ardent and daring character. He pined for his home, and in his letters to his relations expressed his feelings in language softer and more pensive than we should have expected, from the waywardness of his boyhood, or from the inflexible sternness of his later years.

One solace he found of the most respectable kind. The Governor possessed a good library, and permitted Clive to have access to it. The young man devoted much of his leisure to reading, and acquired at this time almost all the knowledge of books that he had ever possessed. As a boy he had been too idle, as a man he soon became too busy, for literary pursuits.

But neither climate, nor poverty, nor study, nor the sorrows of a homesick exile, could tame the desperate audacity of his spirit. He behaved to his official superiors as he had behaved to his school-masters, and was several times in danger of losing his situation. Twice, while residing in the Writers' Buildings, he attempted to destroy himself; and twice the pistol which he snapped at his own head failed to go off. This circumstance, it is said, affected him as a similar escape affected Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was really well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation that surely he was reserved for something great.

About this time an event which at first seemed likely to destroy all his hopes in life suddenly opened before him a new path to eminence. Europe had been, during some years, distracted by the war of the Austrian succession. George II. was the steady ally of Maria Theresa. The house of Bourbon took the opposite side. Though England was even then the first of maritime powers, she was not, as she had since become, more than a match on the sea for all the nations of the world together; and she found it difficult to maintain a contest against the united navies of France and Spain. In the eastern seas France obtained the ascendancy. Labourdonnais, Governor of Mauritius, a man of eminent talents and virtues, conducted an expedition to the continent of India, in spite of the opposition of the British fleet—landed, assembled an army, appeared before Madras, and compelled the town and fort to capitulate. The keys were delivered up, the French colours were displayed on Fort St. George, and the contents of the Company's warehouses were seized as prize of war by the conquerors. It was stipulated by the capitulation that

the English inhabitants should be prisoners of war on parole, and that the town should remain in the hands of the French till it should be ransomed. Labourdonnais pledged his honour that only a moderate ransom should be required.

But the success of Labourdonnais had awakened the jealousy of his countryman, Dupleix, Governor of Pondicherry. Dupleix, moreover, had already begun to revolve gigantic schemes, with which the restoration of Madras to the English was by no means compatible. He declared that Labourdonnais had gone beyond his powers; that conquests made by the French arms on the continent of India were at the disposal of the Governor of Pondicherry alone; and that Madras should be razed to the ground. Labourdonnais was compelled to yield. The anger which the breach of the capitulation excited among the English was increased by the ungenerous manner in which Dupleix treated the principal servants of the Company. The Governor and several of the first gentlemen of Fort St. George were carried under a guard to Pondicherry, and conducted through the town in a triumphal procession under the eyes of fifty thousand spectators. It was with reason thought that this gross violation of public faith absolved the inhabitants of Madras from the engagements into which they had entered with Labourdonnais. Clive fled from the town by night in the disguise of a Mussulman, and took refuge at Fort St. David, one of the small English settlements subordinate to Madras.

The circumstances in which he was now placed naturally led him to adopt a profession better suited to his restless and intrepid spirit than the business of examining packages and casting accounts. He solicited and obtained an ensign's commission in the service of the Company, and at twenty-one entered on his military career. His personal courage, of which he had, while still a writer, given signal proof by a desperate duel with a military bully who was the terror of Fort St. David, speedily made him conspicuous even among hundreds of brave men. He soon began to show in his new calling other qualities which had not before been discerned in

him—judgment, sagacity, deference to legitimate authority. He distinguished himself highly in several operations against the French, and was particularly noticed by Major Lawrence, who was then considered as the ablest British officer in India.

He had been only a few months in the army when intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded between Great Britain and France. Dupleix was in consequence compelled to restore Madras to the English Company; and the young ensign was at liberty to resume his former business. He did indeed return for a short time to his desk. He again quitted it in order to assist Major Lawrence in some petty hostilities with the natives, and then again returned to it. While he was thus wavering between a military and a commercial life, events took place which decided his choice. The politics of India assumed a new aspect. There was peace between the English and French Crowns; but there arose between the English and French Companies trading to the East a war most eventful and important—a war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane.

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the West. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederick would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth, of some glittering puppet dignified with the title of a Nabob or Nizam. The arts both of war

and policy, which a few years later were successfully employed by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

In the year 1748 died one of the most powerful of the then masters of India—the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law it was easy for both Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib to make out something like a claim of right. In a society altogether disorganised they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic—to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of Southern India—this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoys, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly, and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts

to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognise Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. Yet the dominions of Mahommed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England, and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress had served only to expose their own weakness and to heighten his glory. At this moment the valour and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters—that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and entrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred

English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him, not a single one had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he would not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached 4000 men from his camp and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by 2000 men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a 150 French soldiers, whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about 10,000 men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoy. Only four officers

were left ; the stock of provisions was scanty ; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination ; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the tenth legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive—not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the Government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali ; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be

expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was a usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. Moslems believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude that had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied

with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoys were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened, by forced marches, to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The Governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognised the title of Mohammed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been entrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languor was, that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by

Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken—a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be razed to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step, not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

The Government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment, under Clive, to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly. But just at this conjuncture Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command, and Clive cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first.

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They allowed him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised—lavished his private fortune, strained his

credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the Government of Madras on every side, and even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

The health of Clive had never been good during his residence in India, and his constitution was now so much impaired that he determined to return to England. Before his departure he undertook a service of considerable difficulty, and performed it with his usual vigour and dexterity. The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were occupied by French garrisons. It was determined to send a force against them. But the only force available for this purpose was of such a description that no officer but Clive would risk his reputation by commanding it. It consisted of five hundred newly-levied sepoys and two hundred recruits who had just landed from England. Clive, ill and exhausted as he was, undertook to make an army of this undisciplined rabble, and marched with them to Covelong.

Covelong fell. Clive returned to Madras victorious, but in a state of health which rendered it impossible for him to remain there long. He married and almost immediately after embarked with his bride for England, returning a very different person from the poor slighted boy who had been sent out ten years before to seek his fortune. He was only twenty-seven; yet his country already respected him as one of her first soldiers. On his arrival in England he found himself an object of general interest and admiration. The East India Company thanked him for his services in the warmest terms and presented him with a sword set with diamonds. With rare delicacy, he declined to receive this token of gratitude, unless a similar compliment was paid to his friend and commander, Lawrence.

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Clive committed great faults; but his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his tempta-

tions, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.

From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of Oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghazni. Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he proved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction.

From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realised, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Dupleix. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul. Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded Forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes grows dim when compared with the splendour of the exploits which the young English adventurer achieved at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one-half of a Roman legion.

From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our Eastern Empire. When he landed at Calcutta, in 1765, Bengal was regarded as a place to which Englishmen were sent only to get rich by any means, in the shortest possible time. He first made dauntless and unsparing war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In that war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to conceal or extenuate the faults of his earlier days compels us to admit that those faults were nobly repaired.

THE STORY OF THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA, 1756.

FOR some years the British establishment at Calcutta had been advancing in prosperity with rapid strides, under the friendly aid of Aliverdi Khan, an Afghan chief of great talent, who had wrested the viceroyalty (or nabobship) of Bengal from its legitimate ruler, a weak and impotent prince. Upon Aliverdi's death, however, he was succeeded by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah (or, as sometimes spelled, Sura-jud-Dowla), a dissolute and tyrannical prince, who, stimulated by the exaggerated reports of the great wealth amassed in the factory, seized the first plausible opportunity for coming to a rupture with the settlers, and commencing hostilities. The pretext laid hold of for putting his designs in execution was the erection of various fortifications, which were then in progress, for the defence of Calcutta, in case of any attack being made on it by the French, but which Surajah Dowlah chose to construe into preparations against himself. He immediately collected his army, marched against that place, plundering the English factory of Cossimbuzar by the way, and making the governor and members of council prisoners. The garrison of Calcutta at that time did not muster above five hundred and fourteen men, of whom only a hundred and seventy-four were Europeans, totally undisciplined; and attempts were therefore at first made to come to reasonable terms with the nabob, but the fate of Cossimbuzar dispelled all hopes of a peaceful accommodation. The attack on Calcutta commenced on the 18th of June, 1756; and on the same day, the whole of the outworks and external

fortifications fell into the hands of the Indians. Though all hope of a successful resistance was now gone, it was agreed in a council of war to hold out till the following night, in order to get time to convey the women and children on board of ship, which was safely accomplished the same night. At daybreak next day, the attack was renewed, and while the situation of the besieged became every hour more distressing, they had the mortification to see all the English, as well as neutral, vessels, then lying in the Hoogley, weigh anchor, and proceed down the river. To complete the wretched dilemma of the troops, Drake, the governor, was seized with a panic, threw himself into the last remaining boat, and left them to their fate! Mr. Holwell was chosen to fill his place, who endeavoured to open negotiations for surrender; but the troops, in the confusion, having gained access to the liquor, were soon in a state of complete intoxication, and the enemy, learning how matters stood, stepped into the fort without resistance.

Of the harrowing event which took place in the fort on the night succeeding its capture, the following narrative, which originally appeared in a native East India publication, is perhaps the most correct and striking that has been given to the world :—

“At five o’clock, the nabob entered the fort, accompanied by his general, Meer Jaffier, and most of the principal officers of his army. He immediately proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state, and received the compliments of his court and attendants, in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good fortune. Soon after, he sent for Mr. Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the treasury, which did not exceed fifty thousand rupees. Mr. Holwell had two other conferences with him on this subject before seven o’clock, when the nabob dismissed him with repeated assurances, on the word of a soldier, that he should suffer no harm.

“Mr. Holwell, returning to his unfortunate companions, found

them assembled and surrounded by a strong guard : several buildings on the north and south sides of the fort were already in flames, which approached with so thick a smoke on either hand, that the prisoners imagined their enemies had caused this conflagration in order to suffocate them between the two fires. On each side of the eastern gate of the fort, extended a range of chambers, adjoining to the curtain, and before the chambers, a veranda, or open gallery : it was of arched masonry, and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but, being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind from the light and *air* ; and whilst some of the guard were looking in other parts of the factory for proper places to confine the prisoners during the night, the rest ordered them to assemble in ranks under the veranda, on the right hand of the gateway, where they remained for some time, with so little suspicion of their impending fate, that they laughed among themselves at the seeming oddity of this disposition, and amused themselves with conjecturing what they should next be ordered to do. About eight o'clock, those who had been sent to examine the rooms reported that they had found none fit for the purpose ; on which the principal officer commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them, along the veranda. It was the dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it *The Black Hole*. Many of the prisoners, knowing the place, began to expostulate, upon which the officer ordered his men to cut down those who hesitated, on which the prisoners obeyed ; but before all were within, the room was so thronged that the last entered with difficulty : the guard immediately closed the door, and locked it fast, confining a hundred and forty-six persons in a room not twenty feet square, with only two small windows, and those obstructed by the veranda. It was the hottest season of the year, and the night uncommonly sultry, even at this season. The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another, and the intolerable heat which prevailed as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement, and violent

attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect, for it opened inwards, on which many began to give vent to rage. Mr. Holwell, who placed himself at one of the windows, exhorted them to remain composed both in body and mind, as the only means of surviving the night, and his remonstrances produced a short interval of quiet, during which he applied to an old *jemautdar*, who bore some marks of humanity about him, promising to give him a thousand rupees in the morning if he would separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but, returning in a few minutes, said it was impossible; when Mr. Holwell offered him a larger sum, on which he retired once more, and returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected, because "*the nabob was asleep, and no one dared to wake him.*" In the meantime, every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their confinement was a continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the chest, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one stripped off his clothes, every hat was put in motion; and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they all should sit down on their hams at the same time, and, after remaining a little while in this posture, rise all together. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour, and every time several, unable to raise themselves up again, fell, and were trampled to death by their companions. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage; but, the thirst increasing, nothing but *water! water!* became soon after the general cry. The good *jemautdar* immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows; but instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction, for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each man battled with the utmost ferocity against those who were likely to get before him; and in these con-

flicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own. This scene, instead of exciting compassion in the guard without, only awakened their mirth, and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of seeing the deplorable contention of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest the windows to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings, for the fever increased every moment with increasing depravity of the air of the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrefying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal.

“Before midnight, all who were alive, and had not partaken of the air of the windows, were either in lethargic stupefaction, or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered, in hope of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries by firing into the dungeon; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with frantic execrations of torment in despair, Heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent prayers, until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length lay down quietly, and expired on the bodies of their dead and agonising friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made a last effort to obtain air, by endeavouring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows, where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours, either in maintaining his own ground, or endeavouring to get that of which others were in possession. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon some one sank to rise no more. At two o'clock, not more than fifty remained alive; but even this number was too many to partake

of the saving air, the contest for which, and life, continued until the morn, long implored, began to break, and, with the hope of relief, gave the survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, seeing that their entreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr. Cook, the secretary to the council, that Mr. Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life; but when they brought him near the window, every one refused to quit his place, excepting Captain Mills, who, with rare generosity, offered to resign his, on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recover his senses, before an officer, sent by the nabob, came and inquired if the English chief survived; and soon after, the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed for near half-an-hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door, before they could clear a passage to get out one by one; when, of one hundred and forty-six who went in, no more than *twenty-three* came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen on the earth. The nabob's troops beheld them, and the havoc of death from which they had escaped, with perfect indifference, but did not prevent them from removing to a distance; and were immediately obliged, by the intolerable stench, to clear the dungeon, whilst others dug a ditch on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were promiscuously thrown."

C. E. J.



THE DEPARTURE OF C. I. V. L. FOR INDIA.

[See page 227.]

THE STORY OF PLASSEY,

1757.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

IN the year 1755 many signs indicated that a war between France and Great Britain was at hand, and it was thought desirable to send an able commander to the English settlements in India. The Directors of the East India Company appointed Clive Governor of Fort St. David. The King gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and he again sailed for Asia.

The first service in which he was employed after his return to the East was the reduction of the stronghold of Gheriah. This fortress, built on a craggy promontory, and almost surrounded by the ocean, was the den of a pirate named Angria, whose barks had long been the terror of the Arabian Gulf. Admiral Watson, who commanded the English squadron in the Eastern seas, burned Angria's fleet, while Clive attacked the fastness by land. The place soon fell, and a booty of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was divided among the conquerors.

After this exploit Clive proceeded to his government of Fort St. David, but before he had been there two months he received intelligence which called forth all the energy of his bold and active mind ; for in the month of August the news of the fall of Calcutta and the massacre of the Black Hole reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest feeling of revenge. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival

of the intelligence it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry—fine troops and full of spirit—and fifteen hundred sepoy, composed the army which sailed to punish a prince who had more subjects and larger revenues than the King of Prussia or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds and did not reach Bengal till December.

The Nabob was revelling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe; and it had never occurred to him as possible that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off, and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country when he received the news that an English armament was in the Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched towards Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigour. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the invading armament, and offered to restore the factory and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war, and he felt that there was

something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs, and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras, apprised that war had commenced in Europe and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful, and Clive consented to treat—though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman and all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow and to attack Chandernagore before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Nearly five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

In the meantime the Nabob's wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company, had disgusted all classes of his subjects—soldiers,

traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mahomedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation ; but Clive's voice was given in favour of the conspirators, and his vigour and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Meer Jaffier promised ample compensation to the Company and its servants, and a liberal donative to the army, the navy, and the committee.

All was now ready for action. Clive put his troops in motion and wrote to the Nabob setting forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offering to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honour of waiting on his highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob and carry over his division to Clive. But as the decisive moment approached the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar, the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey, and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate ; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own

military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees and passed nearly an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed, and at the close of a toilsome day's march the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep: he heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk when he reflected against what odds and for what a prize he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move towards the

grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the 39th Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered the army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to re-assemble. Only five hundred of the

vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and when the battle was over sent his congratulations to his ally. The next day he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honours due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councillors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived, and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorshedabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoy. For his residence had been assigned a palace, which was surrounded by a garden so spacious that all the troops who

accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jaffier was instantly performed. Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honour, placed him on it, presented to him, after the immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant.

STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF CANADA, 1755—1759.

IN 1755 the thirteen states of North America were British Colonies, and England, as the mother country, had a parental interest in their defence. The despatch of a French fleet with four thousand men to the St. Lawrence in that year, therefore, became a *casus belli* between Great Britain and her old hereditary foe, and England was once more involved in war with France.

Massachusetts sent a body of troops under Colonel Monckton to Nova Scotia, where on the 25th of June, after a siege of five days, they captured the fort of Beau Séjour, near New Brunswick. Virginia sent a force under General Braddock to capture the French settlements of the Ohio. This expedition was, however, not so successful, for, falling into an ambuscade while marching on Fort du Quesne on the 9th of July they were attacked by the French assisted by a large body of wild Indians, who, having killed General Braddock and Sir Peter Halket, massacred seven hundred of their men and captured all their guns and stores. Among those who escaped this disaster with no more than a wound was George Washington, then one of the general's staff and afterwards the hero of American Independence. New York sent an expedition to Crown Point under General Johnson, who, having repulsed a French force of two thousand men assisted by Canadians and Indians, abandoned his original intentions with regard to Crown Point; while an expedition from New Jersey under General Shirley, the successor of General Braddock, produced little or no results.

In the following year, 1756, the Marquis de Montcalm, at the head of the French forces reduced Fort Oswego commanding the great lakes, and a year later, 1757, Fort William Henry on Lake George, the garrison of which was compelled to capitulate for want of ammunition, and was massacred by the Indians on surrender.

In 1758 the British Government determined upon vigorous and decisive measures for the destruction of French power in Canada, and Admiral Boscawen was appointed to command the fleet of one hundred and fifty-seven sail set apart to carry the English forces to the scene of war. On the 8th of June Boscawen arrived within seven miles of Louisbourg, and disembarked the troops under a heavy fire. Three days later the town was invested, and on the 27th of July unconditionally surrendered by General Drucour.

The chief command in America was in the hands of Lord Amherst, who had Brigadier James Wolfe, for his second in command. Abercrombie was dispatched to reduce the forts on Lake George and Lake Champlain, the most important of which was Fort Ticonderoga, which occupied a neck of land between the two lakes. The landing was effected with the loss of Lord Howe, a distinguished officer, and the French were driven back upon the fort—a powerful structure garrisoned by four thousand men, under the command of the Marquis de Montcalm, the Canadian commander-in-chief. A breastwork eight feet high, fronted by a barricade of felled trees, placed with their branches outward, now faced the English forces, and instead of waiting for the artillery to clear away these obstacles Abercrombie ordered the works to be stormed. A fight of several hours followed, during which two thousand lives were sacrificed, and little or no progress made, when the men were ordered to return. On hearing of this repulse Abercrombie, who, it is said, was never nearer the fight than two miles away, and to whose folly this terrible waste of human life was due, embarked with such haste that a quantity of entrenching tools and large stores of provisions were abandoned. Fort du Quesne

fell to Brigadier Forbes on the 25th of November, when it was re-christened Fort Pitt in honour of the English Minister under whose brilliant statesmanship the war was carried on, and whose name still survives in the name of Pittsburg, the busy town which now occupies the site.

The success of British arms in Europe now left Pitt free to pursue the great object he had set before himself—the conquest of Canada. Had the French been content with Canada, it is possible they might have been allowed to retain it, but their designs upon our colonies in North America necessitated defence, encouraged reprisals, and invited conquest. Pitt's scheme was divided into three parts, all converging upon the capture of Quebec. Under this scheme, General Prideaux and Sir William Johnson, with bodies of Colonial militia and friendly Indians, were to reduce Fort Niagara, cross Lake Ontario, and march for Montreal. General Amherst, who had charge of the centre, was to attack Ticonderoga, where his predecessor, Abercrombie, had so signally failed, open up Lake Champlain, and then with Prideaux and Johnson proceed from Montreal down the St. Lawrence to meet General Wolfe coming up from the sea and join him in the conquest of Quebec.

Prideaux and Johnson reached the fort of Niagara about the middle of July, and found it garrisoned by six hundred men. Prideaux was, unfortunately, killed by the bursting of a shell, and Johnson had to sustain alone the responsibility of the siege. While thus engaged he found himself menaced by a body of seventeen hundred men partly French and partly Indian, who burst upon him with their war whoops and attacked him with great fury. Johnson, however, met them with cool, steady determination, and in less than an hour put them to flight, chasing them a distance of five miles with great slaughter. Upon this the garrison capitulated and were made prisoners of war. Lord Amherst in the meantime had taken Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and General Wolfe had reached the St. Lawrence and occupied the Isle of Orleans opposite the city of Quebec.

Quebec occupies a magnificent site on a promontory facing the left bank of the St. Lawrence, close to the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles rivers. The city, built partly on the higher and partly on the lower ground, is bounded on the one side by the "Heights of Abraham"—rocky and sublime eminences worthy of the patriarchal name they bear—and on the other by the River St. Charles spanned by a bridge connecting the promontory with Beauport—a stretch of land reaching from the St. Charles river to the stream of Montmorency some miles farther on. It was at this spot that the Marquis de Montcalm had pitched his camp with a view to defending the city upon its only accessible side. Montcalm's forces numbered about ten thousand in all, including Frenchmen, Canadians, and Indians. Wolfe's army numbered eight thousand, and many of these were *hors de combat* from sickness and disease. Amherst and Johnson, timed to join him here, had not yet arrived, nor were there yet any signs of their appearing. Wolfe, however, had kept his part of the contract, and though numerically weaker than his opponents, decided not to wait for reinforcements, but single-handed to attempt his high emprise. Harassed by irregular attacks by ambushed natives in his rear, he wasted the land for some distance round his camp, burning the farm-houses and destroying the crops that they might not give shelter to the enemy. Taking advantage of the stormy weather which prevailed, Montcalm attempted to destroy his enemy's fleet with fire ships, which bore down upon the English boats with dangerous precision. But one after another these ships were boarded by the English sailors, who secured them with chains and towed them into quiet havens, where they spent their fury without danger to the English fleet. A number of rafts of burning timber which followed were treated in the same way with a coolness and success which must have mortified those who had counted on their fiery aid.

Wolfe's object was to draw Montcalm out of his almost impregnable position, and much time was spent in trying to effect this by offering him tempting opportunities. But

Montcalm knew his advantage, and was determined not to throw it away, and as he still continued to act on the defensive there was nothing for it but for Wolfe to attack him where he was. With this view he directed Brigadier Townshend to cross the river at a ford, which he had discovered some distance up the river, and attack Montcalm in the flank, while he himself crossed the river in his boats and attacked him from the front. This, however, was very difficult to accomplish, and the troops were met with such a heavy fire that Wolfe was compelled to order a retreat and re-cross the river, which he did with heavy loss. Wolfe, who was a nervous, excitable man, was much impressed by the failure of this attempt, and looked anxiously for the arrival of his reinforcements. His little army now numbered scarcely more than four thousand effective soldiers, and with these it seemed nothing short of quixotic to attempt to dislodge an army more than twice as numerous from a position of such easy defence. The anxiety threw Wolfe into a fever, and when he partially recovered it was only to renew his efforts to draw Montcalm to meet him in the open, and to find his enemy as wary as before. Writing to Pitt at this time he said that, "To the uncommon strength of the country the enemy had added for the defence of the river a great number of floating batteries and boats; that the vigilance of the Indians had prevented their effecting anything by surprise, that he had had a choice of difficulties and felt at a loss how to proceed, and that his constitution was entirely ruined without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it."

But "the day is darkest before the dawn," and in the darkness of the general's despair a flash of inspiration lit up the hills of hope. The easiest access to the city was quite impossible, the hardest might be easier, after all. In a moment he determined upon the daring design. He would scale "the heights of Abraham" and attack the city from the top. No one had ever dreamt of such an attempt before, and therefore no one was prepared to prevent it.

To obscure his purpose Wolfe ordered a demonstration to

be made by the ships, under Admiral Sanders off the enemy's camp at Beaufort, and dispatched Howes with another fleet to create a diversion higher up the river. This done, in the dark of the night of the 15th of September, 1759, he crossed the river about two miles above the city to a small inlet, now known as Wolfe's Cove. Landing without observation the boats were sent back for another convoy, and the first party began their perilous ascent. Springing from crag to crag and pulling themselves up by the trees and shrubs that grew upon the side of the cliff, the men approached the summit where a watch was posted with a guard of a hundred and fifty men. A slight noise attracted the attention of the watch and a shot was fired from the heights above. Replying with a volley the Englishmen pressed on to the top where their sudden and unexpected appearance so frightened the guards that they fled in terror. At daybreak on the morning of the 14th the whole of the little army stood upon the heights that overlooked the town.

Montcalm could scarcely credit the news of this wonderful feat, but finding it only too true, crossed the River St. Charles and ascended to the heights above the town to meet his intrepid foe. Meanwhile Wolfe had placed his men in order of battle within cannon shot of the city. His left wing, so arranged as to guard against being out-flanked, contained a regiment of Highlanders, which had led the way up the face of the rock; while his right wing was led by the Grenadiers, who had fought with so much success at Louisbourg. One cannon, pulled up the precipice by the sailors, and four small guns captured from the battery they had destroyed, constituted the whole of their artillery, and so they stood ready for the glory which now awaited them.

Montcalm ordered a body of Indians to cover the English left, and concealed some fifteen hundred marksmen among the thickets and copses that commanded the line of attack. These marksmen fired with deadly effect and caused some confusion; but Wolfe, encouraging the men, bade them reserve their fire until within forty yards of the enemy; thus, though

many a poor fellow bit the dust without firing a shot, the volley at the short distance did desperate work. The struggle was short, sharp, and decisive. In less than half an hour the French began to give way, their ranks breaking and numbers taking to flight. Wolfe, always in the thickest of the fight, was twice wounded before the fatal shot found its way to his heroic breast. The engagement had scarcely begun when he received a bullet in his wrist, but this he merely wrapped round with his handkerchief, which he had scarcely done when he received another bullet in his groin. With heroic fortitude he bore his pain and still urged on the fight, when a third bullet, entering his chest, bore him to the ground. Carried to the rear in great agony his quick ear caught the words, "They run, they run!" and raising himself upon his elbow, shouted, "Who run?" "The enemy, the enemy," replied the officer; "they give way on all sides." "God be praised," said the gallant general; "I die happy," and then falling back expired. The Marquis de Montcalm also fell in this terrible fight. He was struck by a shot as he was in the act of rallying his men, and being carried into the city died on the following day. Informed of the mortality of his wounds he said, "So much the better. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." On the 18th of September the capitulation was made and Canada became an English possession.

The hero's bones rest in old Greenwich Church, and a small column on the Heights of Abraham marks the spot where he fell.

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA, 1777.

BY SIR EDWARD CREASEY.

THE war which rent away the North American colonies of England is, of all subjects in history, the most painful for an Englishman to dwell on. It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it cannot be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777; a defeat which rescued the revolted colonists from certain subjection, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their behalf, ensured the independence of the United States and the formation of that trans-Atlantic power which, not only America, but both Europe and Asia, now see and feel.

The five northern colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, usually classed together as the New England colonies, were the strongholds of the insurrection against the mother-country. The feeling of resistance was less vehement and general in the central settlement of New York; and still less so in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the other colonies of the south, although everywhere it was formidably active. Virginia should, perhaps, be particularised for the zeal which its leading men displayed in the American cause; but it was among the descendants of the stern Puritans that the spirit of Cromwell

and Vane breathed in all its fervour; it was from the New Englanders that the first armed opposition to the British crown had been offered; and it was by them that the most stubborn determination to fight to the last, rather than waive a single right or privilege, had been displayed. In 1775 they had succeeded in forcing the British troops to evacuate Boston; and the events of 1776 had made New York (which the royalists captured in that year) the principal basis of operations for the armies of the mother-country.

A glance at the map will show that the Hudson river, which falls into the Atlantic at New York, runs down from the north at the back of the New England states, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the line of the coast of the Atlantic, along which the New England states are situate. Northward of the Hudson we see a small chain of lakes communicating with the Canadian frontier. It is necessary to attend closely to these geographical points, in order to understand the plan of the operations which the English attempted in 1777, and which the battle of Saratoga defeated.

The English had a considerable force in Canada, and in 1776 had completely repulsed an attack which the Americans had made upon that province. The British ministry resolved to avail themselves, in the next year, of the advantage which the occupation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defence, but for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the revolted colonies. With this view the army in Canada was largely reinforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England with a corps of artillery abundantly supplied and led by select and experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers, who were expected to join the expedition. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes and thence along the banks of the Hudson river. The British army in New York (or a large detachment of it) was to make a simultaneous movement northward, up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions

were to unite at Albany, a town on that river. By these operations all communication between the northern colonies and those of the centre and south would be cut off. An irresistible force would be concentrated, so as to crush all further opposition in New England ; and when this was done it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. The Americans had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Their principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over Pennsylvania and the south. At any rate it was believed that, in order to oppose the plan intended for the new campaign, the insurgents must risk a pitched battle, in which the superiority of the royalists, in numbers, in discipline, and in equipment, seemed to promise to the latter a crowning victory.

Burgoyne had gained celebrity by some bold and dashing exploits in Portugal during the last war ; he was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops ; he had considerable skill as a tactician, and his general intellectual abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He had several very able and experienced officers under him, among whom were Major-General Phillips and Brigadier-General Fraser. His regular troops amounted, exclusively of the corps of artillery, to about seven thousand two hundred men, rank and file. Nearly half of these were Germans. He had also an auxiliary force of from two to three thousand Canadians. He summoned the warriors of several tribes of the Red Indians near the western lakes to join his army.

Burgoyne assembled his troops and confederates near the River Bouquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain. He then, on the 21st of June, 1777, gave his Red Allies a war-feast, and harangued them on the necessity of abstaining from their usual cruel practices against unarmed people and prisoners. At the same time he published a pompous manifesto to the Americans, in which he threatened the refractory with all the horrors of war, Indian as well as European. The army proceeded by water to Crown Point, a fortification which the Americans held at the northern extremity of the inlet by which

the water from Lake George is conveyed to Lake Champlain. He landed here without opposition, and invested Ticonderoga,—a fortification about twelve miles to the south of Crown Point—with great skill; upon which the American general, St. Clair, who had only an ill-equipped army of about three thousand men, evacuated it on the 5th of July.

The loss of the British in these engagements was trifling. The army moved southward along Lake George to Skenesborough; and thence slowly, and with great difficulty, across a broken country, full of creeks and marshes, and clogged by the enemy with felled trees and other obstacles, to Fort Edward, on the Hudson river, the American troops continuing to retire before them.

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were naturally great; but in the midst of their disasters none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England states, as well as the Congress, acted with vigour and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, a favourite leader of the Americans, was despatched by Washington to act under him, with reinforcements of troops and guns from the main American army. Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Though he laboured hard to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilised warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders not droop, but rage. Such was their effect; and though, when each man looked upon his wife, his children, his sisters, or his aged parents, the thought of the merciless Indian "thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child," of "the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles," might raise terror in the bravest

breasts ; this very terror produced a directly contrary effect to causing submission to the royal army. It was seen that the few friends of the royal cause, as well as its enemies, were liable to be the victims of the indiscriminate rage of the savages ; and thus "the inhabitants of the open and frontier countries had no choice of acting : they had no means of security left, but by abandoning their habitations and taking up arms. Every man saw the necessity of becoming a temporary soldier, not only for his own security, but for the protection and defence of those connections which are dearer than life itself. Thus an army was poured forth by the woods, mountains, and marshes, which in this part were thickly sown with plantations and villages. The Americans recalled their courage ; and when their regular army seemed to be entirely wasted, the spirit of the country produced a much greater and more formidable force.

Notwithstanding the reverses in other fields suffered by General St. Leger and Colonel Baum, of which he now heard, and which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of the American forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march ; but having by unremitting exertions collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of SARATOGA, about sixteen miles from Albany. The Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no farther.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy, but unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clinton, a brave and skilful officer, was left with a considerable force at New

York ; and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for reinforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till September. As soon as he received them Clinton embarked about three thousand of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships of war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river, but it was long before he was able to open any communication with Burgoyne.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and water-courses ; but after great labour in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the afternoon of the 19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself, and a strong body of the enemy, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained masters of the field ; but the loss on each side was nearly equal (from five hundred to six hundred men) ; and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts ; and the Americans also improved their defences. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way with great difficulty to Burgoyne's camp and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany. Burgoyne, in reply on the 30th of September, urged Clinton to attack the forts as speedily as possible, stating that the effect of such an attack, or even the semblance of it, would be to move the American army from its position before his

own troops. By another messenger, who reached Clinton on the 5th of October, Burgoyne informed his brother general that he had lost his communications with Canada, but had provisions which would last him till the 20th. Burgoyne described himself as strongly posted, and stated that though the Americans in front of him were strongly posted also, he made no doubt of being able to force them and making his way to Albany; but that he doubted whether he could subsist there, as the country was drained of provisions. He wished Clinton to meet him there, and to keep open a communication with New York.

Burgoyne had over-estimated his resources, and in the very beginning of October found difficulty and distress pressing him hard.

The Indians and Canadians began to desert him; while, on the other hand, Gate's army was continually reinforced by fresh bodies of the militia. An expeditionary force was detached by the Americans, which made a bold, though unsuccessful attempt to retake Ticonderoga. And finding the number and spirit of the enemy to increase daily, and his own stores of provision to diminish, Burgoyne determined on attacking the Americans in front of him, and by dislodging them from their position to gain the means of moving upon Albany, or at least of relieving his troops from the straightened position in which they were cooped up.

Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than six thousand men. The right of his camp was on some high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his entrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, the line of their front being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream. The lines were fortified with redoubts and field-works, and on a height on the flank of the extreme right a strong redoubt was reared, and entrenchments, in a horse-shoe form, thrown up. The Hessians, under Colonel Breyman, were stationed here, forming a flank defence to Burgoyne's main army. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and

the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still.

General Lincoln, with two thousand New England troops, had reached the American camp on the 29th of September. Gates gave him the command of the right wing, and took in person the command of the left wing, which was composed of two brigades under Generals Poor and Leonard, of Colonel Morgan's rifle corps, and part of the fresh New England Militia. The whole of the American lines had been ably fortified under the direction of the celebrated Polish general, Kosciusko, who was now serving as a volunteer in Gate's army. The right of the American position—that is to say, the part of it nearest to the river—was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success, and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavour to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of one thousand five hundred regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. He headed this in person, having Generals Phillips, Reidesel, and Fraser under him. The enemy's force immediately in front of his lines was so strong that he dared not weaken the troops who guarded them, by detaching any more to strengthen his column of attack.

It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne led his column forward ; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against the two American forts which barred his progress up the Hudson. He had captured them both, with severe loss to the American forces opposed to him ; he had destroyed the fleet which the Americans had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of their forts ; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He had also, with admirable skill and industry, collected in small vessels, such as could float within a few miles of Albany, provisions sufficient to supply Burgoyne's army for six months. He was now only a hundred and fifty-six miles distant from Burgoyne ; and a detachment of one thousand seven hundred men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Unfortunately Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the

other's movements ; but if Burgoyne had won his battle on the 7th, he must on advancing have soon learned the tidings of Clinton's success and Clinton would have heard of his. A junction would soon have been made of the two victorious armies, and the great objects of the campaign might yet have been accomplished. All depended on the fortune of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful 7th of October, 1777, advanced against the American position.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract the enemy's attention, and led his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates's camp, and then deployed his men into line. The Grenadiers under Major Ackland, and the artillery under Major Williams, were drawn up on the left ; a corps of Germans under General Reidesel, and some British troops under General Phillips, were in the centre ; and the English light infantry, and the 24th Regiment under Lord Balcarres and General Fraser, were on the right. But Gates did not wait to be attacked ; and directly the British line was formed and began to advance the American general, with admirable skill, caused General Poor's brigade of New York and New Hampshire troops, and part of General Leonard's brigade, to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left, and at the same time sent Colonel Morgan, with his rifle corps and other troops, amounting to fifteen hundred, to turn the right of the English. The Grenadiers under Ackland sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But Gates sent more Americans forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the centre, so as to prevent the Germans from detaching any help to the Grenadiers. Morgan, with his riflemen, was now pressing Lord Balcarres and General Fraser hard, and fresh masses of the enemy were observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident intention of forcing the British right and cutting off its retreat. The English light infantry and the 24th now fell back and formed an oblique second line, which enabled them to baffle this manœuvre, and also to succour their comrades in the left wing, the gallant Grenadiers,

who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for this aid, must have been cut to pieces.

The contest now was fiercely maintained on both sides. The English cannon were repeatedly taken and retaken ; but when the Grenadiers near them were forced back by the weight of superior numbers, one of the guns was permanently captured by the Americans and turned upon the English. Major Williams and Major Ackland were both made prisoners, and in this part of the field the advantage of the Americans was decided. The British centre still held its ground ; but now it was that the American general Arnold appeared upon the scene and did more for his countrymen than whole battalions could have effected. Arnold, when the decisive engagement of the 7th of October commenced, had been deprived of his command by Gates, in consequence of a quarrel between them about the action of the 19th of September. He had listened for a short time in the American camp to the thunder of the battle, in which he had no military right to take part, either as commander or as combatant. But his excited spirit could not long endure such a state of inaction. He called for his horse, a powerful brown charger, and springing on it, galloped furiously to where the fight seemed to be the thickest. Gates saw him, and sent an aide-de-camp to recall him ; but Arnold spurred far in advance, and placed himself at the head of three regiments which had formerly been under him and which welcomed their old commander with joyous cheers. He led them instantly upon the British centre ; and then galloping along the American line he issued orders for a renewed and a closer attack, which were obeyed with alacrity, Arnold himself setting the example of the most daring personal bravery, and charging more than once, sword in hand, into the English ranks. On the British side the officers did their duty nobly ; but General Fraser was the most eminent of them all, restoring order wherever the line began to waver, and infusing fresh courage into his men by voice and example. Mounted on an iron-grey charger and dressed in the full uniform of a general officer he was conspicuous

to foes as well as to friends. The American Colonel Morgan thought that the fate of the battle rested on this gallant man's life, and calling several of his best marksmen round him, pointed Fraser out, and said: "That officer is General Fraser; I admire him, but he must die. Our victory depends on it. Take your stations in that clump of bushes and do your duty." Within five minutes Fraser fell mortally wounded, and was carried to the British camp by two Grenadiers. Just previously to his being struck by the fatal bullet one rifle-ball had cut the crupper of his saddle and another had passed through his horse's mane close behind the ears. His aide-de-camp had noticed this, and said: "It is evident that you are marked out for particular aim; would it not be prudent for you to retire from this place?" Fraser replied, "My duty forbids me to fly from danger;" and the next moment he fell.*

Burgoyne's whole force was now compelled to retreat towards their camp; the left and centre were in complete disorder, but the light infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of the column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp; leaving six of their cannon in the possession of the enemy and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillerymen, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with remarkable impetuosity, rushing in upon the intrenchments and redoubts through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the light infantry under Lord Balcarres.† But the English received him with vigour and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew

* Lossing.

† Botta's "American War," book viii.

towards evening, Arnold, having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger he received a painful wound in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack, but the English also continued their obstinate resistance, and at last night fell and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments. But in another part the attack had been more successful. A body of the Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the horse-shoe intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the Hessian reserve under Colonel Breyman. The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defence of his post ; but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of. They had by establishing themselves on this point acquired the means of completely turning the right flank of the British and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity Burgoyne effected during the night an entire change of position. With great skill he removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day. But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson to prevent the British from recrossing that river and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and, accordingly, the troops were marched through a stormy and rainy night towards Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded and the greater part of their baggage to the enemy.

Before the rear-guard quitted the camp, the last sad honours were paid to the brave General Fraser, who expired on the day after the action.

He had, almost with his last breath, expressed a wish to be buried in the redoubt which had formed the part of the British lines where he had been stationed, but which had now been abandoned by the English and was within full range of the cannon which the advancing Americans were rapidly placing in position to bear upon Burgoyne's force. Burgoyne resolved, nevertheless, to comply with the dying wish of his comrade; and the interment took place under circumstances the most affecting that have ever marked a soldier's funeral. The American historian, Lossing, after narrating the death of General Fraser on the 8th of October says: "It was just at sunset, on that calm October evening, that the corpse of General Fraser was carried up the hill to the place of burial within the 'great redoubt.' It was attended only by the military members of his family and Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain; yet the eyes of hundreds of both armies followed the solemn procession, while the Americans, ignorant of its true character, kept up a constant cannonade upon the redoubt. The chaplain, unawed by the danger to which he was exposed, as the cannon balls that struck the hill threw the loose sand over him pronounced the funeral service of the Church of England with an unfaltering voice. The growing darkness added solemnity to the scene. Suddenly the irregular firing ceased and the solemn voice of a single cannon, at measured intervals, boomed along the valley and awakened the response of the hills. It was a minute gun fired by the Americans in honour of the gallant dead. The moment the information was given that the gathering at the redoubt was a funeral company, fulfilling, at eminent peril, the last-breathed wishes of the noble Fraser, orders were issued to withhold the cannonade with balls and to render military homage to the fallen brave."

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogised by many native

historians ; but I prefer quoting the testimony of a foreign writer, as free from all possibility of partiality. Botta says :—

“It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians ; and the effective force of the whole army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from ten thousand combatants to less than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than three thousand were English.

“In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own number, whose position extended three parts of a circle round them ; who refused to fight them, knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy’s cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the lines, the troops of Burgoyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude.”

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a convention.

After various messages a convention for the surrender of the army was settled, which provided that “the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honours of war and the artillery of the intrenchments to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon

condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

The articles of capitulation were settled on the 15th of October ; and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged ; and the army was, indeed, too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack if made ; and Gates certainly would have made it if the convention had been broken off. Accordingly on the 17th, the convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this convention, five thousand seven hundred and ninety men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and wounded left in the camp when the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German, and Canadian troops, who were killed, wounded, or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding part of the expedition, were reckoned to be four thousand six hundred and eighty-nine.

AN EPISODE AT SARATOGA,
1777.

THE story of a battle, as judged by the military expert, takes little reck of the private sufferings which are inseparable from both victory and defeat, and it is well that the historian sometimes turns aside from plans of campaigns and details of manœuvres to give a picture of the real life of the combatant soldier.

Major Ackland, who had command of the Grenadiers in Burgoyne's ill-fated expedition, left England for Canada in the beginning of the year 1776, accompanied by Lady Harriet Ackland, his wife, who, during the whole campaign of that year, and until his return to England after the surrender of Burgoyne, in the autumn of 1777, endured all the hardships, dangers, and privations of an active campaign in an enemy's country. The following account is compiled from that of the American historian Lossing and General Burgoyne's story of the expedition. At Chambly, on the Sorel, she attended him in illness in a miserable hut; and when he was wounded in the battle of Hubbardton, Vermont, she hastened to him at Henesborough from Montreal, where she had been persuaded to remain, and resolved to follow the army hereafter. Just before crossing the Hudson she and her husband had had a narrow escape from losing their lives in consequence of their tent accidentally taking fire.

"An orderly sergeant of Grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of; it proved to be the major. It happened that in the same instant she had, unknowing what she did, and perhaps not

perfectly awake, providentially made her escape by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw upon the recovery of her senses was the major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire in search of her. The sergeant again saved him, but not without the major being very severely burned in the face and different parts of the body. Everything they had with them in the tent was consumed.

“ This accident neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet, and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressful, as of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th, the Grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the major to follow the route of the Artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began she found herself near a small, uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded; thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musketry for some hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband at the head of the Grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness of Reidesel and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynall; but in the event their presence served but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons, very badly wounded; and a little while after came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynall was shot dead. Imagination will want no help to figure the state of the whole group.

“ During the terrible engagement of the 7th of October she heard all the tumult and dreadful thunder of the battle in which her husband was engaged; and when, on the morning of the 8th, the British fell back in confusion to their new position, she, with the other women, was obliged to take refuge among

the dead and dying ; for the tents were all struck and hardly a shed was left standing. Her husband was wounded and a prisoner in the American camp. That gallant officer was shot through both legs. When Poor and Learned's troops assaulted the Grenadiers and Artillery on the British left, on the afternoon of the 7th, Wilkinson, Gates's adjutant-general, while pursuing the flying enemy when they abandoned their battery, heard a feeble voice exclaim, 'Protect me, sir, against that boy.' He turned and saw a lad with a musket taking deliberate aim at a wounded British officer lying in a corner of a low fence. Wilkinson ordered the boy to desist and discovered the wounded man to be Major Ackland. He had him conveyed to the quarters of General Poor on the heights, where every attention was paid to his wants.

"When the intelligence that he was wounded and a prisoner reached his wife she was greatly distressed, and, by the advice of her friend, Baron Reidesel, resolved to visit the American camp and implore the favour of a personal attendance upon her husband. On the 9th she sent a message to Burgoyne by Lord Petersham, his aide-de-camp, asking permission to depart. 'Though I was ready to believe,' says Burgoyne, 'that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely want of food, drenched in rain for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to an enemy, probably in the night and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was able to give was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her. All I could furnish her with was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.' The following is a copy of the note sent by Burgoyne to General Gates :—

"'Sir,—Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern

on account of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons of my situation and yours to solicit favours, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace, and the exaltation of character of this lady and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligations.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. Burgoyne.'

"She set out in an open boat upon the Hudson, accompanied by Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, Sarah Pollard, her waiting-maid, and her husband's valet, who had been severely wounded while searching for his master upon the battle-field. It was about sunset when they started, and a violent storm of rain and wind, which had been increasing since the morning, rendered the voyage tedious and perilous in the extreme. It was long after dark when they reached the American outposts; the sentinel heard their oars and hailed them. Lady Harriet returned the answer herself. The clear, silvery tones of a woman's voice amid the darkness filled the soldier on duty with superstitious fear, and he called a comrade to accompany him to the river bank. The errand of the voyagers was made known, but the faithful guard, apprehensive of treachery, would not allow them to land until they sent for Major Dearborn. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat if they stirred before daylight. Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. They were invited by Major Dearborn to his quarters, where every attention was paid to them, and Lady Ackland was comforted by the joyful tidings that her husband was safe. She experienced parental tenderness from General Gates, who sent her to her husband at Poor's quarters under suitable escort."

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH IN EGYPT, 1801.

THE story of the Egyptian campaign of 1801 is a brief but brilliant record. Buonaparte, who had been elected first consul, and who had assumed a dictatorship and placed his three brothers, Jerome, Louis, and Joseph, respectively upon the thrones of Westphalia, Holland, and Spain, had roused the English government to a realisation of the necessity of offering him substantial and determined opposition, and while he was busily occupied with the aggrandisement of his own family they determined to take vigorous measures to drive his armies out of Egypt. Sir Ralph Abercrombie was appointed to take charge of the expedition, and on the 8th of March, 1801, began to disembark his troops at Aboukir Bay, the scene of Nelson's famous victory of three years before. The landing was effected under a heavy fire from a battery of fifteen guns, posted on the opposite hill, and a continued shower of grape from Aboukir Castle. Sir Sydney Smith, who had baffled Buonaparte at Acre in 1799, directed the landing, and General John Moore, afterwards Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, led on the attack.

The troops were despatched in boats, each of which contained fifty men, and which, at a signal from the flag-ship, made for the shore in double lines, followed by launches carrying field artillery. Once within range a murderous fire was opened upon them which sank some of the boats but to which they made no reply. Once landed, however, the troops led by General Moore made for the battery, and "running, or climbing on hands and knees up the steep

sand-hills, they drove the French from their cannon and seized them," whereupon "the French retreated and posted themselves on some heights between Aboukir and Alexandria." The fort of Aboukir was more stubbornly defended and it was not until the 19th that the garrison surrendered.

The Battle of Alexandria was fought on the 21st of March, 1801. The British forces numbered about 11,000 men, including 300 cavalry and 35 guns; the French army, under General Menon, was about equal as a whole, but included 1400 cavalry and 46 guns. The fight began as early as 3 a.m., when an attack was made upon the English left to create a diversion, while a far more formidable effort was being organised to crush the right. The former was easily repulsed, though the darkness is said to have favoured the enemy; and the latter, though a more serious onslaught, was also defeated with great loss to the French. These attacks, led by the cavalry in both cases, aimed at getting to the rear of the English forces; but the whole scheme, planned as a surprise, failed, the French suffering great slaughter. "The attack on our right," says General Hutchinson, who was second in command, "was begun with great impetuosity by the French infantry, sustained by a strong body of cavalry, who charged in columns. They were received by our troops with equal ardour and with the utmost steadiness of discipline. The combat was unusually obstinate. The enemy were twice repulsed and their cavalry were repeatedly mixed with our infantry. They at length retired, leaving a prodigious number of dead and wounded on the field." Day-break found the engagement general, and many a desperate struggle ensued in which it was sought to decide the issue of the day. The French met with a measure of discipline and a display of skill which they did not anticipate, for though at this time, thanks to Nelson and others, English arms were looked upon as the most powerful upon the sea, want of discipline among the men and skill among the officers, as shown by the army under the Duke of York in Belgium and Holland, had lowered the general estimate of

the power of our military forces on land. Efforts, however, had been made to remedy this condition of things—efforts which were destined a little later to show results in the triumph of British arms in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Many desperate charges were made by the French and great gallantry was displayed by them in attempting to force the British position. One charge of cavalry broke right through the 42nd and reached the rear of the camp, where they engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the 40th. This was followed by a charge of the second line of French cavalry, whereupon the English infantry opened their ranks to let them pass and fired such a volley into their rear as to almost annihilate them. The 42nd and the 40th greatly distinguished themselves at this time. The fighting was of an equally desperate character in other parts of the field. A Turkish cemetery, surrounded by a low wall held by the 23rd and the 58th Regiments, was the scene of some of the most sanguinary conflicts. The 28th was at one time engaged in repulsing attacks on three sides of their force—in the front, flank, and rear—in recognition of which they were afterwards privileged to add their regimental number to the backs, as well as the fronts, of their shakos.

About ten o'clock a.m. the French general, Menon, finding it impossible to force the position ordered a retreat, and the French retired upon Alexandria, leaving 1700 men upon the field, 1040 of whom the English buried where they fell. This retreat was most timely for the English army, for the right had completely exhausted their ammunition and had been reduced to the necessity of pelting the enemy with stones, one battery having but one cartridge left. The English loss in killed and wounded amounted to 1400, the French to nearly twice that number. Among the English wounded were Sir Sidney Smith and General Moore, and among the killed, though he did not die until the 28th of March, was General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the commander of the expedition. Sir Ralph was wounded in the chest with a sabre thrust, but it was a bullet wound in the thigh which,

resulting in mortification, caused his death. General Moore said, "I never saw a field so strewn with dead," and the French prisoners declared that "they had never known till then—no, not even in Italy—what fighting was."

The defeat of the French roused the native Egyptians to succour and support the English, and with their co-operation and that of the Turks the French were soon driven out of their country. General Belliard surrendered Cairo on the 27th of June, upon condition that "the troops should be conveyed to the ports of France on the Mediterranean with their arms and baggage. They left behind, however, "313 heavy cannons and 100,000 pounds of gunpowder." Menon surrendered Alexandria on the 2nd of September on the same terms as those granted at Cairo. General Hutchinson, who took command on the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was made a peer and received the Order of the Bath and a pension of £2000 a year.

Buonaparte is said to have been much mortified at the loss of French prestige in the East, and to have said on hearing of the success of the English campaign, "There is nothing now left for it but to invade England."

THE STORY OF THE BLACK WATCH.

THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

THIS celebrated corps was the first body of Highlanders employed in the service of the Government. After the disturbances of 1715, the wise policy of destroying enemies by converting them into friends was acted upon, with regard to the Highlanders, with admirable effect. They were invited to become soldiers—not, however, by joining the military corps of the Crown already in existence—which, perhaps, they would hardly have done—but by forming small military bodies amongst themselves, to receive pay from the Government, but retaining their ancient dress and officered by their own countrymen: thus affording them an opportunity of legally indulging their military propensities and securing to them all the advantages of Government protection and patronage. The inducement to the Highlander to enter the service of the Government in this way was further increased, though indirectly, by the Disarming Acts of 1716 and 1725, which left him no other means of recovering the privilege of carrying arms—to be without which he reckoned a degradation and dishonour—but that of entering the military corps alluded to; and this circumstance alone made it an object of ambition, even to gentlemen of education and independent circumstances, to be admitted as privates into the rank.

These corps were restricted to six in number—three of them of one hundred men each, and three of seventy—and were called independent companies. They were stationed in different places throughout the Highlands, for the purpose of

overawing the disaffected, checking the feudatory violence of the clans to each other, and generally for the maintenance of peace and order in the country; duties for which they were peculiarly well adapted, from their knowledge of the people and their language, and from their own habits and education. The relationship, besides, in which all the individuals of these corps stood to the natives of the districts in which they were placed, gave them an influence which their military character alone would perhaps scarcely have gained for them.

The independent companies were first formed about the year 1729, although some Highlanders had been armed by the Government previous to this period; but it was not till then that they were regularly embodied and received into the pay of the Crown. On the footing just described they remained till the year 1740, when it was determined to form them into a regiment of the line; which was accordingly done in the month of May of that year. The ceremony of embodying them took place in a field between Taybridge and Aberfeldy, in the county of Perth, where they were assembled for that purpose.

When first regimented, the numerical name assigned them was that of the 43rd; and by this, and another which shall be afterwards alluded to, they were known till the year 1749, when that of the 42nd was substituted, in consequence of the reduction of the regiment preceding them numerically. Previously to their being numbered, and indeed for a long time after, they were called the Black Watch—a name which was applied to them to distinguish them from the regulars, who were clothed in bright scarlet, while they wore the dark tartan of their native land, which gave them a sombre appearance when contrasted with the former. After being regimented, however, at Taybridge, they assumed the red coat and red waistcoat of the regulars, but retained the belted plaid, truis, and philabeg; for the original name continued to adhere to them.

At the time of their first formation, the 42nd, as already

hinted, was mostly composed of men of education and rank in society—the sons of gentlemen, farmers, and tacksmen, and cadets of gentlemen's families. They were, besides, all picked men as to personal qualifications ; none being admitted who were not of the full height, well proportioned, and of handsome appearance. Their arms at this time were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted sword ; and such as chose it were at liberty to furnish themselves with pistol and dirk.

Three years after they were embodied—viz., in 1743—the regiment received an order to march to England. With this order, though it was unexpected, and contrary to the general understanding of the men as to the nature of their service, which they conceived was to be limited to Scotland, they complied, though not without a strong feeling of reluctance. On their arrival in London, they were reviewed on Finchley Common by General Wade, in presence of a large concourse of people, whom the novelty presented by a Highland regiment had brought to the field, and who were highly delighted with the warlike appearance of the men and with the alacrity and promptitude with which they went through their military exercises. Previous to this, indeed, while they were on their march to England, a rumour had reached the regiment that it was the intention of Government to embark them for the plantations ; a service then held in the utmost detestation, and considered deeply degrading to a soldier, being looked upon as a species of banishment. After their arrival in the metropolis, some malicious persons busily employed themselves amongst the men in confirming this rumour and in impressing upon them a belief that they were entrapped and deceived ; and in this they succeeded but too well. Convinced that they were the object of some dark design on the part of the Government, the men determined at once on returning to their native country ; and the manner in which they proceeded to the accomplishment of this project was singularly characteristic. Without breathing a word of their intention to their officers—to whom, however, they imputed no blame in placing them

in the predicament in which they conceived they stood—they assembled in a body after dark, two or three days after the review, on a common near Highgate, and commenced their march to the north. As they avoided the highways, and directed their route through fields and woods, keeping, however, as nearly as possible, in a direct line for their destination, it was some days before any intelligence of them was obtained; but they were at length discovered in a wood, called Lady Wood, between Brig Stock and Dean Thorp, in Northamptonshire, where they were surrounded by a body of troops commanded by General Blakeney. At first they refused to surrender unless they obtained a written promise from the general that they should be allowed to retain their arms and have a free pardon; but these conditions having been refused them, and unwilling to add the crime of shedding blood to the offence they had already committed, they finally submitted unconditionally, and were marched back prisoners to London, where they were tried by a court-martial, found guilty of mutiny, and condemned to be shot. This sentence, however, was subsequently remitted to all but three, two corporals and a private, who suffered the sentence of the court on the parade within the Tower at six o'clock on the morning of the 20th of July, 1743.

After this unfortunate occurrence, the regiment was sent to Flanders, where they laid the foundation of that warlike fame of which they now enjoy so large a portion. They were present at the battle of Fontenoy, fought on the 11th of May, 1745, their first encounter with an enemy; and so pre-eminently distinguished themselves by their gallantry, that the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the British forces, desired it to be intimated to them that he would be happy to grant the men any reasonable favour they chose to ask. The use they made of this privilege is characteristic. They solicited the pardon of one of their comrades, who was under sentence of a severe corporal punishment for allowing a prisoner to escape. This was all they asked, and it was instantly granted them.

On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the 42nd, with other ten regiments, was ordered to England, where they arrived in October, but was not called upon to take any part in the transactions of that unhappy period. Three new companies were this year added to the regiment, and these were present in some of the affairs connected with the rebellion. In the following year, 1746, during all which time the corps remained in England, they were embarked with other troops on an intended expedition to America ; but this design was afterwards changed to a descent on the coast of France, whither they sailed from Portsmouth on September 15th, and arrived in Quimperly Bay on the 19th. The object of the descent having been in part effected after some operations, in which the Highlanders again distinguished themselves, the troops re-embarked in divisions at Quiberon, and that which included the 42nd sailed for Ireland, where they arrived on the 4th of November. Here they remained till the spring of 1747, when they were again embarked for Flanders, and again distinguished themselves in the various military operations of which that country was the scene. In 1748 they were once more ordered to England, and from thence to Ireland, where they remained till 1756, when they were embarked with a body of troops for North America, where a war had broken out with the French. The novelty of their dress made a great impression in America on this occasion, particularly upon the Indians, who were delighted with it on account of its resemblance to their own. In the affairs which followed, the 42nd lost no part of the fame which they had already acquired. But it was at the siege of Ticonderago, by far the most sanguinary affair in which they were ever engaged, that the indomitable courage of these gallant men shone forth most conspicuously.

At the attack on this fort, the 42nd were placed in the reserve ; but when they saw the troops who were in advance struggling to make their way through the defences which had been thrown up by the enemy, amongst which was a formidable barrier of felled trees with their branches outwards,

and all the while exposed to a murderous fire from the fort, they could not be restrained, but immediately rushed to the front, hewed their way through the barricade of trees with their broadswords, and, being unprovided with ladders, began to scale the enemy's works by means of steps hastily cut out with their swords and bayonets. During all this time the men were falling thickly around by the cool and well-directed aim of the enemy, who, in perfect safety themselves, poured down their shot on their brave assailants, who, regardless of the destruction which was dealing amongst them, and which threatened altogether to exterminate them, persevered, for no less than four hours, in their gallant but hopeless efforts to carry the fort ; and in one instance a captain (John Campbell) and several men actually forced their way over the breastworks, and bravely plunged into the midst of the enemy. The fate of this gallant officer and his heroic little band, however, was what might have been expected. They were all instantly despatched with the bayonet.

Hopeless and desperate as was the struggle, the men seemed determined to continue it while one of them remained alive ; and it was not until they had received the third order from the commander-in-chief to retreat that their colonel could prevail upon them to desist ; and this was not until one-half of the regiment and two-thirds of the officers were either killed or desperately wounded. Their actual loss on this occasion was 8 officers, 9 sergeants, and 297 men killed, and 17 officers, 10 sergeants, and 306 men wounded. Their extraordinary gallantry and devoted courage on this occasion filled all Europe with admiration, and was then, and for long after, a favourite topic with the periodical publications of the day. The affair of Ticonderago took place on the 7th of July, 1750, and in the same year letters of service were issued for adding a second battalion to the regiment, which was also made Royal, an honour conferred on it by George II. in testimony of his approbation of its loyal, exemplary, and gallant conduct. The new battalion, which consisted of 840 men, afterwards added to the three additional companies raised in 1745, was raised

in three months, and embodied at Perth in October 1758. Two hundred of these men were immediately marched to Greenock, where they were embarked for the West Indies to assist in a contemplated attack on Martinique and Guadaloupe. They were some time afterwards joined by the remainder of the second battalion, and together performed some brilliant exploits in the contests with the French which followed in this quarter of the world. The broadsword was still a favourite weapon with them, and on this occasion they made a very free and very able use of it.

From Guadaloupe, the second battalion proceeded to North America, where they arrived in July 1759; and here both they and the first battalion were actively employed, under the command of General Wolfe, till the termination of the war. They were then (1762) included in an armament fitted out for an attack on Martinique, where their broadswords again did good service. With these they rushed upon the enemy with a courage and impetuosity which was irresistible, and which largely contributed to the splendid results which followed—viz., the conquest of Martinique and the cession of Granada, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia; thus putting the British in possession of all the Windward Islands.

The next service in which they were engaged was the capture of the Havannah. After this important conquest, the first battalion, into which all the men of the second battalion who were fit for service were previously drafted, was ordered to embark for New York, where they arrived in October 1762. The remainder returned to Scotland, and were reduced in the following year. In the summer of 1763, the 42nd were employed in a harassing warfare with the American Indians; a service in which they were engaged from time to time till the beginning of the year 1765, when they marched to Pennsylvania, where they remained till July 1767. They were then embarked at Philadelphia for Ireland, leaving behind them a character for orderly conduct in quarters and gallantry in the field, which called forth the warmest encomiums of the Americans.

The regiment on this occasion remained in Ireland till the year 1775, when it was embarked at Donaghadee for Scotland, after an absence from that country of thirty-two years. On arriving at Port Patrick, where they were landed, they were marched to Glasgow, in which city they remained till 1776, when the American war having broken out, they were embarked at Greenock, along with the Frazer Highlanders, in April, for the seat of war, and took an active and conspicuous part in the various operations which occurred during that protracted contest. In 1783, after the conclusion of the American war, the regiment was removed to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where it remained till 1786, when it was again removed to the island of Cape Breton. In this year the second battalion of the regiment was formed into a distinct corps, and numbered the 73rd, on which occasion their facings were altered from blue to green. The 42nd remained at Cape Breton till the month of August 1789, when they were embarked for England, which they reached in October, and were landed at Portsmouth after an absence of fourteen years. The ensuing winter they spent at Tynemouth, and in the spring of the following year returned to Scotland, where they remained till the beginning of the year 1793. Hostilities having been in this year declared against France, the whole regiment was assembled at Montrose, from which they marched in May to Musselburgh, where they were embarked for Hull. In this town they were received with the most marked kindness and hospitality ; nor did this friendly feeling towards them cease at their departure, for the good people of Hull, after they had embarked for Flanders, which was now their destination, sent a present to each man of a pair of shoes, a flannel shirt, and worsted socks. In September following the regiment embarked at Gosport for Ostend, where it arrived on the 1st of October, and two days after joined the army under His Royal Highness the Duke of York, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Menin, but were soon after ordered, with several other regiments, back to England, to join an expedition then preparing against the French colonies in the

West Indies. They accordingly embarked at Ostend, and soon after arrived at Portsmouth; but their destination was now changed from the West Indies to France, on the coast of which it was proposed to make a descent under the command of the Earl of Moira. An expedition intended for this service, and of which the 42nd formed part, sailed on the 30th of November; but instead of landing in France they put into Guernsey, after cruising about for two days, and remained there till January 1794, when the whole returned to Portsmouth. In June following the 42nd, together with several other regiments, was again embarked for Flanders under the command of the Earl of Moira, and on the termination of the campaign again returned to England, where they arrived in the end of April 1795. Their next service was in the West Indies, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whither they went as part of an armament under the command of that general in October 1795, and, as usual, performed a distinguished part in the arduous struggle which followed in the French colonies there. The regiment remained in the West Indies on this occasion till the year 1797, when they returned to England, and were soon after embarked for Gibraltar, where they remained till October 1798. In that year they were sent with some other troops against Minorca, which they assisted in taking from the French. From this period till 1800 they were not employed in any active service against an enemy. In this year they were embodied in the celebrated expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, where they added to their glorious annals one of its brightest pages. At the famous landing of Aboukir, and subsequent battle of Alexandria, they particularly distinguished themselves. In the latter engagement they fought with the most heroic courage, and in several instances, when their line was broken, continued the contest with the enemy's cavalry individually, each man encountering a Dragoon with his gun and bayonet, and fighting on his own ground independent of all assistance from his comrades, who were each engaged in close and single combat with a foe. During one part of the battle the

commander-in-chief, addressing the 42nd, called out to them, "My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers." This was enough. They charged the enemy with a fury which nothing could resist, and drove them before them.

On the conclusion of this memorable campaign the 42nd were ordered home to England. Soon after their return they were reviewed before George III., who had expressed a desire to see men whose gallantry had gained them so wide a fame. After this they were marched to Scotland, and in two or three years afterwards returned to England again, where the first battalion was embarked for Gibraltar in September 1805. Here they remained till the commencement of the Peninsular war in 1808, when they joined the army in Portugal under General Wellesley. They afterwards formed part of Sir John Moore's army, and added largely to the glory which they had already acquired on the field of Corunna. In this celebrated battle they fought with all their accustomed bravery, and were especially marked out by their gallant commander. At an arduous point in the contest, Sir John Moore rode up to them and called out, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" and Egypt was quickly remembered. They rushed upon the enemy and drove them back in all directions at the point of the bayonet, Sir John himself accompanying them in the charge; and when he was shortly afterwards struck down with a cannon-ball, it was on the Highlanders, who were still closely engaged with the enemy, that he continued to gaze so long as he remained in the field. At one period of the action, the 42nd, who had run short of ammunition, were preparing to fall back to make way for the Guards, who were at the moment advancing, and who they imagined were coming on purpose to relieve them, when Sir John Moore, perceiving their mistake, said, "My brave 42nd, join your comrades; ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." The hint was enough. They soon made a good use of the formidable weapon to which their general referred.

After the battle of Corunna, the 42nd embarked with the rest of the army for England, where it remained till July 1809, when it joined the expedition to Walcheren. On its return from this unfortunate enterprise it was quartered at Canterbury till July 1810, when it was ordered to Scotland. In the August of the following year it again returned to England, and in April 1812 was embarked at Plymouth for Portugal. Thenceforward this regiment played a gallant part with the other Highland corps employed in the Peninsular war in the series of splendid operations which followed. In all they conducted themselves with a steadiness and gallantry which excited equally the admiration of their friends and their enemies, until their fame attained its height on the memorable field of Waterloo.

From the period of its first formation, in 1740, till 1815, the number of battle, actions, and skirmishes, in which the regiment was engaged amounts to forty-five, giving an average of considerably more than one encounter with an enemy every two years.

C. E. J.

THE STORY OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON,
1769—1852.

THERE is probably no character of the nineteenth century which stands out with more distinctness in English history, or is invested with greater fascination for the average Englishman, than that of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Notwithstanding the fact that he long outlived the period of his military achievements, and in the field of politics actually excited popular hostility, so strong is his hold upon the national imagination that, nearly a century after the close of his military career, the glory of his hundred fights still fascinates his countrymen, and shines with a lustre that time can never tarnish, and that his faults of statesmanship have failed to dim.

Arthur Wellesley was born on the 12th of May, 1769, either at Dublin, or at Dungan Castle in the county of Meath. He was descended in the male line from the family of Cowley or Colley, who in the seventeenth century intermarried with the Wesleys, another Anglo-Irish family, and afterwards adopted their name; a name which they retained until 1796 when they adopted that of Wellesley. Garrett Wesley, son of the first Baron Mornington, and first earl of that title, was a distinguished musician, the composer of a chant which bears his name, and which is still in constant use, and of the glee, "Here in cool grot"—one of the most popular part-songs of its class. Garrett Wesley had four sons, the eldest became Marquis Wellesley, successively Governor-General of India, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the youngest, Arthur Duke of Wellington—"the Iron Duke."

Arthur's first school was a preparatory one at Chelsea, from which he went to Eton, and thence at the age of fifteen to the military academy at Angers in France, but without discovering any very brilliant qualities or any particular industry in the pursuit of knowledge. At Angers he probably found the studies more congenial to his tastes, or perhaps increase of years led him to take things more seriously, for he applied himself with increased energy and made corresponding progress.

About this time Arthur Wellesley met with the first of the many narrow escapes of his life. In the neighbourhood of his father's residence, in the county of Meath, he was on one occasion one of a party which, after the manner of the times, had indulged in free potations until a late period of the night. Young Wellesley—or, as the name then was, Wesley—managed to escaped from his companions, and, retiring to bed, fell fast asleep. His absence was observed and his retreat discovered, and it was determined that he should return. One of the party, more or less drunken than the rest, snatched up a pistol, and, carefully drawing the ball with which it was loaded, proceeded to the bedside and fired at the head of the sleeper. The young soldier was, of course, awakened, and was forced to get out of bed, dress himself, and return to the party. In the morning, however, it was found that the ramrod of the pistol had passed through the pillow close to where the young sleeper's head must have been. With all the care his assailant had taken to withdraw the ball, he had unconsciously left the ramrod in its place, and had not the same potations that confused his perception unsteadied his hand, that episode might have ended the career of Arthur Wellesley.

In 1781 his father died, and in this crisis young Wellesley gave early signs of that integrity of character and sense-of honour which marked his whole career, for he took upon himself many debts for which he was not legally responsible, the payment of which involved him in rigid economy for years. Among these was a debt of £150, the bond for

which had been transferred by a poor old man, to whom it was originally given, to another person, for the sum of £50. "I will deal justly with you," said young Wellesley, in settling the claim, "but I will do no more; here is the £50 you paid for the bond and legal interest for the time it has been in your possession." He then sought out the original holder of the bill, and finding him poor, paid him the whole sum, with large arrears of interest.

In March 1787, Arthur Wellesley was appointed ensign to the 41st regiment, and nine months after he became lieutenant. In June 1791 he was appointed to his company and in April 1793 to a majority in the 33rd. In the same year, he became Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment, a rank he continued to hold for a number of years. Stationed in Ireland, he was appointed by Lord Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant, a member of his staff, and about this time became engaged to Lady Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, though want of means indefinitely postponed the consummation of their hopes.

In 1794 the regiment was ordered to Holland, and the young colonel had his first taste of practical warfare. Landing at Ostend in June, he took part in the short and disastrous campaign which followed, showing great military skill during the retreat from Arnheim to Bremen. Three years later he was ordered to India, and on the 17th of February, 1797, he landed at Calcutta, where his comparatively brief, and incomparably brilliant, military career may be said to have commenced. At this time his eldest brother, then Lord Mornington, was governor-general of India, and the difficulty of dealing with native treachery and French intrigue was keenly felt. Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, had formed an alliance with the French, with a view to driving the English out of India, and though this was so far secret it soon became evident that hostilities could not long be postponed. In April 1799 the English forces under General Harris were at the gates of Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore, and on the 4th of May a breach was effected, and the town taken by storm. Colonel Wellesley was appointed

commandant, and having reduced the town to order was made governor of the province, in the discharge of which office he displayed great administrative ability. The Mahratta Confederacy comprising the three Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah, Holkar, and the Rajah of Berar, was the next power to demand military attention, and in 1803 Wellesley, with eight thousand men, of whom only fifteen hundred were Europeans, fought the battle of Assaye, defeating an army of fifty thousand men, posted in a strong position and supported by a hundred and twenty-eight guns. The Mahratta power was finally extinguished at the battle of Argaum, fought on the 15th of December of the same year, soon after which our hero, now General Wellesley, returned to England and married Lady Catherine Pakenham, his early love.

Turning his attention to politics, General Wellesley now became chief secretary of Ireland in the Duke of Portland's administration, an office he continued to hold for some years, notwithstanding the fact that his military duties constantly demanded his presence elsewhere. In 1807 he accompanied Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen in charge of the military forces, where he defeated the Danes at the battle of Kioge, and in 1808 he made his first expedition to Portugal. There he met the French at Rolica and Vimiera and defeated them. In his second Portuguese expedition, which left England in April 1809, he forced the passage of the Douro and drove Marshal Soult from Oporto, and turning southward met Marshal Victor at Talavera on the 27th of July, where he won the first great battle of the Peninsular war.

The winter of 1809-10 found Wellesley busy constructing the lines of Torres Vedras, where, after defeating the enemy at the battle of Busaco on the 27th of August, he wintered, 1810-11, holding this impenetrable position against the assaults of the best skill and the bravest chivalry of France. Albuera and Fuentes d'Onoro witnessed further triumphs in the campaign, and made Wellesley master of Portugal.

The campaign of 1812 is famous for the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajos, for the Battle of Salamanca and the

siege of Burgos. Honours followed thick upon these victories. He was made Earl of Wellington for the conquest of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and Marquis for that of Salamanca ; while the Spaniards made him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the Portuguese Marquis of Torres Vedras.

A characteristic anecdote is told of Wellington, referring to this time. An aide-de-camp, who visited him early in the morning of the battle of Salamanca, perceiving that he was lying on a very small camp bedstead, observed that his grace had not room to turn himself ; to which he immediately replied with much humour, "When you have lived as long as I have, you will know that when a man thinks of turning *in* his bed it is time he should turn *out* of it." At this battle, too, he met with another of those narrow escapes which distinguished his remarkable career. "After dusk," says Sir William Napier, "the duke rode up alone behind my regiment, and I joined him. He was giving me some orders when a ball passed through his holster and struck his thigh. He put his hand to the place and his countenance changed for an instant, but only for an instant ; and to my eager enquiry if he was hurt, he replied sharply 'No !' and went on with his orders. Whether his flesh was torn or bruised I know not."

During the following winter, Wellington devoted himself to the re-organisation of the Spanish army, and early in 1813 he was ready for anything. In the spring he again moved forward, and when he crossed the borders of Spain and Portugal, he is said to have waved his hat and said, "Farewell, Portugal !" convinced that he would have no cause to return. The movements which followed were among the most brilliant recorded in the annals of war. On the 15th of May he broke up his cantonments, and a month later he came up with the enemy at Vittoria, where on the 21st of June he fought the battle which bears its name, and completely routed the French army. For this victory he received the baton of a field-marshal. The next conquest was the storming of San Sebastian, followed by the passage of the Bidassoa, and the surrender of Pampeluna, and six weeks later, after nearly

a week's hard fighting in the neighbourhood of Nive and the Nivelle, the way was cleared for an advance into French territory, and on the 14th of December the English army went into winter quarters at Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz.

In the campaign of 1814, Wellington fought the battles of Orthez and Toulouse, and to say he fought them is to say he won them also. He also made the passage of the Adour, a feat of arms which further demonstrated his daring and skill. But the campaign of 1814 was a short one, for on the 17th of April an armistice was signed, and the Peninsular war came to an end.

Many anecdotes are told of the duke's skill and resource in action, as shown in his arduous and difficult campaigns, of which the following may be quoted here:—On a certain occasion during his campaign in the Pyrenees, Wellington being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who had menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner. Doffing his cocked hat, and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark musingly, as if addressing himself, "Soult is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This gives time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts to announce the arrival of a large reinforcement, and did not attack until too late.

After visiting Madrid and Paris, Wellington returned to England in June 1814, and nothing can ever exceed the enthusiasm of his welcome. The Prince Regent created him

a duke, Parliament voted him half a million of money to purchase an estate, and the whole nation waited to do honour to one who was regarded as the saviour of his country.

The peace of Europe, was however, of but short duration. While the congress was still discussing the settlement at Vienna, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and was back in Paris plotting new disturbances. Wellington lost no time in repairing to Brussels to take charge of the army of the Allies and Napoleon showed equal activity in organising and disposing his forces. In an incredibly short time both armies were in the field, both determined upon immediate and decisive action. Then followed Ligny, where Napoleon broke the Prussian centre and drove them from the field, and Quatre Bras, where Ney won some early advantages, only to lose them later in the day ; and then came the final catastrophe at Waterloo.

The story of Waterloo is so well known, and has been so well told by Sir Edward Creasey, that it need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that throughout the day Wellington displayed the same coolness and imperturbability which he always exhibited, even under circumstances of the utmost excitement and danger.

“During the scene of tumult and carnage which the battle of Waterloo presented,” says a contemporary writer, “at every moment and in every place, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence and the officers by his directions. While he stood on the centre of the high road in front of Mont St. Jean several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his suite and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him when he observed to one of his suite, ‘That’s good practice, I think they fire better in Spain.’ Riding up to the 95th men in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, ‘Stand fast, 95th ; we must not be beaten.

What will they say in England?' On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, 'Never mind; we'll win this battle yet.'

That the duke carried a tender heart beneath a stern appearance there are many proofs. He is said to have been in tears the greater part of the day succeeding his great victory; and pathetic, indeed, is the exclamation attributed to him, "Believe me, there is nothing more terrible than a battle won, except a battle lost."

The duke once told a party of ladies a story which must be reckoned among the strangest incidents connected with Waterloo. In the course of the day the duke said he noticed a civilian in plain clothes riding a cob in the direct line of fire. Beckoning the man to him, he asked him who he was and what he was doing there. The man replied that he was an Englishman from Brussels, who, never having seen a battle, had come to gratify his curiosity. The duke told him he was in imminent danger of his life, to which he replied, "Not more than your Lordship." Later in the day, the duke having occasion to send a message to one of his officers, commanded the stranger to carry it, and the duke had the satisfaction of seeing his order obeyed. At the duke's request the stranger gave him his card, from which he learned that his amateur "aide-de-camp" was a button manufacturer hailing from Birmingham. Years after, when in that city, the duke made inquiries, and found that his strange friend was selling buttons for his firm in Ireland, whereupon he asked that he might call upon him in London. The result was an appointment to an accountancy at the mint, with a salary of £800 a year.

After Waterloo, fought on the 18th of June, 1815, had finally disposed of Napoleon, Wellington for some time commanded the army of occupation in France, after which he returned to England and in 1818 became Master-General of the Ordnance, an office which he continued to hold for nine years. Under

Lord Liverpool's administration he represented England in important negotiations at Vienna, Madrid, and St. Petersburg ; and in 1826 was made commander-in-chief.

In January 1827 the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister of England, but he did not retain office long enough to test his foreign policy, and his home policy was not sufficiently progressive for the times and the people. He supported Catholic emancipation, but opposed Parliamentary reform, declaring in October 1830, at the close of his administration, that the English representative system was as near perfection as possible, and stood in no need of reform. This uncompromising attitude excited the hostility of the people. His windows were broken, his carriage attacked, and his person mobbed. Earl Grey succeeded him as Prime Minister and, on the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, the "Iron Duke" wisely acquiesced in the altered condition of things, and served a beneficent purpose for some years, in acting as peacemaker between Lords and Commons, reducing friction and preventing collision.

Of his great kindness of heart there are many proofs, not the least striking of which is the characteristic story of his kindness to the little country boy and his tame toad, which we here subjoin. The duke was one day taking his usual country walk, when he heard a cry of distress. He walked to the spot, and found a chubby, rosy-faced boy lying on the ground, and bending his head over a tame toad, and crying as if his little heart would break. "What's the matter, my lad?" said the duke. "Oh, sir, please, sir, my poor toad—I bring it something to eat every morning. But they are going to send me off ever so far away to school ; nobody will bring it anything to eat when I am gone, and I am afraid it will die." "Never mind, don't cry, lad—I'll see that the toad is well fed, and you shall hear all about it when you are at school." The boy thanked the gentleman heartily, dried up his tears, and went home. During the time he was at school he received five letters couched in the following terms:—

"STRATHFIELDSAYE, *July 27, 1837.*

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harries that his toad is alive and well."

When the boy returned for his Christmas holidays, the toad was, as the duke said, "alive and well," but, in accordance with the usual habits of these animals, he was in his winter's sleep, in which he remained until spring and genial weather brought him from his well-guarded hole in the ground.

From 1828 to 1852, the duke was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and as such occupied Walmer Castle as a country residence. Of his life here we get some pleasing glimpses from the diary of Haydon, the artist, who stayed at Walmer Castle while he painted the portrait of the duke; not the least interesting of which is the following account of an interrupted breakfast:—"In the midst, six dear, noisy children were brought to the windows. 'Let them in,' said the duke, and in they came and rushed over to him, saying: 'How d'ye do, Duke; how d'ye do, Duke!' One boy, young Grey, roared, 'I want some tea, Duke.' 'You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday.' Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side, and three on the other, and he hugged them all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Grey try to slop it over the duke's frock coat. They then rushed out on the leads, and after breakfast I saw the duke romping with the whole of them, and one of them gave his Grace a devil of a thump. I went round to my bedroom. The children came to the window, and a dear little black-eyed girl began romping. I put my head out, and said, 'I'll catch you!' Just as I did this, the duke, who did not see me, put his head out at the door, close to my room, No. 10, which leads to the leads, and said, 'I'll catch ye!—ha, ha, I've got ye!' at which they all ran away. He looked at them, and laughed, and went in."

It was to Walmer Castle that the duke betook himself

at the close of the London season in the year 1852. For a month he seemed to enjoy his usual health, but on the 14th of September he became unwell, and grew rapidly worse. Epileptic fits followed, and he became unconscious, passing quietly out of life at about half-past three in the afternoon.

The nation that had honoured him in the hour of victory, honoured him no less in the hour of his only defeat. A public funeral was arranged on a scale of magnificence and solemnity such as London has not seen since, and with royal pomp the remains of this great man were laid in their last resting-place, beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.



THE CHARGE OF THE CAVALRY AT WATERLOO.

THE STORY OF WATERLOO, 1815.

BY SIR EDWARD CREASEY.

"Thou first and last of fields, king-making victory."—BYRON.

THE Congress of Emperors, Kings, Princes, Generals, and Statesmen, who had assembled at Vienna to remodel the world after the overthrow of Napoleon, and who thought that he had passed away for ever from the great drama of European politics, had not yet completed their triumphant festivities and their diplomatic toils when Talleyrand, on the 11th of March, 1815, rose up among them and announced that the ex-emperor had escaped from Elba and was Emperor of France once more. It is recorded by Sir Walter Scott, as a curious physiological fact, that the first effect of the news of an event which threatened to neutralise all their labours, was to excite a loud burst of laughter from nearly every member of the Congress. But the jest was a bitter one; and they soon were deeply busied in anxious deliberations respecting the mode in which they should encounter their arch-enemy, who had thus started from torpor and obscurity into renovated splendour and strength.

On the 13th of March, 1815, the Ministers of the seven powers, Austria, Spain, England, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden, signed a manifesto, by which they declared Napoleon an outlaw; and this denunciation was instantly followed up by a treaty between England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia (to which other powers soon acceded), by which the rulers of those countries bound themselves to enforce that decree and to prosecute the war until Napoleon should be driven

from the throne of France, and rendered incapable of disturbing the peace of Europe. The Duke of Wellington was the representative of England at the Congress of Vienna, and he was immediately applied to for his advice on the plan of military operations against France. It was obvious that Belgium would be the first battle-field; and by the general wish of the Allies, the English Duke proceeded thither to assemble an army from the contingents of Dutch, Belgian, and Hanoverian troops that were most speedily available, and from the English regiments which his own Government was hastening to send over from this country. A strong Prussian corps was near Aix-la-Chapelle, having remained there since the campaign of the preceding year. This was largely reinforced by other troops of the same nation; and Marshal Blucher, the favourite hero of the Prussian soldiery, and the deadliest foe of France, assumed the command of this army, which was termed the Army of the Lower Rhine; and which, in conjunction with Wellington's forces, was to make the van of the armaments of the Allied Powers. Meanwhile Prince Swartzenburg was to collect 130,000 Austrians, and 124,000 troops of other Germanic States, as "the Army of the Upper Rhine;" and 168,000 Russians, under the command of Barclay de Tolly, were to form "the Army of the Middle Rhine," and to repeat the march from Muscovy to that river's banks.

The exertions which the Allied Powers thus made at this crisis to grapple promptly with the French Emperor have truly been termed gigantic; and never were Napoleon's genius and activity more signally displayed than in the celerity and skill by which he brought forward all the military resources of France, which the reverses of the three preceding years and the pacific policy of the Bourbons during the months of their first restoration had greatly diminished and disorganised. He re-entered Paris on the 20th of March, and by the end of May, besides sending a force into La Vendée to put down the armed risings of the Royalists in that province, and besides providing troops under Massena and Suchet for the defence

of the southern frontiers of France, Napoleon had an army assembled in the north-east for active operations under his own command, which amounted to between 120,000 and 130,000 men, with a superb park of artillery and in the highest possible state of equipment, discipline, and efficiency.

The approach of the multitudinous Russian, Austrian, Bavarian, and other foes of the French Emperor to the Rhine was necessarily slow; but the two most active of the Allied Powers had occupied Belgium with their troops, while Napoleon was organising his forces. Marshal Blucher was there with 116,000 Prussians; and, before the end of May, the Duke of Wellington was there also with about 106,000 troops, either British or in British pay. Napoleon determined to attack these enemies in Belgium. The disparity of numbers was indeed great, but delay was sure to increase the proportionate numerical superiority of his enemies over his own ranks. If he could separate the Prussians from the British, so as to attack each singly, he felt sanguine of success, not only against these the most resolute of his many adversaries, but also against the other masses, that were slowly labouring up against his eastern dominions.

The triple chain of strong fortresses, which the French possessed on the Belgian frontier, formed a curtain, behind which Napoleon was able to concentrate his army, and to conceal, till the very last moment, the precise line of attack which he intended to take. On the other hand, Blucher and Wellington were obliged to canton their troops along a line of open country of considerable length, so as to watch for the outbreak of Napoleon from whichever point of his chain of strongholds he should please to make it. Blucher, with his army, occupied the banks of the Sambre and the Meuse, from Liège on his left to Charleroi on his right; and the Duke of Wellington covered Brussels; his cantonments being partly in front of that city and between it and the French frontier, and partly on its west; their extreme right reaching to Courtray and Tournay, while the left approached Charleroi and communicated with the Prussian right. It was upon Charleroi that

Napoleon resolved to level his attack, in hopes of severing the two allied armies from each other, and then pursuing his favourite tactic of assailing each separately with a superior force on the battle-field, though the aggregate of their numbers considerably exceeded his own.

On the 14th of June Napoleon arrived among his troops, who were exulting at the display of their commander's skill in the celerity and precision with which they had been drawn together, and in the consciousness of their collective strength. Although Napoleon too often permitted himself to use language unworthy of his own character respecting his great English adversary, his real feelings in commencing this campaign may be judged from the last words which he spoke, as he threw himself into his travelling carriage to leave Paris for the army. "I go," he said, "to measure myself with Wellington."

The 15th had scarcely dawned before the French army was in motion for the decisive campaign, and crossed the frontier in three columns, which were pointed upon Charleroi and its vicinity. The French line of advance upon Brussels, which city Napoleon resolved to occupy, thus lay right through the centre of the cantonments of the Allies. If he could, either by manœuvring or fighting, have succeeded in occupying that city, the greater part of Belgium would unquestionably have declared in his favour ; and the results of such a success, gained by the Emperor at the commencement of the campaign, might have decisively influenced the whole after-current of events. The Duke's army was judiciously arranged, so as to enable him to concentrate troops on any one of the roads leading to the city sufficiently in advance of Brussels to check an assailing enemy. The army was kept thus available for movement in any necessary direction, till certain intelligence arrived on the 15th of June that the French had crossed the frontier in large force near Thuin, that they had driven back the Prussian advanced troops under General Ziethen, and were also moving across the Sambre upon Charleroi.

Marshal Blucher now rapidly concentrated his forces, calling

them in from the left upon Ligny, which is to the north-east of Charleroi. Wellington also drew his troops together, calling them in from the right. But even now, though it was certain that the French were in large force at Charleroi, it was unsafe for the English general to place his army directly between that place and Brussels, until it was certain that no corps of the enemy was marching upon Brussels by the western road through Mons and Hal. The Duke, therefore, collected his troops in Brussels and its immediate vicinity, ready to move due southward upon Quatre Bras, and co-operate with Blücher, who was taking his station at Ligny; but also ready to meet and defeat any manœuvre that the enemy might make to turn the right of the Allies and occupy Brussels by a flanking movement.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th that a Prussian officer, whom General Ziethen had sent to Müffling to inform him of the advance of the main French army upon Charleroi, reached Brussels. Müffling immediately communicated this to the Duke of Wellington; and asked him whether he would now concentrate his army, and what would be his point of concentration; observing that Marshal Blücher in consequence of this intelligence would certainly concentrate the Prussians at Ligny. The Duke replied: "If all is as General Ziethen supposes, I will concentrate on my left wing, and so be in readiness to fight in conjunction with the Prussian army. Should, however, a portion of the enemy's force come by Mons, I must concentrate more towards my centre. This is the reason why I must wait for positive news from Mons before I fix the rendezvous. About midnight this information arrived, and the Duke, sure that no French troops were advancing by that route, ordered the British troops to move forward upon Quatre Bras; but with characteristic coolness and sagacity resolved not to give the appearance of alarm by hurrying on with them himself. A ball was to be given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels that night, and the Duke proposed to General Müffling that they should go to the ball for a few hours and ride forward in the morning to overtake the troops at Quatre Bras.

Napoleon's operations on the 15th had been conducted with signal skill and vigour ; and their results had been very advantageous for his plan of the campaign. With his army formed in three vast columns he had struck at the centre of the line of cantonments of his allied foes ; and he had so far made good his blow that he had effected the passage of the Sambre, he had beaten with his left wing the Prussian corps of General Ziethen at Thuin, and with his centre he had in person advanced right through Charleroi upon Fleurus, inflicting considerable loss upon the Prussians, who fell back before him. His right column had with little opposition moved forward as far as the bridge of Chatelet.

Napoleon had thus a powerful force immediately in front of the point which Blucher had fixed for the concentration of the Prussian army, and that concentration was still incomplete, The French Emperor designed to attack the Prussians on the morrow in person, with the troops of his centre and right columns, and to employ his left wing in beating back such English troops as might advance to the help of their allies, and also in aiding his own attack upon Blucher. He gave the command of this left wing to Marshal Ney, and directed him to press forward with it upon Quatre Bras by the line of the road which leads from Charleroi to Brussels, through Gosselies, Frasne, Quatre Bras, Genappe, and Waterloo. Ney immediately proceeded to the post assigned him ; and before ten on the night of the 15th he had occupied Gosselies and Frasne, driving out without much difficulty some weak Belgian detachments which had been stationed in those villages. Ney has been blamed for want of promptness in his attack upon Quatre Bras, and Napoleon has been criticised for not having fought at Ligny before the afternoon of the 16th ; but their censors should remember that soldiers are but men, and that there must be necessarily some interval of time before troops, that have been worn and weakened by twenty hours of incessant fatigue and strife, can be fed, rested, reorganised, and brought again into action with any hope of success.

Wellington remained at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at

Brussels till about three o'clock in the morning of the 16th, "showing himself very cheerful," as Baron Müffling, who accompanied him, observes. At five o'clock the Duke and the Baron were on horseback, and reached the position at Quatre Bras about eleven. As the French, who were in front of Frasne, were perfectly quiet, and the Duke was informed that a very large force under Napoleon in person was menacing Blücher, it was thought possible that only a slight detachment of the French was posted at Frasne in order to mask the English army. Wellington and Müffling, therefore, rode from Quatre Bras towards Ligny to concert with Marshal Blücher personally the measures which should be taken in order to bring on a decisive battle with the French, and when they galloped back to Quatre Bras, the French attack was actually raging.

Marshal Ney began the battle about two o'clock in the afternoon. He had at this time in hand about 16,000 infantry, nearly 2000 cavalry, and thirty-eight guns. The force which Napoleon nominally placed at his command exceeded 40,000 men. But more than one half of these consisted of the first French corps d'armée, under Count d'Erlon; and Ney was deprived of the use of this corps at the time that he most required it, in consequence of its receiving orders to march to the aid of the Emperor at Ligny. A magnificent body of heavy cavalry under Kellerman, nearly 5000 strong, and several more battalions of artillery were added to Ney's army during the battle of Quatre Bras; but his effective infantry force never exceeded 16,000.

When the battle began the greater part of the Duke's army was yet on its march towards Quatre Bras from Brussels and the other parts of its cantonments. The force of the Allies, actually in position there, consisted only of a Dutch and Belgian division of infantry, not quite seven thousand strong, with one battalion of foot and one of horse-artillery. The Prince of Orange commanded them. A wood, called the Bois de Bossu, stretched along the right (or western) flank of the position of Quatre Bras; a farmhouse and building, called

Gemiancourt, stood on some elevated ground in its front; and to the left (or east), were the inclosures of the village of Pierremont. The Prince of Orange endeavoured to secure these posts; but Ney carried Gemiancourt in the centre, and Pierremont on the east, and gained occupation of the southern part of the wood of Bossu. He ranged the chief part of his artillery on the high ground of Gemiancourt, whence it played throughout the action with most destructive effect upon the Allies. He was pressing forward to further advantages, when the 5th Infantry division under Sir Thomas Picton and the Duke of Brunswick's corps appeared upon the scene. Wellington (who had returned to Quatre Bras from his interview with Blucher shortly before the arrival of these forces) restored the fight with them; and, as fresh troops of the Allies arrived, they were brought forward to stem the fierce attacks which Ney's columns and squadrons continued to make with unabated gallantry and zeal. The only cavalry of the Anglo-allied army that reached Quatre Bras during the action consisted of Dutch and Belgians, and a small force of Brunswickers, under their Duke, who was killed on the field. These proved wholly unable to encounter Kellerman's Cuirassiers and Piré's Lancers; the Dutch and Belgian infantry also gave way early in the engagement; so that the whole brunt of the battle fell on the British and German infantry. They sustained it nobly. Though repeatedly charged by the French cavalry, though exposed to the murderous fire of the French batteries, which from the heights of Gemiancourt sent shot and shell into the devoted squares whenever the French horsemen withdrew, they not only repelled their assailants, but Kempt's and Pack's brigades, led on by Picton, actually advanced against and through their charging foes, and with stern determination made good to the end of the day the ground which they had thus boldly won. Some, however, of the British regiments were during the confusion assailed by the French cavalry before they could form squares, and suffered severely. One regiment, the 92nd, was almost wholly destroyed by the Cuirassiers. A French private soldier, named

Lami, of the 8th Regiment of Cuirassiers, captured one of the English colours and presented it to Ney. It was a solitary trophy. The arrival of the English Guards about half-past six o'clock enabled the Duke to recover the wood of Bossu, which the French had almost entirely won, and the possession of which by them would have enabled Ney to operate destructively upon the allied flank and rear. Not only was the wood of Bossu recovered on the British right, but the inclosures of Pierremont were also carried on the left. When night set in the French had been driven back on all points towards Frasne; but they still held the farm of Gemiancourt in front of the Duke's centre. The Duke observed to Muffling that of course the two Allied armies would assume the offensive against the enemy on the morrow; and consequently, it would be better to capture the farm at once, instead of waiting till next morning. Muffling agreed in the Duke's views, and Gemiancourt was forthwith attacked by the English and captured with little loss to its assailants.

Meanwhile the French and the Prussians had been fighting in and round the villages of Ligny, Sombref, and St. Amand, from three in the afternoon to nine in the evening, with a savage inveteracy almost unparalleled in modern warfare. Blucher had in the field, when he began the battle, 83,417 men and 224 guns. Bulow's corps, which was 25,000 strong, had not joined him; but the Field-Marshal hoped to be reinforced by it or by the English army before the end of the action. But Bulow, through some error in the transmission of orders, was far in the rear; and the Duke of Wellington was engaged, as we have seen, with Marshal Ney. Blucher received early warning from Baron Muffling that the Duke could not come to his assistance; but, as Muffling observes, Wellington rendered the Prussians the great service of occupying more than 40,000 of the enemy, who otherwise would have crushed Blucher's right flank. For, not only did the conflict at Quatre Bras detain the French troops which actually took part in it, but d'Erlon received orders from Ney to join him which hindered d'Erlon from giving effectual aid to Napoleon.

After five hours and a half of desperate and long-doubtful struggle, Napoleon succeeded in breaking the centre of the Prussian line at Ligny, and in forcing his obstinate antagonists off the field of battle. The issue was attributable to his skill, and not to any want of spirit or resolution on the part of the Prussian troops ; nor did they, though defeated, abate one jot in discipline, heart, or hope. As Blucher observed, it was a battle in which his army lost the day but not its honour. The Prussians retreated during the night of the 16th, and the early part of the 17th, with perfect regularity and steadiness towards Wavre, so as to be able to maintain their communication with Wellington's army, and still follow out the original plan of the campaign. The heroism with which the Prussians endured and repaired their defeat at Ligny is more glorious than many victories.

The messenger who was sent to inform Wellington of the retreat of the Prussian army was shot on the way ; and it was not until the morning of the 17th that the Allies, at Quatre Bras, knew the result of the battle of Ligny. The Duke was ready at daybreak to take the offensive against the enemy with vigour, his whole army being by that time fully assembled. But on learning that the Prussian army had retired upon Wavre, that there was no hot pursuit of them by the French, and that Bulow's corps had taken no part in the action at Ligny, the Duke resolved to march his army back towards Brussels, and to halt at a point in a line with Wavre, and there restore his communication with Blucher. Wellington sent word to the Prussian commander that he would halt in the position of Mont St. Jean, and accept a general battle with the French, if Blucher would pledge himself to come to his assistance with a single corps of 25,000 men. This was readily promised ; and after allowing his men ample time for rest and refreshment, Wellington retired over about half the space between Quatre Bras and Brussels, stationed a force of 18,000 men, under Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, at Hal, to guard the Mons Road to Brussels, and halted with the rest of his army at

the position near Mont St. Jean, which, from a village in its neighbourhood, has received the ever-memorable name of the field of Waterloo.

Wellington was now about twelve miles distant, on a line running from west to east, from Wavre, where the Prussian army had now been completely reorganised and collected, and where it had been strengthened by the junction of Bulow's troops, which had taken no part in the battle of Ligny. Blucher sent word from Wavre to the Duke that he was coming to help the English at Mont St. Jean in the morning, not with one corps, but with his whole army.

It was in full reliance on Blucher's promise to join him that the Duke stood his ground and fought at Waterloo ; and those who have ventured to impugn the Duke's capacity as a general ought to have had common sense enough to perceive that to charge the Duke with having won the battle of Waterloo by the help of the Prussians is really to say that he won it by the very means on which he relied, and without the expectation of which the battle would not have been fought.

The strength of the army under the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo was 49,608 infantry, 12,402 cavalry, and 5645 artillerymen with 156 guns. But of this total of 67,655 men, scarcely 24,000 were British, a circumstance of very serious importance, if Napoleon's own estimate of the relative value of troops of different nations is to be taken. In the Emperor's own words, speaking of this campaign, "A French soldier would not be equal to more than one English soldier, but he would not be afraid to meet two Dutchmen, Prussians, or soldiers of the Confederation." There were about 6000 men of the old German Legion with the Duke ; these were veteran troops, and of excellent quality. Of the rest of the army the Hanoverians and Brunswickers proved themselves deserving of confidence and praise. But the Nassauers, Dutch, and Belgians were almost worthless ; and not a few of them were justly suspected of a strong wish to fight, if they fought at all, under the French eagles rather than against them.

Napoleon's army at Waterloo consisted of 48,950 infantry, 15,765 cavalry, 7232 artillerymen; being a total of 71,947 men and 246 guns. They were the flower of the national forces of France; and of all the numerous gallant armies which that martial land has poured forth, never was there one braver, or better disciplined, or better led, than the host that took up its position at Waterloo on the morning of the 18th of June, 1815.

The English army was posted on the northern and the French army occupied the southern ridge of a valley between two and three miles long, of various breadths at different points, but generally not exceeding half a mile. The artillery of each side thundered at the other from their respective heights throughout the day, and the charges of horse and foot were made across the valley. The village of Mont St. Jean is situate a little behind the centre of the northern chain of hills, and the village of La Belle Alliance is close behind the centre of the southern ridge. The high road from Charleroi to Brussels (a broad paved causeway) runs through both these villages, and bisects therefore both the English and the French positions. The line of this road was the line of Napoleon's intended advance on Brussels. A village and ravine, called Merk Braine, on the Duke of Wellington's extreme right, secured his flank from being turned on that side; and on his extreme left, two little hamlets called La Haye and Papelotte, gave a similar, though a slighter, protection. Behind the whole British position is the extensive forest of Soignies. In front of the British right, that is to say, on the northern slope of the valley towards its western end, there stood an old-fashioned Flemish farmhouse called Goumont, or Hougoumont, with out-buildings and a garden, and with a copse of beech trees of about two acres in extent round it. This was strongly garrisoned by the allied troops; and, while it was in their possession, it was difficult for the enemy to press on and force the British right wing. On the other hand, if the enemy could take it, it would be difficult for that wing to keep its ground on the heights, with

a strong post held adversely in its immediate front, being one that would give much shelter to the enemy's marksmen and great facilities for the sudden concentration of attacking columns. Almost immediately in front of the British centre, and not so far down the slope as Hougoumont, there was another farmhouse of a smaller size, called La Haye Sainte, which was also held by the British troops, and the occupation of which was found to be of very serious consequence.

With respect to the French position, the principal feature to be noticed is the village of Planchenoit, which lay a little in the rear of their right (*i.e.*, on the eastern side), and which proved to be of great importance in aiding them to check the advance of the Prussians.

As has been already mentioned, the Prussians, on the morning of the 18th, were at Wavre, which is about twelve miles to the east of the field of battle of Waterloo. The junction of Bulow's division had more than made up for the loss sustained at Ligny; and leaving Thielman with about seventeen thousand men to hold his ground as he best could against the attack which Grouchy was about to make on Wavre, Bulow and Blucher moved with the rest of the Prussians through St. Lambert upon Waterloo. It was calculated that they would be there by three o'clock; but the extremely difficult nature of the ground which they had to traverse, rendered worse by the torrents of rain that had just fallen, delayed them long on their twelve miles' march.

The French and British armies lay on the open field during the wet and stormy night of the 17th; and when the dawn of the memorable 18th of June broke, the rain was still descending heavily upon Waterloo. The rival nations rose from their dreary bivouacs, and began to form, each on the high ground which it occupied. Towards nine the weather grew clearer, and each army was able to watch the position and arrangements of the other on the opposite side of the valley.

The Duke of Wellington drew up his army in two lines;

the principal one being stationed near the crest of the ridge of hills already described, and the other being arranged along the slope in the rear of his position. On the opposite heights the French army was drawn up in two general lines, with the entire force of the Imperial Guards, cavalry as well as infantry, in rear of the centre, as a reserve. All the French corps comprised, besides their cavalry and infantry regiments, strong batteries of horse artillery; and Napoleon's numerical superiority in guns was of deep importance throughout the action.

Wellington had caused, on the preceding night, every brigade and corps to take up its station on or near the part of the ground which it was intended to hold in the coming battle. He had slept a few hours at his headquarters in the village of Waterloo; and rising on the 18th, while it was yet deep night, wrote several letters to the Governor of Antwerp, to the English Minister at Brussels, and other official personages, and gave a series of judicious orders for what should be done in the rear of the army, in the event of the battle going against the Allies. He also saw to the distribution of the reserves of ammunition which had been parked in the village, so that supplies should be readily forwarded to every part of the line of battle, where they might be required, and personally inspected the arrangements that had been made for receiving the wounded, and providing temporary hospitals in the houses in the rear of the army. Then, mounting a favourite charger, a small thorough-bred chestnut horse, named "Copenhagen," Wellington rode forward to the range of hills where his men were posted. Accompanied by his staff and by the Prussian General Muffling, he rode along his lines, carefully inspecting all the details of his position. Hougomont was the object of his special attention. He rode down to the south-eastern extremity of its enclosures, and after having examined the nearest French troops, he made some changes in the disposition of his own men, who were to defend that important post, and, having given his final orders, galloped back to the high ground in the right

centre of his position, and halting there, sat watching the enemy on the opposite heights, and conversing with his staff with that cheerful serenity which was ever his characteristic in the hour of battle.

At last, at about half-past eleven o'clock, Napoleon began the battle by directing a powerful force from his left wing under his brother, Prince Jerome, to attack Hougoumont. Column after column of the French now descended from the west of the southern heights, and assailed that post with fiery valour, which was encountered with the most determined bravery. The French won the copse round the house, but a party of the British Guards held the house itself throughout the day. The whole of Byng's brigade was required to man this hotly-contested post. Amid shell and shot, and the blazing fragments of part of the buildings, this obstinate contest was continued. But still the English were firm in Hougoumont; though the French occasionally moved forward in such numbers as enabled them to surround and mask it with part of their troops from their left wing, while others pressed onward up the slope and assailed the British right.

The cannonade, which commenced at first between the British right and the French left, in consequence of the attack on Hougoumont, soon became general along both lines; and, about one o'clock, Napoleon directed a grand attack to be made under Marshal Ney upon the centre and left wing of the allied army. For this purpose four columns of infantry, amounting to about eighteen thousand men, were collected, supported by a strong division of cavalry under the celebrated Kellerman; and seventy-four guns were brought forward ready to be posted on the ridge of a little undulation of the ground in the interval between the two principal chains of heights, so as to bring their fire to bear on the Duke's line at a range of about seven hundred yards. By the combined assault of these formidable forces, led on by Ney, "the bravest of the brave," Napoleon hoped to force the left centre of the British position, to take La Haye Sainte, and then pressing forward, to occupy also the farm of Mont St.

Jean. He then could cut the mass of Wellington's troops off from their line of retreat upon Brussels, and from their own left, and also completely sever them from any Prussian troops that might be approaching.

The columns destined for this great and decisive operation descended majestically from the French line of hills, and gained the ridge of the intervening eminence, on which the batteries that supported them were now ranged. As the columns descended again from this eminence, the seventy-four guns opened over their heads with terrible effect upon the troops of the Allies that were stationed on the heights to the left of the Charleroi road. One of the French columns kept to the east, and attacked the extreme left of the Allies; the other three continued to move rapidly forwards upon the left centre of the allied position. The front line of the Allies here was composed of Bylandt's brigade of Dutch and Belgians. As the French columns moved up the southward slope of the height on which the Dutch and Belgians stood, and the skirmishers in advance began to open their fire, Bylandt's entire brigade turned and fled in disgraceful and disorderly panic; but there were men more worthy of the name behind.

In this part of the second line of the Allies were posted Pack and Kempt's brigades of English infantry, which had suffered severely at Quatre Bras. But Picton was here as general of division, and not even Ney himself surpassed in resolute bravery that stern and fiery spirit. Picton brought his two brigades forward, side by side, in a thin, two-deep line. Thus joined together, they were not three thousand strong. With these Picton had to make head against the three victorious French columns, upwards of four times that strength, and who, encouraged by the easy rout of the Dutch and Belgians, now came confidently over the ridge of the hill. The British infantry stood firm; and as the French halted and began to deploy into line, Picton seized the critical moment. He shouted in his stentorian voice to Kempt's brigade: "A volley, and then charge!" At a distance of

less than thirty yards that volley was poured upon the devoted first sections of the nearest column ; and then, with a fierce hurrah, the British dashed in with the bayonet. Picton was shot dead as he rushed forward, but his men pushed on with the cold steel. The French reeled back in confusion. Pack's infantry had checked the other two columns, and down came a whirlwind of British horse on the whole mass, sending them staggering from the crest of the hill, and cutting them down by whole battalions. Ponsonby's brigade of heavy cavalry (the Union Brigade as it was called, from its being made up of the British Royals, the Scots Greys, and the Irish Inniskillings), did this good service. On went the horsemen amid the wrecks of the French columns, capturing two eagles and two thousand prisoners ; onwards still they galloped, and sabred the artillerymen of Ney's seventy-four advanced guns ; then severing the traces, and cutting the throats of the artillery horses, they rendered these guns totally useless to the French throughout the remainder of the day. While thus far advanced beyond the British position and disordered by success, they were charged by a large body of French Lancers, and driven back with severe loss, till Vandeleur's Light Horse came to their aid, and beat off the French Lancers in their turn.

Equally unsuccessful with the advance of the French infantry in this grand attack had been the efforts of the French cavalry who moved forward in support of it along the east of the Charleroi road. Somerset's cavalry of the English Household Brigade had been launched, on the right of Picton's division, against the French horse, at the same time that the English Union Brigade of Heavy Horse charged the French infantry columns on the left.

Somerset's brigade was formed of the Life Guards, the Blues, and the Dragoon Guards. The hostile cavalry, which Kellerman led forward, consisted chiefly of Cuirassiers. This steel-clad mass of French horsemen rode down some companies of German infantry near La Haye Sainte, and flushed with success, they bounded onward to the ridge of the British

position. The English Household Brigade, led on by the Earl of Uxbridge in person, spurred forward to the encounter, and in an instant the two adverse lines of strong swordsmen, on their strong steeds, dashed furiously together. A desperate and sanguinary hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which the physical superiority of the Anglo-Saxons, guided by equal skill, and animated with equal valour, was made decisively manifest. Back went the chosen cavalry of France; and after them, in hot pursuit, spurred the English Guards. They went forward as far and as fiercely as their comrades of the Union Brigade; and, like them, the Household Cavalry suffered severely before they regained the British position, after their magnificent charge and adventurous pursuit. Napoleon's grand effort to break the English left centre had thus completely failed; and his right wing was seriously weakened by the heavy loss which it had sustained.

Napoleon had witnessed with bitter disappointment the rout of his troops—foot, horse, and artillery—which attacked the left centre of the English, and the obstinate resistance which the garrison of Hougoumont opposed to all the exertions of his left wing. He now caused the batteries along the line of high ground held by him to be strengthened, and for some time an unrelenting and most destructive cannonade raged across the valley, to the partial cessation of other conflict. But the superior fire of the French artillery, though it weakened, could not break the British line, and more close and summary measures were requisite.

It was now about half-past three o'clock; and though Wellington's army had suffered severely by the unrelenting cannonade, and in the late desperate encounter, no part of the British position had been forced. Napoleon determined therefore to try what effect he could produce on the British centre and right by charges of his splendid cavalry, brought on in such force that the Duke's cavalry could not check them. Fresh troops were at the same time sent to assail La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, the possession of these posts being the Emperor's unceasing object. Squadron after squadron of

the French Cuirassiers accordingly ascended the slopes on the Duke's right, and rode forward with dauntless courage against the batteries of the British artillery in that part of the field. The artillerymen were driven from their guns, and the Cuirassiers cheered loudly at their supposed triumph. But the Duke had formed his infantry in squares, and the Cuirassiers charged in vain against the impenetrable hedges of bayonets, while the fire from the inner ranks of the squares told with terrible effect on their squadrons. Time after time they rode forward with invariably the same result ; and as they receded from each attack the British artillerymen rushed forward from the centres of the squares, where they had taken refuge, and plied their guns on the retiring horsemen. Nearly the whole of Napoleon's magnificent body of heavy cavalry was destroyed in these fruitless attempts upon the British right. But in another part of the field fortune favoured him for a time. Two French columns of infantry from Donzelot's division took La Haye Sainte between six and seven o'clock, and the means were now given for organising another formidable attack on the centre of the Allies.

There was no time to be lost—Blucher and Bulow were beginning to press hard upon the French right. As early as five o'clock, Napoleon had been obliged to detach Lobau's infantry and Damont's horse to check these new enemies. They succeeded in doing so for a time ; but as larger numbers of the Prussians came on the field, they turned Lobau's right flank, and sent a strong force to seize the village of Planchenoit, which lay in the rear of the French right.

The design of the Allies was not merely to prevent Napoleon from advancing upon Brussels, but to cut off his line of retreat and utterly destroy his army. The defence of Planchenoit therefore became absolutely essential for the safety of the French, and Napoleon was obliged to send his Young Guard to occupy that village, which was accordingly held by them with great gallantry against the reiterated assaults of the Prussian left, under Bulow. Three times did the Prussians fight their way into Planchenoit, and as often did the French

drive them out : the contest was maintained with the fiercest desperation on both sides, such being the animosity between the two nations that quarter was seldom given or even asked.

Napoleon had stationed himself during the battle on a little hillock near La Belle Alliance, in the centre of the French position. Here he was seated, with a large table from the neighbouring farmhouse before him, on which maps and plans were spread ; and thence with his telescope he surveyed the various points of the field. Soult watched his orders close at his left hand, and his staff was grouped on horseback a few paces in the rear. Here he remained till near the close of the day, preserving the appearance at least of calmness, except some expressions of irritation which escaped him when Ney's attack on the British left centre was defeated. But now that the crisis of the battle was evidently approaching, he mounted a white Persian charger, which he rode in action because the troops easily recognised him by the horse's colour. He had still the means of effecting a retreat. His Old Guard had yet taken no part in the action. Under cover of it, he might have withdrawn his shattered forces and retired upon the French frontier. But this would only have given the English and Prussians the opportunity of completing their junction ; and he knew that other armies were fast coming up to aid them in a march upon Paris, if he should succeed in avoiding an encounter with them and retreat upon the capital. A victory at Waterloo was his only alternative from utter ruin, and he determined to employ his Guard in one bold stroke more to make that victory his own.

Between seven and eight o'clock, the infantry of the Old Guard was formed into two columns, on the declivity near La Belle Alliance. Ney was placed at their head. Napoleon himself rode forward to a spot by which his veterans were to pass ; and, as they approached, he raised his arm, and pointed to the position of the Allies, as if to tell them that their path lay there. They answered with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur !" and descended the hill from their own side, into that "valley of the shadow of death," while the batteries thundered

with redoubled vigour over their heads upon the British line. The line of march of the columns of the Guard was directed between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, against the British right centre; and at the same time the French under Donzelot, who had possession of La Haye Sainte, commenced a fierce attack upon the British centre, a little more to its left. This part of the battle has drawn less attention than the celebrated attack of the Old Guard; but it formed the most perilous crisis for the allied army; and if the Young Guard had been there to support Donzelot, instead of being engaged with the Prussians at Planchenoit, the consequences to the Allies in that part of the field must have been most serious. The French Tirailleurs, who were posted in clouds in La Haye Sainte, and the sheltered spots near it, picked off the artillerymen of the English batteries near them; and, taking advantage of the disabled state of the English guns, the French brought some field-pieces up to La Haye Sainte, and commenced firing grape from them on the infantry of the Allies, at a distance of not more than a hundred paces. The allied infantry here consisted of some German brigades, who were formed in squares, as it was believed that Donzelot had cavalry ready behind La Haye Sainte to charge them with, if they left that order of formation. In this state the Germans remained for some time with heroic fortitude, though the grape-shot was tearing gaps in their ranks, and the side of one square was literally blown away by one tremendous volley which the French gunners poured into it. The Prince of Orange in vain endeavoured to lead some Nassau troops to the aid of the brave Germans. The Nassauers would not or could not face the French; and some battalions of Brunswickers, whom the Duke of Wellington had ordered up as a reinforcement, at first fell back, until the Duke in person rallied them, and led them on. Having thus barred the farther advance of Donzelot, the Duke galloped off to the right to head his men who were exposed to the attack of the Imperial Guard. He had saved one part of his centre from being routed; but the French had gained ground and kept it;

and the pressure on the allied line in front of La Haye Sainte was fearfully severe, until it was relieved by the decisive success which the British in the right centre achieved over the columns of the Guard.

The British troops on the crest of that part of the position which the first column of Napoleon's Guards assailed, were Maitland's brigade of British Guards, having Adams's brigade (which had been brought forward during the action) on their right. Maitland's men were lying down, in order to avoid as far as possible the destructive effect of the French artillery, which kept up an unrelenting fire from the opposite heights, until the first column of the Imperial Guard had advanced so far up the slope towards the British position that any further firing of the French artillerymen would have endangered their own comrades. Meanwhile the British guns were not idle; but shot and shell ploughed fast through the ranks of the stately array of veterans that still moved imposingly on. Several of the French superior officers were at its head. Ney's horse was shot under him, but he still led the way on foot, sword in hand. The front of the massive column now was on the ridge of the hill. To their surprise they saw no troops before them. All they could discern through the smoke was a small band of mounted officers. One of them was the Duke himself. The French advanced to about fifty yards from where the British Guards were lying down, when the voice of one of the group of British officers was heard calling, as if to the ground before him, "Up, Guards, and at them!" It was the Duke who gave the order; and at the words, as if by magic, up started before them a line of the British Guards four deep, and in the most compact and perfect order. They poured an instantaneous volley upon the head of the French column, by which no less than three hundred of those chosen veterans are said to have fallen. The French officers rushed forwards; and, conspicuous in front of their men, attempted to deploy them into a more extended line, so as to enable them to reply with effect to the British fire. But Maitland's brigade kept showering in volley after volley with deadly

rapidity. The decimated column grew disordered in its vain efforts to expand itself into a more efficient formation. The right word was given at the right moment to the British for the bayonet charge, and the brigade sprang forward with a loud cheer against their dismayed antagonists. In an instant the compact mass of the French spread out into a rabble, and they fled back down the hill, pursued by Maitland's men, who, however, returned to their position in time to take part in the repulse of the second column of the Imperial Guard.

This column also advanced with great spirit and firmness under the cannonade which was opened on it; and passing by the eastern wall of Hougomont, diverged slightly to the right as it moved up the slope towards the British position, so as to approach nearly the same spot where the first column had surmounted the height and been defeated. This enabled the British regiments of Adams's brigade to form a line parallel to the left flank of the French column; so that while the front of this column of French Guards had to encounter the cannonade of the British batteries and the musketry of Maitland's Guards, its left flank was assailed with a destructive fire by a four-deep body of British infantry extending all along it. In such a position all the bravery and skill of the French veterans were vain. The second column, like its predecessor, broke and fled, taking at first a lateral direction along the front of the British line towards the rear of La Haye Sainte, and so becoming blended with the divisions of French infantry, which under Donzelot had been assailing the Allies so formidably in that quarter. The sight of the Old Guard broken and in flight checked the ardour which Donzelot's troops had hitherto displayed. They, too, began to waver. Adams's victorious brigade was pressing after the flying Guard, and now cleared away the assailants of the allied centre. But the battle was not yet won. Napoleon had still some battalions in reserve near La Belle Alliance. He was rapidly rallying the remains of the first column of his Guards, and he had collected into one body the remnants of the various corps of cavalry which had suffered so severely in the

earlier part of the day. The Duke instantly formed the bold resolution of now himself becoming the assailant, and leading his successful though enfeebled army forward, while the disheartening effect of the repulse of the Imperial Guard on the rest of the French army was still strong, and before Napoleon and Ney could rally the beaten veterans themselves for another and a fiercer charge. As the close approach of the Prussians now completely protected the Duke's left, he had drawn some reserves of horse from that quarter, and he had a brigade of Hussars under Vivian fresh and ready at hand. Without a moment's hesitation he launched these against the cavalry near La Belle Alliance. The charge was as successful as it was daring; and as there was now no hostile cavalry to check the British infantry in a forward movement, the Duke gave the long-wished-for command for a general advance of the army along the whole line upon the foe. It was now past eight o'clock, and for nearly nine deadly hours had the British and German regiments stood unflinching under the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry, and every variety of assault which the compact columns or the scattered *Tirailleurs* of the enemy's infantry could inflict. As they joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the Allies, while they poured down into the valley and towards the heights that were held by the foe. The Duke himself was among the foremost in the advance, and personally directed the movements against each body of the French that essayed resistance. He rode in front of Adams's brigade, cheering it forward, and even galloped among the most advanced of the British skirmishers, speaking joyously to the men, and receiving their hearty shouts of congratulation. The bullets of both friends and foes were whistling fast round him; and one of the few survivors of his staff remonstrated with him for thus exposing a life of such value. "Never mind," was the Duke's answer—"Never mind, let them fire away; the battle's won, and my

life is of no consequence now." And, indeed, almost the whole of the French host was now in irreparable confusion. The Prussian army was coming more and more rapidly forwards on their right; and the Young Guard, which had held Planchenoit so bravely, was at last compelled to give way. Some regiments of the Old Guard in vain endeavoured to form in squares and stem the current. They were swept away, and wrecked among the waves of the flyers. Napoleon had placed himself in one of these squares: Marshal Soult, Generals Bertrand, Drouot, Corbineau, De Flahaut, and Gourgaud, were with him. The Emperor spoke of dying on the field, but Soult seized his bridle and turned his charger round, exclaiming, "Sire, are not the enemy already lucky enough?" With the greatest difficulty, and only by the utmost exertion of the devoted officers round him, Napoleon cleared the throng of fugitives, and escaped from the scene of the battle and the war, which he and France had lost past all recovery. Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington still rode forward with the van of his victorious troops, until he reined up on the elevated ground near Rossomme. The daylight was now entirely gone; but the young moon had risen, and the light which it cast, aided by the glare from the burning houses and other buildings in the line of the flying French and pursuing Prussians, enabled the Duke to assure himself that his victory was complete. He then rode back along the Charleroi road towards Waterloo; and near La Belle Alliance he met Marshal Blücher. Warm were the congratulations that were exchanged between the allied chiefs. It was arranged that the Prussians should follow up the pursuit, and give the French no chance of rallying. Accordingly the British army, exhausted by its toils and sufferings during that dreadful day, did not advance beyond the heights which the enemy had occupied. But the Prussians drove the fugitives before them in merciless chase throughout the night. Cannon, baggage, and all the *matériel* of the army were abandoned by the French; and many thousands of the infantry threw away their arms to facilitate their escape. The

ground was strewn for miles with the wrecks of their host. There was no rear-guard; nor was even the semblance of order attempted. The Prussians, under General Gneisenau, still followed and still slew; nor even when the Prussian infantry stopped in sheer exhaustion was the pursuit given up. Gneisenau still pushed on with the cavalry, and by an ingenious stratagem made the French believe that his infantry were still close on them and scared them from every spot where they attempted to pause and rest. He mounted one of his drummers on a horse which had been taken from the captured carriage of Napoleon, and made him ride along with the pursuing cavalry and beat the drum whenever they came upon any large number of the French. The French thus fled, and the Prussians pursued through Quatre Bras and even over the heights of Frasne; and when at length Gneisenau drew bridle and halted a little beyond Frasne with the scanty remnant of keen hunters who had kept up the chase, the French were scattered through Gosselies, Marchiennes and Charleroi, and were striving to regain the left bank of the river Sambre, which they had crossed in such pomp and pride not a hundred hours before.

No returns ever were made of the amount of the French loss in the battle of Waterloo, but it must have been immense, and may be partially judged of by the amount of killed and wounded in the armies of the conquerors. On this subject both the Prussian and British official evidence is full and authentic. The figures are terribly emphatic. Of the army that fought under Wellington nearly 15,000 men were killed and wounded on this single day of battle; 7000 Prussians also fell at Waterloo. At such a fearful price was the deliverance of Europe purchased.

The overthrow of the French military power at Waterloo was so complete that the subsequent events of the brief campaign have little interest. Lamartine truly says: "This defeat left nothing undecided in future events, for victory had given judgment. The war began and ended in a single battle." Napoleon himself recognised instantly and fully the

deadly nature of the blow which had been dealt to his empire. In his flight from the battle-field he first halted at Charleroi, but the approach of the pursuing Prussians drove him thence before he had rested there an hour. With difficulty getting clear of the wrecks of his own army, he reached Philippeville where he remained a few hours, and sent orders to the French generals in the various extremities of France to converge with their troops upon Paris. He ordered Soult to collect the fugitives of his own force and lead them to Laon. He then hurried forward to Paris, and reached his capital before the news of his own defeat. But the stern truth soon transpired. At the demand of the Chambers of Peers and Representatives, he abandoned the throne by a second and final abdication on the 22nd of June. On the 29th of June he left the neighbourhood of Paris, and proceeded to Rochefort in the hope of escaping to America; but the coast was strictly watched, and on the 15th of July the ex-emperor surrendered himself on board of the English man-of-war the *Bellerophon*.

Meanwhile the allied armies had advanced steadily upon Paris, driving before them Grouchy's corps and the scanty force which Soult had succeeded in rallying at Laon. Cambray, Peronne, and other fortresses were speedily captured; and by the 29th of June the invaders were taking their positions in front of Paris. The Provisional Government, which acted in the French capital after the Emperor's abdication, opened negotiations with the allied chiefs. Blucher, in his quenchless hatred of the French, was eager to reject all proposals for a suspension of hostilities, and to assault and storm the city. But the sager and calmer spirit of Wellington prevailed over his colleague; the entreated armistice was granted, and on the 3rd of July the capitulation of Paris terminated the war.

THE FLIGHT FROM WATERLOO.*

BY COLONEL LEMONNIER-DELAFOSSÉ.†

N EAR one of the hedges of Hougomont farm, without even a drummer to beat the *rappel*, we succeeded in rallying under the enemy's fire three hundred men: they were nearly all that remained of our splendid division. Thither came together a band of generals. There was Reille, whose horse had been shot under him; there were D'Erlon, Bachelu, Foy, Jamin, and others. All were gloomy and sorrowful, like vanquished men. Their words were: "Here is all that is left of my corps, of my division, of my brigade. I, myself." We had seen the fall of Duhesme, of Pelet-de-Morvan, of Michel—generals who had found a glorious death. My general, Foy, had his shoulder pierced through by a musket-ball; and out of his whole staff two officers only were left to him, Cahour Duhay and I. Fate had spared me in the midst of so many dangers, though the first charger I rode had been shot and had fallen on me.

The enemy's horse were coming down on us, and our little group was obliged to retreat. What had happened to our division of the left wing had taken place all along the line. The movement of the hostile cavalry, which inundated the whole plain, had demoralised our soldiers, who, seeing all

* Colonel Lemonnier-Delafoisse, "Mémoires," pp. 385—405. Translated with abridgments by Sir Edward Creasey.

† Colonel Lemonnier-Delafoisse served in the campaign of 1815 in General Foy's staff, and was consequently in that part of the French army at Waterloo which acted against Hougomont and the British right wing.

regular retreat of the army cut off, strove each man to effect one for himself. At each instant the road became more encumbered. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery were pressing along pell-mell; jammed together like a solid mass. Figure to yourself forty thousand men struggling and thrusting themselves along a single causeway. We could not take that way without destruction; so the generals who had collected together near the Hougoumont hedge dispersed across the fields. General Foy alone remained with the three hundred men whom he had gleaned from the field of battle, and marched at their head. Our anxiety was to withdraw from the scene of action without being confounded with the fugitives. Our general wished to retreat like a true soldier. Seeing three lights in the southern horizon, like beacons, General Foy asked me what I thought of the position of each. I answered, "The first to the left is Genappe, the second is at Bois de Bossu, near the farm of Quatre Bras; the third is at Gosselies." "Let us march on the second one, then," replied Foy, "and let no obstacle stop us—take the head of the column, and do not lose sight of the guiding light." Such was his order, and I strove to obey.

After all the agitation and the incessant din of a long day of battle, how imposing was the stillness of that night! We proceeded on our sad and lonely march. We were a prey to the most cruel reflections, we were humiliated, we were hopeless; but not a word of complaint was heard. We walked silently as a troop of mourners, and it might have been said that we were attending the funeral of our country's glory. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a challenge—"Qui vive?" "France!" "Kellerman!" "Foy!" "Is it you, General? Come nearer to us." At that moment we were passing over a little hillock, at the foot of which was a hut, in which Kellerman and some of his officers had halted. They came out to join us. Foy said to me, "Kellerman knows the country: he has been along here before with his cavalry; we had better follow him." But we found that the direction which Kellerman chose was towards the first light,

towards Genappe. That led to the causeway which our general rightly wished to avoid. I went to the left to reconnoitre, and was soon convinced that such was the case. It was then that I was able to form a full idea of the disorder of a routed army. What a hideous spectacle! The mountain torrent, that uproots and whirls along with it every momentary obstacle, is a feeble image of that heap of men, of horses, of equipages, rushing one upon another; gathering before the least obstacle which dams up their way for a few seconds, only to form a mass which overthrows everything in the path which it forces for itself. Woe to him whose footing failed him in that deluge! He was crushed, trampled to death! I returned and told my general what I had seen, and he instantly abandoned Kellerman, and resumed his original line of march.

Keeping straight across the country over fields and the rough thickets, we at last arrived at the Bois de Bossu, where we halted. My general said to me, "Go to the farm of Quatre Bras and announce that we are here. The Emperor or Soult must be there. Ask for orders, and recollect that I am waiting here for you. The lives of these men depend on your exactness." To reach the farm I was obliged to cross the high road: I was on horseback, but nevertheless was borne away by the crowd that fled along the road, and it was long ere I could extricate myself and reach the farmhouse. General Lobau was there with his staff, resting in fancied security. They thought that their troops had halted there; but, though a halt had been attempted, the men had soon fled forwards, like their comrades of the rest of the army. The shots of the approaching Prussians were now heard; and I believe that General Lobau was taken prisoner in that farmhouse. I left him to rejoin my general, which I did with difficulty. I found him alone. His men, as they came near the current of flight, were infected with the general panic, and fled also.

What was to be done? Follow that crowd of runaways? General Foy would not hear of it. There were five of us still with him, all officers. He had been wounded at about

five in the afternoon, and the wound had not been dressed. He suffered severely ; but his moral courage was unbroken. "Let us keep," he said, "a line parallel to the high road, and work our way hence as we best can." A foot-track was before us, and we followed it.

The moon shone out brightly, and revealed the full wretchedness of the *tableau* which met our eyes. A Brigadier and four cavalry soldiers, whom we met with, formed our escort. We marched on ; and, as the noise grew more distant, I thought that we were losing the parallel of the highway. Finding that we had the moon more and more on the left, I felt sure of this, and mentioned it to the general. Absorbed in thought, he made me no reply. We came in front of a wind-mill, and endeavoured to procure some information ; but we could not gain an entrance, or make any one answer, and we continued our nocturnal march. At last we entered a village, but found every door closed against us, and were obliged to use threats in order to gain admission into a single house. The poor woman to whom it belonged, more dead than alive, received us as if we had been enemies. Before asking where we were, "Food, give us some food !" was our cry. Bread and butter and beer were brought, and soon disappeared before men who had fasted for twenty-four hours. A little revived, we asked, "Where are we ? what is the name of this village ?"—"Vieville."

On looking at the map, I saw that in coming to that village we had leaned too much to the right, and that we were in the direction of Mons. In order to reach the Sambre at the bridge of Marchiennes, we had four leagues to traverse ; and there was scarcely time to march the distance before day-break. I made a villager act as our guide, and bound him by his arm to my stirrup. He led us through Roux to Marchiennes. The poor fellow ran alongside of my horse the whole way. It was cruel, but necessary to compel him, for we had not an instant to spare. At six in the morning we entered Marchiennes.

Marshal Ney was there. Our general went to see him,

and to ask what orders he had to give. Ney was asleep; and, rather than rob him of the first repose he had had for four days, our general returned to us without seeing him. And, indeed, what orders could Marshal Ney have given? The whole army was crossing the Sambre, each man where and how he chose; some at Charleroi, some at Marchiennes. We were about to do the same thing. When once beyond the Sambre we might safely halt; and both men and horses were in extreme need of rest. We passed through Thuin; and finding a little copse near the road, we gladly sought its shelter. While our horses grazed, we lay down and slept. How sweet was that sleep after the fatigues of the long day of battle, and after the night of retreat more painful still! We rested in the little copse till noon, and sat there watching the wrecks of our army defile along the road before us. It was a soul-harrowing sight! Yet the different arms of the service had resumed a certain degree of order amid their disorder; and our general, feeling his strength revive, resolved to follow a strong column of cavalry which was taking the direction of Beaumont, about four leagues off. We drew near Beaumont, when suddenly a regiment of horse was seen debouching from a wood on our left. The column that we followed shouted out, "The Prussians! the Prussians!" and galloped off in utter disorder. The troops that thus alarmed them were not a tenth part of their number, and were in reality our own 8th Hussars, who wore green uniforms. But the panic had been brought even thus far from the battlefield, and the disorganised column galloped into Beaumont, which was already crowded with our infantry. We were obliged to follow that *débâcle*. On entering Beaumont we chose a house of superior appearance, and demanded of the mistress of it refreshments for the general. "Alas!" said the lady, "this is the tenth general who has been to this house since this morning. I have nothing left. Search, if you please, and see." Though unable to find food for the general, I persuaded him to take his coat off and let me examine his wound. The bullet had gone through the twists of the left

epaulette, and penetrating the skin, had run round the shoulder without injuring the bone. The lady of the house made some lint for me; and without any great degree of surgical skill I succeeded in dressing the wound.

Being still anxious to procure some food for the general and ourselves, if it were but a loaf of ammunition bread, I left the house and rode out into the town. I saw pillage going on in every direction; open caissons, stripped and half-broken, blocked up the streets. The pavement was covered with plundered and torn baggage. Pillagers and runaways, such were all the comrades I met with. Disgusted at them, I strove, sword in hand, to stop one of the plunderers; but, more active than I, he gave me a bayonet stab in my left arm, in which I fortunately caught his thrust, which had been aimed full at my body. He disappeared among the crowd, through which I could not force my horse. My spirit of discipline had made me forget that in such circumstances the soldier is a mere wild beast. But to be wounded by a fellow-countryman after having past unharmed through all the perils of Quatre Bras and Waterloo!—this did seem hard, indeed. I was trying to return to General Foy, when another horde of flyers burst into Beaumont, swept me into the current of their flight, and hurried me out of the town with them. Until I received my wound I had preserved my moral courage in full force; but now, worn out with fatigue, covered with blood, and suffering severe pain from the wound, I own that I gave way to the general demoralisation, and let myself be inertly borne along with the rushing mass. At last I reached Landrecies, though I know not how or when. But I found there our Colonel Hurday, who had been left behind there in consequence of an accidental injury from a carriage. He took me with him to Paris, where I retired amid my family, and got cured of my wound, knowing nothing of the rest of political and military events that were taking place.

EPISODES OF WATERLOO.

BY SIR EDWARD CREASEY.

ONE of the most interesting narratives of personal adventure at Waterloo is that of Colonel Frederick Ponsonby, of the 12th Light Dragoons, who was severely wounded when Vandeleur's brigade, to which he belonged, attacked the French Lancers, in order to bring off the Union Brigade, which was retiring from its memorable charge. The 12th, like those whom they rescued, advanced much farther against the French position than prudence warranted. Ponsonby, with many others, was speared by a reserve of Polish Lancers, and left for dead on the field. It is well to refer to the description of what he suffered (as he afterwards gave it, when almost miraculously recovered from his numerous wounds), because his fate, or worse, was the fate of thousands more; and because the narrative of the pangs of an individual, with whom we can identify ourselves, always comes more home to us than a general description of the miseries of whole masses. His tale may make us remember what are the horrors of war as well as its glories. It is to be remembered that the operations which he refers to took place about three o'clock in the day, and that the fighting went on for at least five hours more. After describing how he and his men charged through the French whom they first encountered, and went against other enemies, he states:—

“We had no sooner passed them than we were ourselves attacked, before we could form, by about three hundred Polish Lancers, who had hastened to their relief; the French artillery pouring in among us a heavy fire of grape, though for one of our men they killed three of their own. In the *mêlée* I was

almost instantly disabled in both arms, losing first my sword and then my reins, and followed by a few men, who were presently cut down, no quarter being allowed, asked, or given, I was carried along by my horse, till receiving a blow from a sabre, I fell senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself to look round, being at that time, I believe, in a condition to get up and run away ; when a Lancer passing by cried out, 'Tu n'est pas mort, coquin !' and struck his lance through my back. My head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over.

"Not long afterwards (it was impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in less than ten minutes after the onset), a Tirailleur stopped to plunder me, threatening my life. I directed him to a small side-pocket, in which he found three dollars, all I had ; but he continued to threaten, and I said he might search me : this he did immediately, unloosing my stock and tearing open my waistcoat, and leaving me in a very uneasy posture. But he was no sooner gone than an officer, bringing up some troops, to which probably the Tirailleur belonged, and happening to halt where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying he feared I was badly wounded ; I said that I was, and expressed a wish to be removed to the rear. He said it was against their orders to remove even their own men ; but that if they gained the day (and he understood that the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that some of our battalions had surrendered), every attention in his power would be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy-bottle to my lips, directing one of the soldiers to lay me straight on my side and place a knapsack unde my head. He then passed on into action—soon, perhaps, to want, though not receive, the same assistance ; and I shall never know to whose generosity I was indebted, as I believe, for my life. Of what rank he was, I cannot say : he wore a great-coat. By-and-by another Tirailleur came up, a fine young man, full of ardour. He knelt down and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with me all the while." The

Frenchman, with strange coolness, informed Ponsonby of how he was shooting, and what he thought of the progress of the battle. "At last he ran off, exclaiming, 'You will probably not be sorry to hear that we are going to retreat. Good-day, my friend.' It was dusk," Ponsonby adds, "when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, each of them two deep, came across the valley, and passed over me in full trot, lifting me from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly. The clatter of their approach and the apprehensions they excited may be imagined; a gun taking that direction must have destroyed me. The battle was now at an end, or removed to a distance. The shouts, the imprecations, the outcries of 'Vive l'Empereur;' the discharge of musketry and cannon, were over; and the groans of the wounded all around me became every moment more and more audible. I thought the night would never end.

"Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals lying across my legs: he had probably crawled thither in his agony; and his weight, his convulsive motions, and the air issuing through a wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the last circumstance most of all, as I had a wound of the same nature myself.

"It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder; the scene in *Ferdinand Count Fathom* came into my mind, though no women appeared. Several stragglers looked at me, as they passed by, one after another, and at last one of them stopped to examine me. I told him as well as I could, for I spoke German very imperfectly, that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already; he did not desist, however, and pulled me about roughly.

"An hour before midnight I saw a man in an English uniform walking towards me. He was, I suspect, on the same errand, and he came and looked in my face. I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said he belonged to the 40th, and had missed his regiment; he released me from the dying soldier, and being unarmed, took up a sword from the ground and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards.

"Day broke; and at six o'clock in the morning some English were seen at a distance, and he ran to them. A messenger being sent off to Hervey, a cart came for me, and I was placed in it, and carried to the village of Waterloo—a mile and a half off—and laid in the bed from which, as I understood afterwards, Gordon had been just carried out. I had received seven wounds; a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by excessive bleeding."

Major Macready, in his journal, justly praises the deep devotion to their Emperor which marked the French at Waterloo. Never, indeed, had the national bravery of the French people been more nobly shown. One soldier in the French ranks was seen, when his arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other; and throwing it up in the air, he exclaimed to his comrades, "Vive l'Empereur jusqu'à la mort!" Colonel Lemonnier-Delafoffe mentions in his Memoirs, that at the beginning of the action a French soldier who had had both legs carried off by a cannon-ball, was borne past the front of Foy's division, and called out to them, "Ce n'est rien, camarades. Vive l'Empereur! Gloire à la France!" The same officer, at the end of the battle, when all hope was lost, tells us that he saw a French Grenadier, blackened with powder, and with his clothes torn and stained, leaning on his musket, and immovable as a statue. The colonel called to him to join his comrades and retreat; but the Grenadier showed him his musket and his hands, and said, "These hands have with this musket used to-day more than twenty packets of cartridges: it was more than my share: I supplied myself with ammunition from the dead. Leave me to die here on the field of battle. It is not courage that fails me, but strength." Then, as Colonel Delafoffe left him, the soldier stretched himself on the ground to meet his fate, exclaiming, "Tout est perdu! pauvre France!" The gallantry of the French officers at least equalled that of their men. Ney, in particular, set the example of the most daring courage. Here, as in every French army in which he ever served or commanded, he was

"le brave des braves." Throughout the day he was in the front of the battle, and was one of the very last Frenchmen who quitted the field. His horse was killed under him in the last attack made on the English position; but he was seen on foot, his clothes torn with bullets, his face smirched with powder, striving, sword in hand, first to urge his men forward, and at last to check their flight.

There was another brave general of the French army, whose valour and good conduct on that day of disaster to his nation should never be unnoticed when the story of Waterloo is recounted. This was General Pelet, who, about seven in the evening, led the first battalion of the 2nd Regiment of the Chasseurs of the Guard to the defence of Planchenoit; and on whom Napoleon personally urged the deep importance of maintaining possession of that village. Pelet and his men took their post in the central part of the village, and occupied the church and churchyard in great strength. There they repelled every assault of the Prussians, who in rapidly increasing numbers rushed forward with infuriated pertinacity. They held their post till the utter rout of the main army of their comrades was apparent, and the victorious Allies were thronging around Planchenoit. Then Pelet and his brave Chasseurs quitted the churchyard, and retired with steady march, though they suffered fearfully from the moment they left their shelter, and Prussian cavalry as well as infantry dashed fiercely after them. Pelet kept together a little knot of two hundred and fifty veterans, and had the eagle covered over, and borne along in the midst of them. At one time the inequality of the ground caused his ranks to open a little; and in an instant the Prussian horsemen were on them and striving to capture the eagle. Captain Siborne relates the conduct of Pelet with the admiration worthy of one brave soldier for another:—

"Pelet, taking advantage of a spot of ground which afforded them some degree of cover against the fire of grape by which they were constantly assailed, halted the standard-bearer, and called out, "*A moi, Chasseurs! sauvons l'aigle ou mourons*

autour d'elle!" The Chasseurs immediately pressed around him, forming what is usually termed the rallying square, and, lowering their bayonets, succeeded in repulsing the charge of cavalry. Some guns were then brought to bear upon them, and subsequently a brisk fire of musketry; but notwithstanding the awful sacrifice which was thus offered up in defence of their precious charge, they succeeded in reaching the main line of retreat, favoured by the universal confusion, as also by the general obscurity which now prevailed; and thus saved alike the eagle and the honour of the regiment."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WATERLOO.

BY MAJOR MACREADY.*

THE line of hill we occupied descended in a very gentle slope, and was covered with grain higher than our heads. About half-past ten o'clock the enemy began moving his forces, and displayed strong columns of infantry and cavalry opposite every part of our position. A superb line of red Lancers stretched from their left, far beyond our right flank ; but, from the nature of the ground and the disposition of Clinton's division, they were not much feared.

Thus, at near eleven o'clock, stood the contending armies. Our army might amount to more than sixty thousand men, and the enemy's probably exceeded eighty thousand. We (I mean the multitude) were not aware that Blucher could afford us any assistance, as we heard that he was completely beaten and hotly pursued ; but no British soldier could dread the result when Wellington commanded. Our poor fellows looked wretched, but the joke and laugh were bandied between them, heartily and thoughtlessly, as in their happiest hours. About eleven o'clock some rations and spirits came up ; the latter was immediately served out to the men, but I dared not drink on my empty stomach. I had just stuck a ramrod through a noble slice of beef, and was fixing it on the fire, when an aide-de-camp

* Major Macready joined the army in Holland early in 1814 as a volunteer, and was ensign of the 30th Regiment at the time of Napoleon's reappearance upon the theatre of public events, and was ordered forward with Sir C. Halkett's brigade, with which he served at Waterloo.

galloped up and roared out, "Stand to your arms." We were in line in an instant. Considerable movements were perceptible among the enemy's columns, and from the number of mounted officers riding to and from one group of horsemen I should think Napoleon was there. Our artillery arrived full gallop, and the guns were disposed on the most favourable ground in front of their respective divisions. The regiments formed column and marched a little to the rear, under cover of the brow of the hill; our company and the 73rd Grenadiers protecting Cleve's and Lloyd's brigades of guns. The men were in great measure covered by the crest of the hill, but the whole French army, with the exception of its reserve, was exposed to our artillery. There was a pause for some minutes, and I imagined there were few of the many thousands assembled that did not experience a sort of chill and rising sensation in their breasts. It was indeed a spirit-stirring sight—the chivalry of two mighty nations in grand and deadly rivalry.

At length the enemy's left appeared in motion towards Hougoumont, and old Cleve slapped away at them. When the first shot was fired I threw off a wet blanket I had wrapped round me, gave myself a shake, and, like Joe Miller's soldier, considered all as clear gain that I might bring out of the battle. Cleve's guns, which told most gloriously on the columns as they approached the orchard, were unanswered for some minutes, but we soon saw the enemy's artillery trotting down the hill, and at once they opened from two hundred pieces. The cannonade extended along the whole line, and the musketry commenced in thundering volleys at Hougoumont. The skirmishers were soon ordered to extend twelve paces each file, and to descend the slope in order to protect the guns. Jerome Bonaparte's corps attacked the orchard and château, defended by some companies of our Guards under Lord Saltoun. The obstinacy of the assailants was only exceeded by the gallantry of their opponents. For an hour and a half they were muzzle to muzzle and bayonet to bayonet; fresh bodies were poured in incessantly by the enemy, and the Guards repeatedly reinforced their comrades. I saw them

amid the flames of the trees and outhouses, to which the French had set fire, alternately advancing and retiring, first the red and then the blue jackets prevailing. Around single trees whole sections lay dead. At length the overwhelming force of the enemy enabled him to establish himself in the orchard and gardens, and the building itself became the point of attack. From its doors and windows our gallant Guardsmen poured an unceasing shower of bullets, and the enemy fell dead in heaps around them; repeated and successful sallies astonished the Frenchmen, and convinced them of the inutility of their perseverance. After two hours of most determined exertion they retired from this spot, leaving it covered with the bodies of their countrymen.

The conduct of the Guards was most glorious. On the retreat of the enemy the firing still continued at this point; but it was no longer considered as an attack, merely occupation for both parties. During the contest for the château our columns were lying at length under the hill to shelter themselves as much as possible from the showers of shot and shell which were tearing up every part of the field. The Light Dragoons to the right of Hougoumont were skirmishing with the Lancers in beautiful but not very effective style, for they seemed to think their broadswords no match for the lances; it was all pistolling, and at a distance which would have satisfied even Bob Acres. The artillery on both sides, covered by their respective light troops, who kept up a brisk fire, were dealing destruction around them; and the only bodies in motion were the groups of staff officers, who attracted the fire of the enemy and the curses of their friends wherever they appeared. Our company and 73rd Grenadiers, after a pretty long skirmish, had pushed the French Tirailleurs close under their guns, and our shot began to whistle among the artillerymen, when we perceived a body of cavalry coming down on us at a gallop. We were too far extended to effect any formation, and the ground was quite open, so Colonel Vigoureux gave the word to us to make off, and away we went at score. Pratt, with some men, reached a

Hanoverian Square; Rumley, one of the Nassau's, and I, with about a dozen men, made our own. The rest of our men were dispersed into La Haye Sainte, and various squares, and some few of them cut down. Our rapid retreat was peculiarly dangerous, as we had to run through high corn towards our own guns, which opened with grape on the enemy's cavalry. Kielmansegg's Jägers, who were on our left, trusting to their numbers and the nature of their ground, stood, and were annihilated. After cutting them to pieces, the cavalry galloped up the slope, sabred the greater part of Lloyd's artillerymen, and charged a Hanoverian square. They were repulsed, and, before they could effect their retreat, were destroyed by a squadron of our Life Guards. These ruffians laughed at us as we scudded from their uplifted sabres, but, as their own proverb says, "*Il rit bien qui rit le dernier.*" I could not help grinning at some of *les bons sabreurs*, though certainly they made noble-looking corpses. Their charge was a gallant piece of service—of course, as they were destroyed, it will be called a rash one; but had they been satisfied with the destruction of a regiment of Jägers and a brigade of artillery, they might have returned to their comrades covered with success and glory. Our company reassembled at Cleve's brigade, and lay down among the guns until the advance of the enemy's Tirailleurs, when we proceeded once more down the slope.

On the failure of the attack on Hougoumont the enemy made a furious attempt to force our left, and thus prevent all co-operation between us and the Prussians. Numerous bodies of infantry marched across the plain, covered by the fire of eighty pieces of artillery, and undauntedly ascended the heights; the Belgians immediately fled, cries of victory were already heard amid their columns, when one of Picton's brigades received them at the point of the bayonet, and the other, making a full wheel, charged in upon their right flank. The enemy fired, and the gallant Picton fell, shot through the head. At the sight of the bayonets closing on them, the Frenchmen wavered and were beginning to retire, when Sir

W. Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry, the Royals, Greys, and Enniskillens—England, Scotland, and Ireland, in irresistible union—dashed among and routed them completely. Two eagles and two thousand prisoners were the rewards of this charge; but these did not satisfy their heroic leader: he pushed forward to the French position, carried the whole of their guns on the right, sabred the artillerymen at about forty pieces, and was returning in triumph when a heavy body of Cuirassiers attacked him. A cavalry action then commenced, which General Alva designates as the most sanguinary ever witnessed. The fury of the combatants may be imagined from the fact that the number of killed in the Greys exceeded that of the wounded. The enemy was defeated, and our Dragoons were pursuing them, when a body of red Lancers poured down upon them. The Cuirassiers rallied, and, after a murderous conflict, our gallant fellows were obliged to retire, with the loss of Sir William Ponsonby and a number of brave fellows. These regiments and those of Picton's division behaved nobly; their coolness, intrepidity, and decision are above all praise. “‘They’ll go to heaven for it, your honour, said Trim.”

When Napoleon saw his columns irretrievably routed on the left, he appears to have determined on a grand and desperate push upon our centre; infantry had alone advanced against Hougoumont and Picton's line, but they were now to be supported by the whole of his cavalry, and accompanied by a formidable artillery. Before the commencement of this attack our company and the Grenadiers of the 73rd were skirmishing briskly in the low ground, covering our guns, and annoying those of the enemy. The line of Tirailleurs opposed to us was not stronger than our own, but on a sudden they were reinforced by numerous bodies, and several guns began playing on us with canister. Our poor fellows dropped very fast, and Colonel Vigoureux, Rumley, and Pratt, were carried off badly wounded in about two minutes. I was now commander of our company. We stood under this hurricane of small shot till Halkett sent to order us in, and I brought away

about a third of the light bobs ; the rest were killed or wounded, and I really wonder how one of them escaped. As our bugler was killed, I shouted and made signals to move by the left, in order to avoid the fire of our guns, and to put as good a face upon the business as possible.

When I reached Lloyd's abandoned guns, I stood near them for about a minute to contemplate the scene : it was grand beyond description. Hougoumont and its wood sent up a broad flame through the dark masses of smoke that overhung the field ; beneath this cloud the French were indistinctly visible. Here a waving mass of long red feathers could be seen ; there, gleams as from a sheet of steel showed that the Cuirassiers were moving ; four hundred cannon were belching forth fire and death on every side ; the roaring and shouting were indistinguishably commixed—together they gave me an idea of a labouring volcano. Bodies of infantry and cavalry were pouring down on us, and it was time to leave contemplation, so I moved towards our columns, which were standing up in square. Our regiment and the 73rd formed one, and the 33rd and 69th another ; to our right beyond them were the Guards, and on our left the Hanoverians and German legion of our division. As I entered the rear face of our square I had to step over a body, and looking down, recognised Harry Beere, an officer of our Grenadiers, who about an hour before shook hands with me, laughing, as I left the columns. I was on the usual terms of military intimacy with poor Harry—that is to say, if either of us had died a natural death, the other would have pitied him as a good fellow, and smiled at his neighbour as he congratulated him on the step ; but seeing his herculean frame and animated countenance thus suddenly stiff and motionless before me (I know not whence the feeling could originate, for I had just seen my dearest friend drop, almost with indifference), the tears started in my eyes as I sighed out, ' Poor Harry ! ' The tear was not dry on my cheek when poor Harry was no longer thought of. In a few minutes after, the enemy's cavalry galloped up and crowned the crest of our position. Our guns were abandoned, and they formed

between the two brigades, about a hundred paces in our front. Their first charge was magnificent. As soon as they quickened their trot into a gallop, the Cuirassiers bent their heads so that the peaks of their helmets looked like vizors, and they seemed cased in armour from the plume to the saddle. Not a shot was fired till they were within thirty yards, when the word was given, and our men fired away at them. The effect was magical. Through the smoke we could see helmets falling, cavaliers starting from their seats with convulsive springs as they received our balls, horses plunging and rearing in the agonies of fright and pain, and crowds of the soldiery dismounted, part of the squadron in retreat, but the more daring remainder hacking their horses to force them on our bayonets. Our fire soon disposed of these gentlemen. The main body re-formed in our front, and rapidly and gallantly repeated their attacks. In fact, from this time (about four o'clock) till near six, we had a constant repetition of these brave but unavailing charges. There was no difficulty in repulsing them, but our ammunition decreased alarmingly. At length an artillery waggon galloped up, emptied two or three casks of cartridges into the square, and we were all comfortable.

"The best cavalry is contemptible to a steady and well supplied infantry regiment; even our men saw this, and began to pity the useless perseverance of their assailants, and, as they advanced, would growl out, 'Here come these fools again!' One of their superior officers tried a *ruse de guerre*, by advancing and dropping his sword, as though he surrendered; some of us were deceived by him, but Halkett ordered the men to fire, and he coolly retired, saluting us. Their devotion was invincible. One officer whom we had taken prisoner was asked what force Napoleon might have in the field, and replied with a smile of mingled derision and threatening, 'Vous verrez bientôt sa force, messieurs.' A private Cuirassier was wounded and dragged into the square; his only cry was, 'Tuez donc, tuez, tuez moi, soldats!' and as one of our men dropped dead close to him, he seized his

bayonet, and forced it into his own neck; but this not despatching him, he raised up his cuirass, and plunging the bayonet into his stomach, kept working it about till he ceased to breathe.

“Though we constantly thrashed our steel-clad opponents, we found more troublesome customers in the round shot and grape, which all this time played on us with terrible effect, and fully avenged the Cuirassiers. Often as the volleys created openings in our square would the cavalry dash on, but they were uniformly unsuccessful. A regiment on our right seemed sadly disconcerted, and at one moment was in considerable confusion. Halkett rode out to them, and seizing their colour, waved it over his head and restored them to something like order, though not before his horse was shot under him. At the height of their unsteadiness we got the order to ‘right face’ to move to their assistance; some of the men mistook it for ‘right about face,’ and faced accordingly, when old Major M’Laine, 73rd, called out, ‘No, my boys, it’s “right face”; you’ll never hear the right about as long as a French bayonet is in front of you!’ In a few moments he was mortally wounded. A regiment of Light Dragoons, by their facings either the 16th or 23rd, came up to our left and charged the Cuirassiers. We cheered each other as they passed us; they did all they could, but were obliged to retire after a few minutes at the sabre. A body of Belgian cavalry advanced for the same purpose, but on passing our square they stopped short. Our noble Halkett rode out to them and offered to charge at their head—it was of no use; the Prince of Orange came up and exhorted them to do their duty, but in vain. They hesitated till a few shots whizzed through them, when they turned about and galloped like fury, or, rather, like fear. As they passed the right face of our square the men, irritated by their rascally conduct, unanimously took up their pieces and fired a volley into them, and ‘many a good fellow was destroyed so cowardly.’

“The enemy’s cavalry were by this time nearly disposed of, and as they had discovered the inutility of their charges they

commenced annoying us by a spirited and well-directed carbine fire. While we were employed in this manner it was impossible to see farther than the columns on our right and left, but I imagine most of the army were similarly situated: all the British and Germans were doing their duty. About six o'clock I perceived some artillery trotting up our hill, which I knew by their caps to belong to the Imperial Guard. I had hardly mentioned this to a brother-officer when two guns unlimbered within seventy paces of us, and, by their first discharge of grape, blew seven men into the centre of the square. They immediately reloaded, and kept up a constant and destructive fire. It was noble to see our fellows fill up the gaps after every discharge. I was much distressed at this moment; having ordered up three of my light bobs, they had hardly taken their station when two of them fell horribly lacerated. One of them looked up in my face and uttered a sort of reproachful groan, and I involuntarily exclaimed, 'I couldn't help it.' We would willingly have charged these guns, but, had we deployed, the cavalry that flanked them would have made an example of us.

"The '*vidida vis animi*'—the glow which fires one upon entering into action—had ceased; it was now to be seen which side had most bottom and would stand killing longest. The Duke visited us frequently at this momentous period; he was coolness personified. As he crossed the rear face of our square a shell fell amongst our Grenadiers, and he checked his horse to see its effect. Some men were blown to pieces by the explosion, and he merely stirred the rein of his charger, apparently as little concerned at their fate as at his own danger. No leader ever possessed so fully the confidence of his soldiery: wherever he appeared, a murmur of 'Silence—stand to your front—here's the Duke,' was heard through the column, and then all was steady as on a parade. His aides-de-camp, Colonels Canning and Gordon, fell near our square, and the former died within it. As he came near us late in the evening, Halkett rode out to him and represented our weak state, begging his Grace to afford us a little support. 'It's impossible,

Halkett,' said he. And our general replied, 'If so, sir, you may depend on the brigade to a man!''

Our colours were ordered to the rear. This measure has been reprobated by many, but I know I never in my life felt such joy, or looked on danger with so light a heart, as when I saw our dear old rags in safety. Our brigade did not stand eight hundred men, and how could they be expected to protect four stand of colours from the most dreaded troops in Europe, approaching with an awful superiority of numbers?

It was near seven o'clock, and our front had sustained three attacks from fresh troops, when the Imperial Guards were seen ascending our position in as correct order as at a review. As they rose step by step before us and crossed the ridge, their red epaulettes and cross belts, put on over their blue great-coats, gave them a gigantic appearance, which was increased by their high hairy caps and long red feathers, which waved with the nod of their heads as they kept time to a drum in the centre of their coloumn. "Now for a clawing," I muttered; and I confess, when I saw the imposing advance of these men, and thought of the character they had gained, I looked for nothing but a bayonet in my body, and I half breathed a confident sort of wish that it might not touch my vitals.

While they were moving up the slope, Halkett, as well as the noise permitted us to hear him, addressed us, and said, "My boys, you have done everything I could have wished, and more than I could expect, but much remains to be done; at this moment we have nothing for it but a charge." Our brave fellows replied by three cheers. The enemy halted, carried arms about forty paces from us, and fired a volley. We returned it, and giving our "Hurrah!" brought down the bayonets. Our surprise was inexpressible when, pushing through the clearing smoke, we saw the backs of the Imperial Grenadiers; we halted and stared at each other as if mistrusting our eyesight. Some nine-pounders from the rear of our right poured in the grape amongst them, and the slaughter was dreadful. In no part of the field did I see carcasses so heaped upon each other. I never could account for their

flight, nor did I ever hear an admissible reason assigned for it. It was a most providential panic. We could not pursue on account of their cavalry, and their artillery was still shockingly destructive.

About this time Baron Alton was wounded, and General Halkett went to take the command of the division. There was a hedge in our rear, to which we were ordered to move, as some cover from the fire. As we descended the declivity, the enemy thought we were flying, and, according to their invariable custom, turned a trebly furious cannonade upon us. Shot, shell, and grape, came like a hurricane through the square, and the hurly burly of these moments can never be erased from my memory. A shriek from forty or fifty men burst forth amid the thunder and the hissing of the shot. I was knocked off my legs by the fall of a brother-officer, and just as I recovered my feet, an intimate friend, in the delirium of agony occasioned by five wounds, seized me by the collar, screaming, "Is it deep, Mac, is it deep?" Another officer was seen to halt as if paralysed, and stare upon a burning fuze till it fired the powder and shattered him to pieces. At this instant the two regiments on our right rushed amongst us in frightful confusion, and our men passed the hedge at an accelerated pace. The exertions of the officers were rendered of no avail by the irresistible pressure, and as, crying with rage and shame, they seized individuals to halt them, they were themselves hurried on by the current. At this moment some one huzzaed, we all joined, and the men halted. Major Chambers ordered me to dash out with our light bobs and Grenadiers, whilst the regiments marched up to the hedge and re-formed. The whole brigade was within an ace of ruin. Our men were steady as rocks till the others came amongst them, when the disorder was extreme. The officers did wonders, but the shout alone saved us. I never could discover who raised it, nor can I conceive what the enemy was about during our confusion. Fifty Cuirassiers would have annihilated our brigade. Some of them advanced when everything was remedied, and forced my party to retire; but

as they did not appear inclined to charge, I was reinforced, and we continued to amuse them, while the 33rd and 69th, having formed four deep, went to occupy their proper position in the line. Some Brunswickers had formed on our left as a support; they gave way once, but were rallied, and now stood their ground famously. Cooke's and Clinton's divisions had also to repulse attacks of the Imperial Guards.

The ground between Hougomont and the hill was now occupied by the second division, which, on the advance of the Lancers, had moved up and altered the original convex of the division to a concave, thus raking the advance of the French columns. There was severe fighting on this point, and the Welsh Fusiliers suffered terribly. The Prussians had ere this begun to push the enemy's right, and it was evident, from the lull which took place near us—for cannonading and close skirmishing with columns in grey coats was now all our work—that affairs were altering. We were in line four deep, and the enemy's columns within one hundred and fifty yards of us, and yet neither party advanced. I lost some men while covering the regiment, but the dead horses and soldiers formed capital shelter for both sides. I was wondering at the apathetic listlessness that seemed to possess us all, when suddenly the enemy's columns fired away with considerable effect. Major Chambers dropped dead, General Halkett of ours was shot through the face, and the casualties were again numerous. The fire towards the right of the French became tremendous, our opponents rapidly and unexpectedly disappeared, and the regiment of German Hussars galloped past to our right, cheering us. This is the moment mentioned in the despatch as the general charge, and swearing they'd pay 'em off for us. I believe the Guards, Adams's brigade, and some other corps followed the cavalry, but we did not attempt it. We marched to the crest of the hill, and the noise moved rapidly from us. The enemy must have defended some of their guns well, as long after the Dragoons had passed a solitary round shot whizzed through us, and carried off the four men it had encountered.

This must have been near eight o'clock. Soon after we piled our arms and lay down to rest. I remember, as long as I remained awake I was thinking on the day's work, and considering whether it would be called an action or a battle. I certainly considered we had "spilt blood enough to make our title good" to the latter honour; but I fancied that, so far as we were concerned, some grand bayonetting charge, some concluding *coup de théâtre*, or rather, *coup de grâce*, was wanting to entitle us to it. I had no idea, till I awoke in the morning, that the victory was so complete. I congratulated myself in having had the honour of serving on this memorable day with the 30th Regiment. Its conduct was repeatedly noticed, and warmly thanked by the Prince of Orange, Picton, Alton, and Halkett; the latter was unceasing in his praises. Its loss was severe. From the number of sick and on detached duties, it did not enter the field above 460 bayonets, of whom only 160 were in line at night; 279 men killed or wounded, and twenty-one men away, with disabled officers or soldiers. Our light company marched into the field, three officers and fifty-one men; of these two officers, one sergeant, one bugler, and thirty-seven rank and file were killed or wounded; six more were away assisting them, and we stood at night one commissioned, two non-commissioned officers, and eight privates. When we formed four deep, and the poor light bobs could only muster a front of two men. I really did not know whether I should laugh or cry. Our officers killed were: Major Chambers, Captain McNabb, Lieutenants Beere and Prendergast, and Ensigns James and Bullen. The wounded were: Lieutenant-Colonels Hamilton, Bailey and Vigoureux, Captain Gore, Lieutenants Mayne, Andrews, Elliott, Rumley, Daniels, Harrison, Hughes, Roe; and, Lockwood, Pratt, Warren, and Monypenny. Poor young Bullen was much regretted; he had left his home contrary to the wishes of a fond mother, and had only been with us three weeks. His legs were both terribly shattered. Just before the amputation of one of them he was smiling and saying he must now return to his mamma, and he thought

£150 per annum (his half-pay and two pensions) would make her more comfortable. He bore the operation nobly, but as soon as it was ended exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you have done for me!" and breathed his last. When Chambers fell, his friend Nicholson threw himself on the body, and sobbed aloud, "My friend—my friend!" As Harrison was standing near me in our square, a poor fellow, his servant, came up and said, "My dear master, I am wounded and must go away; but I wished to say good-bye to you, for I know I shall never see you again." The words were hardly out of his mouth when a round shot dashed his head to pieces, and covered us with his blood and brains. Two of our officers were not on terms; the one saw the other behaving gallantly: he ran to him and cried, "Shake hands, and forgive all that has passed; you're a noble fellow."

The field in the morning presented a most distressing spectacle. It was covered with lacerated mangled carcasses, caps, cartridge boxes, guns, tumbrils, belts, books, and arms of all kinds; the poor wounded chargers, looking patience in their misery, nibbling the trampled grain round the spot they lay upon; while our wounded were bitterly reviling us and calling for assistance which we had not in our power to give. I spoke to numbers of the Frenchmen; they were not very communicative, but a common phrase among them was, "*Monsieur, nous sommes joliment foules.*" I went to look for our poor fellows who had fallen while skirmishing, but every one was despatched—the sabre had settled their worldly affairs.

My remaining eight lights stole me a capital breakfast, after which, about ten o'clock, we left this glorious spot, encumbered with thousands of the dead and dying. Our acquaintance with the enemy had been but short, and we had some reason to complain of a few atrocities on their part; but while valour and heroic devotion to a cause are commendable, their praise as soldiers cannot be refused them. Our own countrymen excited a softer feeling—they were our friends and fellow-soldiers, but they died the death that every soldier looks for, and they fell by gallant foemen. "Peace to the souls of the heroes: their deeds were great in battle."

A BAPTISM OF FIRE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER IN THE EAST
INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.

WHEN I was quite a youth I descended from the sphere of *gentility* in which I was born and educated and became a soldier in the Bombay artillery. The death of my father had placed my mother in circumstances of great difficulty, which the wretched pittance of £20 a year I was receiving as a wine-merchant's clerk did not enable me to alleviate. I felt that I was still a burden to her, a tax on her slender resources she was ill able to afford, and I cast about night and day for an opportunity of relieving her of my presence, little deeming that in doing so I should increase her suffering while I eased her pocket. After a month spent in fruitless schemes, my attention was attracted to a blue placard on a wall near our house at Camberwell, inviting "intelligent and active young men" to enter the service of the East India Company, where the reward of "high-spirited" conduct was to be a "beautiful and fertile climate" and "respectable situations." This fixed my resolution. The next day I was at Soho Square, measured, described—blue eyes, fair hair, five feet seven, fine complexion (I never knew till then I was so handsome)—and enlisted; Sergeant-major King assured me I could not fail to get made a *writer* directly I arrived in India, and the sergeant who took me before a magistrate to be attested would not allow me to walk with the other recruits, "because," said he, "you are a gentleman."

He spoke correctly—true enough they were but a ragged

crew, "but a shirt and a half in the whole company"; yet I was not then aware how soon blue jackets and pepper and salt unmentionables, felt castors and a firelock, would place us on an equality, and merge my gentility into "No. 10 of the rear rank," their vulgarity and superior stature into "Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the *front*." We were attested, and I thought the magistrate looked upon me with an eye of compassion somewhat offensive to my *military* pride. The party then repaired to a public-house, and *the* shillings, for which we had sold our liberty, were devoted to beer in pewter pots and beefsteaks in wooden bowls. There was something so repulsive in the whole business that I paid my quota in advance and took my leave. Returning to Soho Square, I asked the sergeant-major what was the next step in my new career, and was informed that I must repair to Chatham; that the recruits would be sent down to Gravesend in a packet under the charge of the sergeant, but that I—oh blest prerogative of gentle blood!—might go down alone, so that I did not delay my departure above a week. I thanked the sergeant-major for his indulgent behaviour, and went home. I imagined I had hit the nail on the head. My fortune, thought I, is made: the Company seem to set a proper value on gentlemen soldiers, and know when they have got a prize. Little did I then dream that all this blarney of Mr. King's was, as the sergeant-major himself would Hiberniously have expressed it, all "blather and skite!" I left my home, wrote a letter to my dear mother, and went down to Chatham. Inquiring for the barracks, I was shown up a hill, and after walking half a mile, found myself in the middle of a spacious parade-ground, where a band was playing, and a number of *officers* and *ladies* were walking about on a terrace above—a number of *men* and *women* were straggling on the *trottoir* below. Accosting a young officer of his Majesty's 90th Light Infantry, I begged to know which were the Company's soldiers; upon which he pointed out a few cadets of Engineers who were doing duty with the sappers and miners. I surveyed them for some time, and at last ventured to ask one if he belonged to the artillery,

and to tell me where I was to go to get lodged, clothed, etc. He inquired into the particulars of my *ordination*, and on being told the story of the sergeant-major and the shilling, and the steaks, and the Gravesend boat, assumed an incomprehensible, supercilious air, and said, "Oh, my *man*" (there was a cut!) "you had better go to sergeant-major Juneau!" and wheeling on his heel, he walked away. Now, as I did not know Mr. Juneau from the Bishop of London, I waited till dusk, slunk out of the barrack yard, supped privately, and early next morning returned to the barracks and asked a sentry at the gate. He, however, made no reply, but "Och! are ye not a broth of a boy to be spaking to a man on his post?" Determined not to be daunted, I walked on; and at the first turning, or division (as I afterwards found it was called), found a little red-faced, grey-haired, smug gentleman in a red coat covered with gold lace, and a blue cloth cap similarly adorned. "Pray, sir," said I, in a peculiarly mellifluous tone of voice, "can you direct me to one Mr. Juneau?" "I am he," answered the interrogated; "what do you want?" I explained the situation in which I stood, and my wishes in regard to costume, refection, and quarters. "Oh," said my friend, "you are one of the new squad; I'll see to you, my man" (*my man* again!) "Here, Sergeant M'Leod" (this to a brawny Scot with iron features and a sharp grey eye), "let this recruit mess and sleep with you till his party can be numbered off, and let Drummer Wilson crop his wig!" Did I hear rightly?—squad—recruit—numbered off—sleep with a Scotch sergeant—and be cropped by a drum-boy! "Mr. Juneau," said I, half apprehensive, "I imagine you are under a mistake: I am going out to be a *writer*; I am not *exactly* on a *footing with* the rest," for so the Soho sergeant had taught me. "A writer! you shall be governor of the Ingees if you like, when you get there; but while here you must obey orders and do your duty like a man: come, be off!" You might have knocked me down with a feather; but I saw the whole truth at a glance, and, wondering at the dimness of my perception hitherto, surrendered myself quietly, and went like a

calf to the sacrifice. In a little week, yea, but a week, I was cropped as close as a mangy dog, wore coarse habiliments, had learnt the use of pipeclay, could turn to the right and turn to the left, had sold my hat to the pieman, my coat to milk-ho, and had discovered the legitimate absorber of a soldier's mess coppers to be—the canteen. It was in the month of May, the last draft of recruits had just sailed for Bengal, and the depôt was destitute of more than a dozen hands. But each week now brought new levies, and it was no small subject of satisfaction to me that one or two out of every party proved to be a *gentleman*, or at least a gentleman's son, victims of fallacy, gudgeons caught by the sergeant-major and his accessories, blue handbills. I say it was a source of pleasure to me, for I longed for a few companions of genial sentiments and tolerable education, though I could not but sympathise with them in the deception all felt had been practised.

I pass over the account of our despatch to Bombay along with the squad to which I was attached. We landed, and were afterwards marched off to our cantonments. The fatigue of a ten-mile march, and the exhaustion of spirits produced by the excited state of my feelings, sent me to sleep. In less than a month I was engaged in the practical duties of a gunner, and could fire a mortar without wincing. Being a good penman, I was soon chosen by the adjutant to be his clerk. Very soon after this my promotion, the Bombay government, in the month of October, determined to send an expedition to the Persian Gulf, in order to put an end to the piratical doings of the Joasmis. Volunteers being invited, I gladly seized the opportunity of seeing a little service and of visiting a part of the world in which it might not be my fortune to be again thrown. Moreover, life in cantonments was sadly monotonous, for *then* we had no libraries or newspapers, as now, no canteens, no institutions for the acquirement of mathematical and geometrical knowledge. I accordingly enrolled myself amongst the volunteers. We were all full of hope, buoyant with expectation, and not a little elevated in the eyes of our comrades ; for it was known that

we were now going to deal with an enemy, who, though equally undisciplined with the Maharatta, was possessed of more bravery and likely to offer much more vigorous opposition to our invasion. On the day fixed by Government we marched down to the presidency, and embarked under the eyes of Sir William Grant Keir, the officer commanding the expedition, on board one of the spacious vessels in the country trade, which had been taken up as a transport. The same evening we sailed with a favourable breeze—twelve fine large ships under convoy of a British man-of-war, and bearing five thousand fighting men, nearly two thousand five hundred of whom were Europeans. In the course of ten days we reached Muscat, and were joined by a considerable nautical force of the Imaum of Muscat, and in ten more we were in sight of the fort of Ras-ul-khymah, the stronghold of the Joasmi Arabs. The vessels in the van now lay to until all the rest hove in sight, when signals were made to rendezvous at a particular spot within a moderate distance of the fortress.

In the meantime the Arabs were mustering in strong force and strengthening their fortifications, evidently anticipating an awful attack. Early on the third morning of our arrival the landing commenced, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm that prevailed fore and aft in our vessel! While the flank companies of his Majesty's 47th and 65th Regiments were going off to skirmish and clear the ground, we of the artillery were getting our howitzers into the boats, and succeeded in reaching the shore very shortly after the skirmishers. Captain Collier, of his Majesty's ship *Liverpool*, had sent several of his seamen to assist in the labour of landing the guns, erecting batteries, and planting our artillery; and it was really as much as we could do to get through the work for laughter. Jack's singular oaths, his aspirations after the eternal condemnation of the Arabs, his ship-shape mode of doing business, exhibiting so striking a contrast to our military proceedings, were all so many subjects of diversion, and tended to impede while they lightened labour. By the evening of the first day we had got up a stout four-gun battery, for the beach, being sandy,

supplied us with plenty of pabulum for our bags and baskets ; we had, moreover, landed a very large proportion of our troops. The Arabs molested us a good deal while we were at work, but the activity of the flank companies prevented their offering any very serious obstruction.

Night fell, and the pickets being placed with orders to keep a sharp look-out, we lay down on our sand-bags to repose preparatory to the siege, which was to commence on the morrow. In a few hours sleep and silence pervaded the camp ; not a sound was to be heard but the "All's Well" of the pickets and the occasional tramp of the relief. It was very dark, and might have been near midnight, when all on a sudden a faint cry followed by a groan was heard near our battery ; then another cry, then a shot—two—three shots. In an instant we were all on our legs and mingling in a sanguinary fray. It was impossible to distinguish friend from foe in the dreadful confusion and obscurity that prevailed. The powerful principle of self-preservation, however, was soon in operation, and the countersign of the night quickly adopted as the only means of warding off a comrade's thrust or a comrade's blow. The enemy had surprised our camp—"Ullah-il-Ullah !" and "Bismillah !" mingled with the watchword and "England for ever," and the din and clash of arms, accompanied by the hollow drum, the bugle, the hurrah of the sailor, and the authoritative shouts of the centurion, announced the dire conflict of Moslem and of Christian. The strife lasted for an hour, by the end of which time scarcely a foe was to be found in the camp ; a muster then took place and the troops were kept under arms until daylight, when a sad picture presented itself. No less than eight of our company—a great number when the numerical strength of the army is considered—lay stretched in their gore. Five of them had evidently been killed before they had had time to shake off the lethargy of slumber ; but the other three lay with their swords in their hands, which bore indubitable marks of having been steeped in the blood of their adversaries. One of them, a remarkably fine lad, lay *on* his antagonist, his fingers

grasping the throat of the Arab, his sword through the Arab's body; while the Islamite's weapon, stained with red, showed what arm had inflicted the death wound on the poor Englishman's head. It was a horrible picture. The pickets, it appeared, had been stolen upon by the Arabs on all fours, and mortal wounds in many instances inflicted before they could have been aware of the proximity of an enemy.

The blow we had received during the night was a spur to our exertions: it showed us the daring kind of opponent we had to deal with, and added a zest to our spirit of hostility. With the dawn we commenced battering the fortress, and made breaches in two of the curtains. The enemy answered us vigorously, and one of their earliest shots killed the gallant Major Molesworth, of his Majesty's 47th Regiment. By the next morning, however, with the help of a smaller mortar battery, we had completely laid open all the towers, upon which a chosen storming party advanced, and in a brief space cleared the ramparts of the besieged and planted the British standard. The main body of the force then invested the town, and a scene of plunder took place more gratifying to our individual cupidity than creditable to our national character. It is due to the gallant Sir W. G. Keir to say that the pillaging was entirely opposed to his orders, and was merely overlooked by him in consideration of what we endured and of the trifling nature of the prizes thus obtained.

Many acts of gallantry distinguished the siege and storming of Ras-ul-khymah, but it would be difficult for one who was himself deeply engaged throughout the day to enumerate them. We levelled the fortress to the dust, then proceeded to destroy other small defences, burnt all the dhows and piratical vessels that could be found, and compelled the chiefs of the Joasmis to agree to the future cessation of piracy. This being done, and a corps of observation left on the island of Kishma, in the Persian Gulf, the force returned to Bombay, to receive the thanks of the Government and the applause of our countrymen.

C. E. J.

IN THE FIRST BURMESE WAR.

AN EPISODE IN THE WAR-LIFE OF A SUBALTERN.

1825.

AFTER all, it is no joke to lose oneself in an unknown country, when that country happens, moreover, to belong to our enemies, and we know not how soon the flash of an unfriendly firearm, or the glitter of hostile steel, may lend the surrounding darkness a light that, if "dim," is by no means "religious." But I must explain to you how I became lost before I expatiate on my experiences after the fact became realised to my senses.

It was during the very thick of the Burmese war, in 1825, that I joined my regiment—one of the crack corps of the Madras Native Infantry, whose number my modesty prevents me from giving. I found it at Prome, whither it had preceded me some time previous, on account of my having been detained on duty at Rangoon.

It was in the month of April that the unfortunate affair occurred which led to that episode in my life which I am about to record. The Commander of the Forces, Sir Archibald Campbell, having received private information that large bodies of the Burmese had taken up a position in the woods about twenty miles south of Prome, issued orders for the despatch of two native regiments, the 28th and 43rd M.N.I., on the morning of the 15th of April, and in light marching order, to attack the place. From the intelligence he had obtained, it would appear that this position was not supposed to be either very extensive, very strong, or very well guarded, since it was not thought necessary to provide the attacking

force with artillery, pioneers, or escalading ladders. We were, however, given to understand that two other regiments, the 22nd and 38th M.N.I., which were encamped at different places outside, would co-operate with us; but our hopes on this score were unfortunately baulked. We started, *en* brigade, early on the morning of the 15th, the men merely taking their hood cloaks, two days' provisions, and forty rounds of ammunition apiece; but it was not before the following day, after a fatiguing march through harassing jungle, and over rough or no roads, little relieved by occasional short halts, that we suddenly found ourselves in close contact with the enemy. Right in front of us rose a strong breastwork, about ten feet high, thickly manned with Burmese. To our right was a copse of large trees, and no sooner had our advance party shown itself than from this and from the breastwork, as well as from the long grass and cane jungles to our left, a galling fire was opened upon us. There was not a man among us, from the gallant brigadier commanding, Colonel MacDowall, to the bugler of the light company, who did not instantly become aware of the danger of our position and of the utter needlessness of attacking what was essentially a strong stockade, without either guns and ladders, or artillery men and pioneers to manœuvre those necessities. We were formed as judiciously as the unexpected nature of our case admitted of; but I know not whether it would not have been the wisest course to have retreated at once. This we did not do; and presently guns, gingals, musketry, poured in upon us, committing the most severe havoc. A very few minutes sufficed to show the power of death, and our brave commandant, Colonel MacDowall, fell in front of the 43rd Regiment, whilst gallantly cheering his men! It is not necessary to give the name of the unfortunate officer who succeeded Colonel MacDowall in the command of the brigade; if he erred in judgment, or failed in action, the error and the failure were afterwards sadly expiated; but it is likely that he was left in ignorance of the course his predecessor intended to pursue, and the consequences were humiliating

to those whom he commanded. The orders to "cease firing" were confusedly followed up by that of "right about face," and it was with difficulty the troops—maddened by the sight of their comrades falling around them "like leaves in autumn"—could be induced to obey. Up to this moment, indeed, the Sepoys had behaved with coolness and intrepidity; but, exasperated to frenzy by their losses, they became deaf to a sudden and unexplained order to retreat, which, once given, the giver left them to follow as best they could. It was evident in their state of excitement that they would have even attempted to scale the breastwork, had not the cool and steady judgment of their officers overruled their rash desires, and, at last, a somewhat better form of retreat was commenced; but all this time the enemy seemed to accumulate, and amongst the grass of the prairie some very fine Cassay horse made a conspicuous figure. Out of the seven officers of the 43rd Regiment who left Prome only two reached it untouched. The enemy followed us up, harassing us right and left for several miles, during which we lost many men; our loss altogether consisting of twenty-five rank and file killed, and twenty-five wounded or missing, with one officer wounded of the 28th Regiment, while that of the 43rd was thirty rank and file killed, forty-seven wounded, and ten missing, with seven officers severely wounded, one of whom died.

The enemy had ceased to harass us, and in complete silence, mournful, and embittered against those who, albeit in ignorance, had yet sent us, as it were, against a Goliath without a sling or a stone, we were moving on, when a young Grenadier of my company, endeared to me by singularly attractive manners and irreproachable conduct, and whom I had observed during the skirmishes that followed the first fire from the breastwork in close contact with several of our assailants, more than one of whom came within range of his musket, and felt the point of his bayonet, suddenly stumbled in the path, and, dropping his musket, with a sharp exclamation of pain fell right before me. Not until then did Meer Ali confess that he had received a wound some time before; but

when I stooped down to assist him, a gush of blood from his side, the first, as it would seem, which had flowed from the wound, completely saturated me. The surgeon was near, his jacket was stripped off, and then I saw at once from the expression that passed over the face of our worthy Medicus that there was no hope. Meer Ali also saw that look, and, striving to clasp my hand, he uttered one word, and instantly fell back, lifeless! That word was "Feroza." "It is of no use," cried the doctor; "the poor fellow is quite dead. Don't you see the ball went clean through?" and he jabbered some learned piece of Latinity that I *believed in*, though I could not understand it. "Go on," cried I; "all of you leave me awhile and rejoin your corps. I'll soon overtake you."

This young man, Meer Ali, had once been my servant, my page, when he was but one of the "orderly boys" of the regiment. He had been faithful, affectionate, truthful, and through a severe illness tended me with almost feminine tenderness. His mother, the respectable widow of a native officer, was known to me; he was her only son, and his name was down in the list of men whom I intended to recommend for promotion on the first vacancy; for, though only a subaltern, I commanded my company. As I looked at him and thought how vain were all such thoughts, deep sorrow filled my heart. I could not even protect those well-formed limbs from the beasts and the birds of the jungle, and I shuddered as I tore from the tree, beneath which he was stretched, branches and leaves wherewith to form an efficient shroud for his poor body. As I arose, I perceived an amulet of silver, which was fastened around his wrist: I took it away with me, for I knew that his mother would value it, and endeavoured to pursue the trail of the regiment. But I had lingered too long, and I soon found that all the haste I made to overtake the troops was to no purpose. I reached a spot in the woods where three roads met, and, following that which appeared the most trodden, I at once took it. But, of course, I need not tell you that I did wrong, as I very soon

discovered ; for I had not gone a hundred yards before—gradually diminishing until it became a mere *puggrusta*, or thief-track—I found myself, in the swiftly-gathering dusk of evening, on the brink of an extensive swamp in the very thick of a forest of teak-wood. I reflected for a moment : I could not be more than some six miles from Prome, and, as the setting sun was before me, I was not in exactly a wrong direction. An hour, perhaps nearly two hours, might have passed since I saw the last of the troops ; I could not now overtake them, I could but choose the likeliest path to headquarters, and most certainly that path lay not through the swamp. I turned round and fairly ran ; willing to make up for lost time, and wishing to regain the point where I had been bewildered by the three roads. I had my regulation sword by my side, and one pistol in my waist-belt. It was loaded, and in that I looked to find my only defence, in case of danger. I was in hopes that no lurking Burmans were near, but there might be tigers and wild cats ; and darkness has a singular power in creating perils, even in the safest situations. I was not long in reaching the three roads, nor had I proceeded far on the one I now selected ere I saw a white object in my path, which proved to be a handkerchief—an officer's. This encouraged me ; but the jungle was dense, letting in through its verdant interstices very little of the light of day that yet remained ; nor had I gone a mile ere that little failed me. Not a sound was to be heard that denoted the vicinity of morn, but the night noises that abound in the woods were rife and threatening.

I was now stumbling at every step, knocking my head against protruding boughs, and panting with fatigue. I determined to remain where I was until the moon arose, which I knew it must do ere long, and I threw myself on a hillock, which I was not wrong in believing to be one of those abandoned heaps of earth, the fabrication of which is due to the termites or white ants. I had long before eaten my last biscuit and was both hungry and thirsty ; but close to me flourished a fine bush of the *cassia fistula*, whose bright

yellow papilionaceous clusters of bloom had turned to the long, singular-looking pods which contain the seed. Some of these are more than a foot in length, and as, when ripe, each seed is surrounded by a glutinous substance which resembles honey in taste, I refreshed my parched mouth with the sweet pulp; abstaining, however, from too freely partaking of the dulcet diet, for I knew it was possessed of cathartic properties. A sense of stupor stole over me, dispelling all thoughts of prudential caution, and I fell asleep.

"What is it?" cried I, as I woke up, aroused by the alarming chill of some mysterious substance that seemed to be dragged over my head, and forehead, and eyes. The chill reached my very heart, as I became aware that a serpent was trailing itself slowly across the upper part of my face. I could not open my eyes, over which it was passing; but the nauseously musky odour that exhaled from its moist convolutions sickened me as I lay quite still. It was, perhaps, well that apprehension catalepsied me into this state of rigid inactivity, for God only knows the nature of that reptile, whether venomous or harmless; but as the last touch of its tail left my eyes free, I beheld it disappear tranquilly into a large hole, not ten inches from where I lay. And then I recollected that those gigantic ant-hills, when forsaken by their aboriginal inhabitants, form the favourite homes of snakes, scorpions, and guanas. I started up, determined to sleep no more, and had scarcely formed the resolution before I found that not only was the moon up, but, in addition to its light, faintly through the brush streamed the red glimmering of a fire, kindled at no great distance, for I could hear the crackling of the thorns of which it was composed. Listening eagerly I became aware that people were talking, and, dubious as regarded the claims they might have upon my perfect confidence, I stole towards them as quietly as I could, and gained the boundaries of the thicket near to their fire undetected.

The sight that awaited me filled me with wonder and curiosity. In an open space, free from jungle, a group, consisting of four persons, were busily engaged in some mysterious

manipulation of a corpse—or what, at least seemed to me to be the almost naked body of a man. Some hellish incantation, performed by the traditional witches of a melodrama, appeared to be going on; for the performers were females, and whilst one of them kept up a low, muttered chant the others applied unguents to the corpse, and tore up strips of plantain leaves, wherewith they prepared bandages. These four women—very old, very ugly, and very decrepid, their heads entirely bald, which gave them an effect which might have been ludicrous but for the accompaniments of scene and action—were arrayed in long garments of white, with yellow zones; and I recognised them, by their costume and *no* head-dress, to belong to that class of priestess of Budh which devotes itself to the service of the monasteries.

I had not long gazed ere a loud shout from one of the women announced that the result of their operations was becoming manifest, and to my surprise I saw the imaginary corpse first raise an arm, then move a leg, and presently testify every appearance of reanimated life! One of those bright, lacquered drinking-cups, peculiar to Ava, was placed at his lips, and he drank of it freely; and in another moment, raised up in their arms, I saw his face. *It was Meer Ali!*

I could restrain myself no longer. I felt that nothing was to be apprehended from those benevolent old women, and in another minute I purposely agitated the bushes in which I was ensconced, in order to apprise them of the approach of an intruder; and whilst they started up in some dismay, yet gathering around the wounded man as if to defend him if need were, I advanced towards them with a low salaam. They no longer showed any symptoms of uneasiness, but rather testified to the joy of beholding a European and a soldier and when they beheld the evident delight which poor Meer Ali endeavoured to express by faint exclamations and extending his hand towards me, their pleasure needed no interpreter which their gestures did not supply. Their prudent and salutary treatment of my wounded friend was quickly rewarded by the sound and restorative slumber into which he almost

immediately fell, and I saw that his wound had been bandaged up so expertly as to promise fair things for the future.

What was now to be done? I could not speak three words of Burmese, but I pronounced what I believed to be Prome, and I pointed and gesticulated like a pantomimist. One of the good old dames nodded and pointed in return, uttering the word "Phongi," which I knew meant a monk. After some conference between "the weird sisters," she departed, beckoning me to follow; and, as I imagined, making signs to assure me that Meer Ali should be safe, and that she was about to conduct me where assistance could be obtained. I had not followed her far, before, all at once, a Keoum, or monastery, burst upon our sight, and my conductress, again repeating the word "Phongi," smiled and endeavoured to cheer me on. Great indeed was my joy to find on our arrival at the monastery that the place was in the possession of a party of Sepoys—the rear-guard of the 22nd Regiment, M.N.I., in charge of some doolies carrying their wounded men. From them I heard the tidings of their calamitous encounter with a large force of the enemy, stockaded strongly in the forest, and was delighted to ascertain that we were within a few miles of Prome.

In a short time Meer Ali was safely conveyed to the Keoum, whence our progress to camp was made without impediment. I joined my detachment a few hours after its arrival at headquarters, having been accounted "a lost sheep." But great was the quizzing which our worthy doctor underwent on account of Meer Ali, whose wound, though severe, proved no whit dangerous.

"Weel, weel, lads," said Medicus, "wha kens gin I had meddled wi' the woond, if the loon had leaved till now?"

Who indeed, doctor?

Four years afterwards there was great bustle and grand toomasha in the lines of my regiment at Ellore. There was a *shadee* (bridal) going on; the bridegroom, a young, handsome Mussulman, was *Havaladar* Meer Ali; the name of the bride was Feroza.

A TRUE ROMANCE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE BURMESE WAR.

1826.

ON the 23rd of January, 1826, I was encamped with my regiment on its advance with the grand army towards Umerapoora, the capital of the Burmese territories. On that day the orderly books contained the following address: "Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell has to intimate to the army that a treaty of peace was this day concluded and signed by the British and Burmese Commissioners, highly advantageous to the British interests. He takes this opportunity of congratulating them on this event, which is entirely to be ascribed to their gallantry in the field and their persevering good conduct in every situation during the arduous contest. The commander of the forces, in announcing the termination of the war, recommends that no relaxation shall take place in the vigilance which has marked their progress so far!" It was well that our brave and sagacious general terminated his dashing order, that seemed to be written on an olive leaf with a quill from the quiver of Bellona, with so prudent a caution; for, as after events soon proved, the enemy were never less bent upon pacific measures than when endeavouring to impress us with the conviction of their amicable intentions. Indeed, on the very next day I had an interview with Sir Archibald Campbell, in which he expressed his opinion to be that the Burmese Commissioners were systematically employing all sorts of trickery to hoax us; "and," said he, "I think that no dependence can be placed

on a people the whole course of whose dealings with us has been marked by a crooked policy, that although it harasses us and delays our movements now, must eventually defeat their cherished purposes." The result confirmed the general's suspicions.

Several days passed ; and at last that day on which the treaty, signed by the Emperor, ought to have arrived from Umerapoor, arrived, and followed its predecessors, unmarked by any event likely to diminish our doubts of Burmese sincerity.

Up to the 18th of January the opposing armies had remained on the best possible terms with each other ; frequent visits were paid to our camp by their principal chiefs, one and all of them seeming anxious that the good understanding betwixt us should continue unbroken ; but now the most superficial observer might have perceived the change that had been worked "over the water," where all seemed motion and preparation. And when at last our meditated renewal of hostilities was published, their movements could be compared to nothing but the stir and hustle amongst a rudely disturbed nest of ants, whose preparations, by the bye, are too noiseless to justify the simile, for all was clang and clamour at Malown.

And lo ! at length, about 11 a.m., our batteries, ranged on the steep banks of that beautiful river, which now, like the mysterious influence which divides life from death, separated the contending forces, and fronting their very extensive and strongly stockaded position, opened in gallant style upon them. A few shots were returned, after which all was silence amongst the enemy, who apparently delayed their grand *coup* until such time as our storming party approached them. For this purpose, the force I have before detailed embarked about half-past twelve o'clock in three divisions of boats ; our batteries in the interim making a fine inspiring *row*—shells and rockets plying brilliantly and well. A more gallant sight than our advance I cannot well imagine ; it would have made a fine picture. On our nearing the stockade, the regnant stillness there was interrupted by a heavy but ill-directed fire

upon us, not long to endure ! Minding it but as little as the schoolboy minds the thorn hedge he is determined to over-leap, we dashed on and landed, prepared to encounter a galling fire and a perilous defence. But we were literally disappointed ; for *they* took to their wisest plan of running away, and *we* took Malown ! It was in truth the shortest affair of the war, for they fled, abandoning their guns, of which there were about forty ; and leaving their dead and wounded, amounting to about a hundred and fifty, whilst our loss was still less—but one man killed and twelve wounded. A very considerable booty was captured in hard cash, not less than thirty thousand rupees' worth of *tickals*, and about sixty horses, or rather ponies. But the cream of the jest was, that among the documents found, *there* snugly coiled up lay the identical treaty, prepared by the joint Commissioners, in its primitive state. It had evidently never been sent to the Emperor, and thus it presented itself to us, the *ne plus ultra* of Burman deceit.

We were sitting at our ill-supplied mess breakfast-table a few days after this affair of Malown, when the adjutant entered. " You are ordered on a reconnoitring party in advance," said he, addressing me ; " you are to proceed forthwith in command of two companies, to a village called Mehglah, about ten miles hence, where it is reported that a body of the emeny in charge of a considerable quantity of treasure are loitering until the British troops have left Patanagoh, when it is their intention to occupy this post, reinforced by the runaways from Malown, who are lurking in the woods beyond the river. Your instructions are to put them to flight, if, as is said, they are few in number and the place assailable ; on the other hand, should you find they are in great force, or have departed, you are directed to retire to Meengown, about four miles to your left, and on the banks of the river, where you will join a regiment, forming the advance of the army, and where the gun-boats are to assemble this afternoon.

" What then is the force at Mehglah supposed to amount to ? "

"Not a hundred men. The object is to seize their treasure, and to rescue from their hands any of our troops who may be, as is suspected, in their power."

"Who accompany me?"

"We can spare you Franklin and Brand."

I was satisfied; for of all my juniors, young Harry Brand was my favourite. He was a fine, manly boy of eighteen, full of fair promise, and distinguished by a calm, steadfast disposition that secured him from the many trifling annoyances which are unsparingly reserved for the race of "Griffins," to whom he still belonged; for he had not been twelve months in India. He was besides of a generous and frank nature, and though quiet and undemonstrative, imbued with those sentiments which the frivolous are inclined to taunt as being "romantic," though, in fact, they are scarcely ever wanting in high and noble characters. Brand had soon discovered that there was sympathy between us in more points than one; and he quickly learnt to confide in me all those little home and heart secrets which fill the bosom of the young, and the sensitive secrets which I by no means despised nor disregarded, although, being his senior by some six or eight years, I better knew how to conceal sentiments that have, it may be, too brief a hold on the principles of mankind. Sometimes, too, Harry would give me rapid pencil sketches of beloved scenes near his native Taunton, for he was a clever artist; and sometimes I would read to him certain sonnets and elegies, submitted to none but him, for I indulged myself in a faint belief of my poetic capabilities. Well do I recollect the sweet and gentle countenance which, pencilled on a card, he would show me as delineating a charming Emily, whilst I in turn would treat him to word-pictures of a no less fascinating Alice! But Harry's grand contentment lay in a small golden circlet—a plain ring containing a lock of the fair Emily's chestnut hair, which he constantly wore on his little finger, which indeed it fitted so closely that it was not easily to be severed from it.

But to return. Not many minutes had passed ere we were

ready, and with a Burman guide led between two privates preceding us, gaily defiled through the glady environs of Patanagoh. Our march was impeded by no obstacle, varied by no adventure, and lying through a country whence the inhabitants had fled from advancing foe and aggressive friend, presented no other features than that of deserted hamlets, devastated or neglected fields, and a few forsaken *kioums*, or monasteries. When there, the guide announced our close proximity to the suspected village, and we divided our little party in order to come upon it right and left, and all at once perceived that there was no concealing jungle around it, no signs of stockade or excavation near it; we were sensible of a degree of disappointment not at all to be wondered at. A close examination proved the place to be uninhabited; a poor decrepid man, literally unable to help himself to the draught of water and morsel of cold rice which had been placed near him in a wretched hovel, was the only creature to be seen. We added to the dying creature's comforts, and from his few faltering words gleaned the apparently truthful information that no such force as had been reported had ever passed through Mehglah, the inhabitants of which had retreated inland, plundered and despoiled by the Burmese troops who had retired from Prome on the capture of that place.

We had nothing to do now but to get to Meengown, a short distance off, where we might expect to find the advance guard of the army with the pioneers ashore and the gun-boats afloat. We had plenty of time to do it in, and as the day was at its strongest sun heat, we determined to halt for a few hours; and the immediate neighbourhood of Mehglah being filthy and disagreeable, we made for a deserted *kioum* which the guide pointed out to us at a few stone-throws from the village, and on the direct route to Meengown. It stood on a rising ground that commanded a view of the river, whilst a few clumps of trees around it promised shelter from the scorching rays of the sun; whilst in the interior—not negligent of such precautions as become all detached parties in an enemy's country—some of us might escape from the irritating dust,

which a high, hot wind was now driving in our faces, every now and then whirling up into the sky in those columnar masses which, like movable pillars of some strange substance, form so striking a feature in the sultry dry wind season of Oriental countries.

Our first object was to examine the *kioum*, which indeed we found to be as thorough a vacuum as was desirable. Sentries were posted, arms were piled, and the men permitted to rest. Their provisions of parched *dāl* (a sort of pea), rice, sugar, and dates, required no cooking; and a pretty fountain of pure water supplied us with drink. They had salt fish, too, and none was deficient in tobacco in some shape, whilst many contented themselves with a chew of betel. My faithful Madras servant, Malliapah (let me second his name, for during a space of eighteen years he served me with an affectionate fidelity that might be oftener found in his race if due justice was done to it), had brought some cold meats, biscuits, and *eau-de-vie*; and Franklin and Brand were similarly attended and supplied; so that before many minutes were over we were all snugly taking our ease, as best we could, not forgetting that in the want of carpets and sofas to repose on, we should be thankful that we possessed mats, a boat-cloak or two, and the clean bamboo flooring of the *kioum*.

As we entered one little chamber we perceived one of those huge Burmese cats, without a tail, which are peculiar to the country. The poor creature, albeit unused to white men, crept coaxingly towards me, rubbing its bright, furry coat against my side, and mewing piteously, as if it demanded quarter. It had not a famished appearance by any means, but it nevertheless partook of the water which Brand brought it, preferring however the portion of salt fish he had obtained for it from my orderly. Issuing strong injunctions against all caticide, we kept the playful and very tame animal with us until it was time to move; and, having rested a couple of hours, were again contending against unabated wind and undiminished dust.

How trite it is to assert the trivial origin of tremendous

effects ! The acorn that produces the oak, the bush-hidden source of the wide-showing river, the little, thin-skinned egg that ushers viperdom and venom to the world ! As we were slowly jogging on, my *maytee* (servant), who happened to be near Brand and myself, suddenly said,—

“Dat poor cat, sar ! Why master not bring him ?”

“Well, I wish I had,” said Brand ; “it will perish there, poor thing !”

“Nonsense !” cried I. “Do you imagine that it has no private resources, no granary of mice, no aviary of sparrows, no secret larder sacred to cathood, and well stored with salted minnows ?”

“Nevertheless, I wish I had taken it,” said he. “Do you know, that was very like Emily’s cat, only, to be sure, *that* had a tail.”

“Well, then, why not run back for it ?” said I, like a fool as I was, for, after all, the cat might prove an encumbrance. “We can mark time, or spend time in any other military manner for ten minutes, which will suffice to take you to the *kioum* and back again, if you make haste.”

Off he ran, for his young limbs were supple and untired ; but he had scarcely gone ere I repented having suggested such a foolish proceeding. The men, however, were pleased, laughing heartily, and liking him all the better for his brute-benevolence ; for our much maligned and far from properly appreciated Sepoys are a humane race, among whom one rarely sees the practice of such barbarities as are so frequently perpetrated by us white men on inoffensive animals. Nevertheless, a strange feeling of dissatisfaction with myself came over me ; there could be no danger—certainly not. We knew there were no bodies of the enemy near us, for the adjacent country was clear of brush, and all about the *kioum* was within scope of our vision.

“Well, I wish I had not let him go,” said I, suddenly halting the men and getting anxious ; for more than ten minutes had expired, and we were not about half a quarter of a mile from the *kioum*. He had disappeared into the

building some time before, and the Sepoys were joking about Brand Sahib and the beautiful *billee* (cat) which would be our only *loot* (booty) after our *dowr* (expedition in search of an enemy).

"*Soonno, sahib!* Hear, sir," said the native officer. It was a shot! the report of a pistol—Brand's pistol!

"Ha, ha, ha," cried Franklin, "he has shot the cat!" Why did I shudder? What is that? A cry?—the shrill cry of a bird, for the wind would prevent us from hearing any sounds that came from the *kioum*. Another moment and we were proceeding at a quick pace towards the building. After all, as we drew near, I felt ashamed of my apprehensions; his delay might have been occasioned by some mere trifle; he might have slipped or fallen through some crevice in those rickety bamboo floorings; the pistol may have been discharged at a snake. However, here we were. I ordered the men to extend round the *kioum*, in case of treachery; and taking with me about twenty ascended the steps that led to the great hall. I had not far to go. On the very threshold, tied by cords to the bamboo pillar that formed part of the doorway, lay Brand, *dead*—I thought so; for he lay quite still upon his back. His cap had fallen off, blood clotted his hair and stained his brow, his eyes were closed, and his hands—ah! one of them is still bleeding, and on closer inspection I beheld with amazed horror that it had been deprived of the fourth finger! "He has shot it off," thought I. No such thing. No gunshot wound ever bore this appearance; besides, the pistol is gone! The little finger was cut off as cleanly as if by the amputating knife of a surgeon, and on the other there was no ring.

Harry Brand was not meanwhile neglected, though orders for a strict search of the building were immediately issued. The perpetrator of the deed could not be distant, unless some secret subterranean passage, leading from the *kioum*, had conveyed him away. By-and-by the deep swoon that held my friend, as by a chain, began to pass away; there was a deep cut, as from a blow given by some blunt instrument, on

his head. We washed away the blood which, beginning again to ooze forth, we stopped as best we could with burnt rag. We gave him some brandy in water, and then he spoke, complaining of heavy sickness. We bandaged by the finger with light ligatures, for it did not bleed, and made haste to convey him outside the unlucky building. Time had passed, and a thorough but vain search was made, for no human being was discovered; so that we unanimously agreed that concealed passages underground must be in existence, which we should but lose time in endeavouring to find. Harry Brand declared he could walk between myself and Franklin, but he was still faint and sick.

"I care not for my finger," said he, "but Emily's ring!"

As we once more departed from the monastery, the loud curses of the Sepoys and then a buzz of vengeance aroused us. "*Dekho dekho, Sahiban!* Behold, gentlemen, may the murderer and his wizard cat burn!" And lo! in their disappointed rage they had set fire to the edifice, which was soon enveloped in flames. A glorious sight it made, as we strode from it, in the open and bare country, the fiery element streaming from point to point, and shining through the green scattered groups of trees that stood about like millions on millions of red, hissing, gigantic serpents.

Harry's story was brief enough. He could not find the cat where he had left it and descended to the little cell where first we had seen it, but it was not there; and having spent some time in a vain search, he was retracing his steps. Just as he was about leaving the *kioum*, he perceived a dark recess in a corner, and when stooping down to inspect it the sound of footsteps fell on his ears. He suspected nothing more than that one of us had followed him, until he saw two Burmese spring from behind a pillar, and then he attempted to rise from the half-kneeling position in which he was; but as they advanced threateningly towards him, he presented his pistol and fired it at the very moment when he fell, levelled by a blow from the club which one of them carried. Without a word they bound him, and tried to wrench the ring from his finger

in vain. He was then sensible of a keen pain in his hand and sank into insensibility. We could not but wonder that they had left him alive ; doubtless, in their hurry and fear of surprise, they cared not so that they escaped whether he died at once or lay there to perish. They might have contemplated, too, the possibility of our returning in search of him, and retreated with all speed to their mysterious hiding-place, taking with them finger, ring, and pistol.

We reached Meengown before the sudden twilight of Ava had darkened into night ; and an agreeable surprise awaited us in the sight of our own regiment, sent to cover the pioneers, as advance guard. The services of our worthy Scotch surgeon were soon called upon, and his bulletin was not of a startling nature. Harry Brand's head was by no means of a perilous softness, nor were his hurts dangerous ; though it must be confessed that the somewhat inglorious loss of his finger inflicted no inconsiderable wound upon his pride. " Oh, Rob," whispered he, as he swallowed a composing draught administered to him by old MacD—— " Oh, Rob ! how can I ever tell Emily that I lost her ring in a *cat hunt* ? "

Four days thereafter we were some thirty miles beyond Meengown, Brand being, all but his digit, as well as ever. It was again a day of hot wind, and we were sitting, after our rough dinner, beneath the shade of a huge tree, round which we had placed the canvas walls of a tent, in order to exclude as much of the dust as was possible. It was evening, and we were discussing the probable issue of the next day's march, when we heard the clatter of horsemen, and made our exit from the temporary mess-house supplied by tree and tent to see what was going on. It was a party of troopers belonging to the governor-general's body guard, which had gone on a reconnoitring excursion, during which they had surprised a body of the enemy's infantry, amounting to about four hundred, which they gallantly charged, broke, and routed, sabreing nearly one-fourth of the force opposed to them. As they drew near we saw that they retained about a dozen prisoners ; and they were not many paces from us when suddenly up

whirled one of our old puzzlers, a *peesash*, right in front of them, as if determined to bar their progress. The horses, nearly blinded, swerved right and left to avoid the dust; while one of the captives, taking advantage of the momentary confusion, dashed away slap into the very centre of the whirlwind! Bold as the movement was, it failed of success, for the *peesash*, now increased in volume and strength, fairly lifted the wretch off his feet, and again levelling him with the earth, passed on, carrying with it the Burman's turban, and advancing towards where we stood. We were ready to make a start from the dusty encounter, when all at once the impetus that urged it on became expended, and widening into a weak circumference, it gave forth its final gust, depositing the turban almost at Harry Brand's feet.

"A treasure, Harry," cried our sturdy major. "At all events, something tangible; which is more than can be said for that spectral cat at Mehglah, which the Sepoys swear was no other than one of the witches of Ava, and not perceptible to touch *outside* of the *kioum*."

Harry Brand did not seem in the least disposed to inspect the dirty-looking head-gear of the prisoner, who was already safely conveyed away by the troopers. But Malliapah, my servant, with more curiosity and less fastidiousness, picking it up, suddenly exclaimed,—

"Oh, sahib! what is this? Here are jewel! Oh, sahib! see, Mr. Brand's *ring*!"

In fact, there it glittered in pure gold and bright hair, Harry Brand's ring—Emily's ring—tacked into the inner fold of the Burman's turban amongst a mass of tobacco leaves! On close inspection a few blood-marks were visible on the golden circle, which suggested to Malliapah the possibility that the remaining interstices of the turban might conceal Brand Sahib's finger; but we laughed as he shook his head, saying, "No, sar, that teef make cat eat 'm!"

Great was Harry's delight, great the general's astonishment; and, on the following day, the Burman confessed that he and his comrade, hidden, as we surmised, in an underground

passage, where provisions were stored up by the Phongis (or monks), had watched our departure and Harry's return, and seeing him intent on searching for something, made up their minds to attack him and despoil him of pistol and ring. They seized him, bound him, and unable otherwise to deprive him of the ring, with one of those razor-sharp *dahs*, or wood-knives, which every Burman carries in his belt, they severed the finger from his hand, nor would have spared his life but that the sounds of the returning detachment terrified them into instant flight. Safe in their retreat, they were, however, nearly stifled there ere long. The burning edifice compelled them to abandon their concealment, which they left, expecting to fall into the hands of the avenging English. But they were for the time safe; we had moved off, and destiny reserved the restoration of Harry Brand's ring to another day—that of their capture.

My friend is now a general officer. I saw him the other day at the Oriental Club. "Rob," said he, "my wife wishes you to dine with us next Monday. It is the anniversary of our marriage, and *Emily* has never yet complained of the loss of my finger—seeing that I still preserve her ring!"

THE STORY OF THE FIRST AFGHAN CAMPAIGN, 1838—1842.

THE story of the first Afghan campaign is among the most thrilling of modern military records. Surely nothing could be more pathetic than the simple narrative of that fatal march from Cabul, in which out of sixteen thousand five hundred persons but one survived to tell the tale.

In the year 1838 Dost Mahomed Khan was Ameer of Afghanistan, having made and held his position for twelve years by strength of character and force of arms. Jealousy of Russian intrigue and fear of Persian invasion led the British Government to determine to replace Dost Mahomed, whom they suspected of disaffection, by "a prince well disposed towards a British alliance, and able and willing to counteract the objects of whatever states might meditate designs hostile to British interest." Such a prince the Government thought they had found in Shah Soojah, the former ruler of Afghanistan, who had been driven from his father's throne by Dost Mahomed some twelve years before. Shah Soojah, quite ready to profit by English speculation, entered willingly into the scheme, and an army of twenty thousand men was organised to relieve Herat, then besieged by the Persians, and to place Shah Soojah once more upon the throne of his ancestors. The siege of Herat was raised before the army was massed at Ferozepore, and this determined the authorities to retain a contingent of the proposed army as a reserve.

Sir Harry Fane was commander-in-chief, and he placed

the marching contingent under Sir Willoughby Cotton, who appointed Henry Havelock his second aide-de-camp.

On the 10th of December, 1838, Sir Willoughby Cotton commenced his march to Cabul, and after four-and-a-half months of weary pilgrimage, the forces sometimes wanting water, sometimes short of food, and at all times tried by the severity of the climate, reached Kandahar, which they entered without opposition on the 25th of April, 1839. Sir John Keane, who had command of the Bombay troops, having joined Sir Willoughby Cotton, assumed full command, Cotton taking charge of the Bengal Infantry. After some delay at Kandahar the army moved forward, and after a journey of two hundred and seventy miles reached the famous fortress of Ghuznee on the 20th of July, 1829.

The capture of Ghuznee was effected by a brief and brilliant *coup-de-main*, which was described by Havelock as "one of the most splendid and successful attempts in the annals of the British in Asia." Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Mahomed, had charge of the garrison, and reconnaissance revealed the fact that he had built up all the entrances to the city except that of the Cabul gate. Keane, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, planted his field guns on the heights facing the northern side of the fort near the centre of which the Cabul gate stood, filled the gardens under the arch with skirmishers, and directed a party of marksmen to feign an attack on the southern side of the fort. Such was the darkness and the noise of the wind that this was all effected by three o'clock on the morning of the 23rd without arousing the garrison. The guns then opened fire, and shortly after the marksmen in the rear began to divide the attention of the garrison. A little later a dull booming sound and a column of black smoke announced the destruction of the Cabul gate. Durand and Macleod of the Engineers had succeeded in crossing the bridge under cover of the darkness and placing a large quantity of gunpowder against the entrance, in firing the train and in returning without injury. The storming column, headed by Colonel Dennie, now made

for the breach and fought their way into the fortress in a manner described by Havelock as follows :—

“ Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage, but the clash of sword-blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate but rendered more perplexing. But it was necessary to force a passage ; there was neither time, nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but, in its turn, each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half-pistol shot among the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope won gradually its way onwards, till at length its commander and their leading files beheld, over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky and a twinkling star or two ; and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne, and no sooner did those four companies feel themselves within the fortress than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the pillars, announced their triumph to the troops outside. The supports and reserves poured in ; the gates of the citadel were carried ; and soon from its summit British flags were flying. Five hundred Afghan dead were found inside the place ; outside many more fell under the sabres of Keane’s cavalymen. Akbar Khan and fifteen hundred of his garrison were prisoners. A great booty of provisions, horses, and arms fell to the conquerors, whose loss in the assault amounted to eighteen killed and one hundred and sixty-five wounded.

The capture of Ghuznee effected, and the fortress garrisoned by an English force, the army continued its progress, and on the 7th of August, 1839, marched into Cabul, whereupon Dost Mahomed fled, and Shah Soojah became once more ruler of Afghanistan.

Early in 1841 General Elphinstone succeeded Sir Willoughby Cotton in command at Cabul, but it had already become evident that the rule of Shah Soojah was not a popular one.

Dost Mahomed submitted peaceably to the inevitable, and surrendered himself a prisoner of the British Government; but his son, Akbar Khan, was not at all disposed to submit tamely to the deposition of his dynasty, and found in the free life of the mountains opportunities of stirring up the opposition of chiefs as wild and uncompromising as himself. About this time the Government, from motives of economy, reduced the subsidies paid by agreement to the chiefs of the Ghilzie tribes for keeping the passes open from Jellalabad to Cabul by one half, and the mountaineers, who had faithfully fulfilled their part of the contract, were turned from friends into enemies.

Under these circumstances it became necessary to force the pass, and to effect this General Elphinstone despatched Major-General Sir Robert Sale with a brigade of light infantry. About the middle of the pass they found the Ghilzies posted in great force "behind precipitate ridges in the mountains on either side from which they opened a well directed fire." Sale was almost immediately wounded in the ankle, and had to hand over the command to Colonel Dennie. With severe fighting and heavy loss the pass was at length cleared, and the brigade continued to fight its way through a very difficult country for nearly three weeks.

On reaching Gundamak Sir Robert Sale received news of insurrection at Cabul, and orders to return immediately. The impossibility of obeying this order was urged upon him by Havelock and the other officers of his staff, who also urged the importance of securing and holding Jellalabad, upon which the force at Cabul could retire on its way back to India. Sale acted on this advice, and on the 12th of November occupied the city and encamped under its walls.

Meanwhile, Akbar Khan, taking advantage of the unrest which he had done much to create, forged a document, which he circulated among the chiefs at Cabul, to the effect that it was the purpose of the British envoy to send them all to London, and that the king had ordered all the infidels to be put to death. This led to insurrection, which began with

an attack upon the dwellings of Sir Alexander Burnes and Captain Johnson. Treating the demonstration as a mere riot, Sir Alexander Burnes addressed the mutineers from the gallery of his house ; but they were not to be appeased with words, and breaking in, killed Sir Alexander and his brother, Lieutenant Burnes and Lieutenant Broadfoot, and then set fire to the house. The remainder of the story reads like a chapter from that of the Indian mutiny. Surrounding the cantonments, the Afghans fired upon them from every available position, seized the commissariat stores, foolishly exposed in an ill-defended position, while the citadel was occupied by the harem of Shah Soojah. This proved a most serious loss, as other supplies were at all times precarious, and now soon became exhausted. The failure of supplies and the approach of winter brought the garrison at length to the last stage of necessity and compelled them to resort to negotiation. In the result it was agreed that the British should evacuate Afghanistan, and should be permitted to return to India ; that they should be furnished with supplies and means of transport for the journey, and should not be molested by the way ; that Dost Mahomed Khan and all other Afghans detained in English territory should be allowed to return to their native land ; that Shah Soojah and his family should receive from the Afghan government a pension of one lac of rupees a year ; that all prisoners should be released ; that a general amnesty should be proclaimed ; and that no British force should ever be sent into Afghanistan without being invited by the Afghan government. This humiliating agreement having been made, Captain Trevor became a hostage for its fulfilment, but as the initiative lay with the Afghan chiefs in the supply of provisions and means of transit for the journey, this did not count for much. No attempt was apparently made on the part of the Afghans to carry out the conditions of the agreement, and it seemed evident that their object was to starve the garrison into unconditional surrender.

On the 22nd of December, 1841, other proposals were made which were evidently intended to entrap the English, and

on the following day the envoy, Sir William McNaughten, attended by Captains Lawrence, Trevor, and McKenzie, went to hold a conference with Akbar Khan in the plain. It soon became evident that treachery was intended, for numbers of armed Afghans crowded round, but on Captain Lawrence requesting that they should be ordered away, he was answered by Akbar Khan to the effect that they were "all in the secret." A moment more and Sir William and the three officers were seized and disarmed. Sir William himself closed with Akbar Khan, who, it is said, only intended to seize him, and who, exasperated at his resistance, drew a pistol which but a few days before had been given to him by the envoy, and shot him through the body. The three officers were immediately mounted behind Ghilzie chiefs, who proceeded to carry them to a neighbouring fort. Captain Trevor fell from his horse and was immediately murdered, and the wild tribesmen made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to seize and murder the others. The head of Sir William McNaughten was cut off and carried from street to street, while his headless body was exposed to insult and abuse in the principal bazaar.

A new agreement was now made by General Elphinstone under which, on the 6th of January, 1842, the garrison began their terrible retreat. The force consisted of four thousand five hundred soldiers and twelve thousand camp followers besides women and children. These, had they been well provisioned and provided with adequate transports, must have suffered much from the severity of the weather, but as it was, in the depth of winter and surrounded by cruel and treacherous foes, it became a march of death. At the outset they were attacked and lost their guns and were compelled to fight their way forward sword in hand, defending the defenceless as best they could. The path they travelled was marked mile after mile with bloody corpses strewn upon the frozen snow. The savagery of the Ghilzie tribesmen is shown by the fact that, not content with attacking their living enemies, they wreaked their vengeance on the dying and the dead, following in the

wake of the march and hacking the bodies of the dead to pieces with their long and cruel knives. Akbar Khan pretended that he was unable to control the ferocity of the Ghilzie tribes and sent frequent messages to that effect, and when the rapidly declining force had got through the pass he offered to take the ladies under his protection—an offer which was tremblingly accepted. Under this arrangement Lady Sale, Lady McNaughten and six other ladies, with their husbands, were left to the tender mercies of Akbar Khan. Halting for a day, the British force bivouacked on the snow, the cold being so intense that the Sepoys, half-frozen and wholly paralysed, became an easy prey to the hardy tribesmen, who, on the following day, attacked and destroyed them. Pressing on, the Europeans reached Jugduluk, a distance of thirty-five miles from Cabul, when only three hundred of the sixteen thousand five hundred persons which had left the capital remained alive. Halting here, the fugitives were allowed to occupy an enclosure which gave them but sorry shelter, of which, however, they were glad enough to avail themselves; but in the night they received a message from General Elphinstone, who had been detained a prisoner by Akbar Khan, warning them that treachery was intended, and once more they arose from weary sleep to resume their yet more weary march. Followed by the relentless Ghilzies, they were once more attacked in the rear, and, worn out by fatigue and dispirited by failure, broke their ranks, refused to obey orders, threatened their officers, became divided into small bands, and in isolated weakness were easily destroyed. Finding combined action impossible the officers attempted to escape on horseback. Most of them were cut down, several were taken prisoners, and one only, Dr. Brydon, rode into Jellalabad on the 13th of January, 1842, one week after the commencement of that fatal march in which all but he had fallen.

About a month after the arrival of Dr. Brydon at Jellalabad, on the 19th of February, the scene was visited by an earthquake which laid the ramparts low and did great damage to the Cabul gate. But the garrison had been enheartened by the

news that General Pollock was on his way to their relief at the head of a strong force, and though they knew he could not reach them before April they were determined to hold out for his arrival. Captain Broadfoot and his engineers set to work to restore the walls with a will, and to quote Havelock, "by the end of the month the parapets were entirely restored, the Cabul gate rendered serviceable, the bastions restored and filled in, and every battery re-established." Akbar Khan expected to profit by the earthquake, but he came up too late, and, when he saw the condition of Jellalabad, declared that it must have been preserved from the influence of the earthquake by English witchcraft. On the 1st of April a sally was made by the garrison, and five hundred sheep captured, and on the strength of the replenished larder Havelock counselled an attack upon Akbar Khan's position. Sale is said to have hesitated to take the responsibility of this enterprise, but overruled by the opinion of others, consented to make the attack upon a plan drawn up by Havelock. At dawn on the 7th of April three columns, numbering less than fifteen hundred men in all, led respectively by Dennie, Monteath, and Havelock, and commanded by Sale, marched out of Jellalabad to attack the Afghan chief, whose forces were estimated at six thousand strong. By 7 a.m. Akbar Khan had been driven from his position, Havelock and Backhouse had taken possession of the camp, and the Afghan leader, defeated and discredited in the field by the forces he had so long blockaded, was in full retreat. A fortnight later the garrison welcomed General Pollock's forces as they marched into Jellalabad, while the band of the 13th played "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming."

After some delay here, due to the vacillation of the Government, General Pollock learned that General Nott, who had held Kandahar through all these troublous times, had marched out of the city to effect a juncture with him at Cabul, and set forward with a view to joining in this purpose. Reaching Gundamak he drove the enemy out of their position at Mamoo Kheil, stormed the heights of Jugduluk, and a few days later, on the 13th of September, attacked the Afghans, sixteen thousand

to twenty thousand strong, holding the pass and heights of Tezeen, and utterly defeated them with heavy loss. Two days later the army reached Cabul.

Meanwhile the defeat of Akbar Khan had robbed his name of the magic it once possessed, and Saleh Mahomed, in whose charge the prisoners had been placed, agreed to deliver them over to their own people on the promise of a stipulated ransom. Under this arrangement Saleh Mahomed started to convey the party to Cabul, and on the 17th of September met Sir Robert Sale, at the head of his relief force, coming to their assistance. "In a little time the happy veteran had embraced his wife and daughter, and the men of the 13th had added their delighted congratulations to the loved ones of their old commander. A royal salute was fired. The prisoners were safe in Sale's camp. The good Providence which had so long watched over the prisoners and their captives now crowned its mercies by delivering them into the hands of their friends. Dressed as they were, in Afghan costume, their faces bronzed by much exposure, and rugged with beards and moustaches of many months' growth, it was not easy to recognise the liberated officers who now came forward to receive the congratulations of their friends."

After storming the town of Istaliff and reducing the fortress, which was believed to be impregnable, as a matter of policy, and burning the bazaar in which the remains of Sir William McNaughten had been exposed to the insults of the people, General Pollock turned his face once more towards India, and on the 20th of October began his march from Cabul through the Kyle pass, the Punjaub, to Ferozepore, where Lord Ellenborough, with an army of twenty thousand men, waited to welcome him. In this march the little garrison of Jellalabad took the post of honour at the head of the forces, and were the first to receive the word of welcome of the governor-general on the banks of the Sutlej.

THE STORY OF THE CHINESE WARS, 1840—1860.

FOR a period of two hundred years the East India Company enjoyed the exclusive privilege of trading with the Celestial Empire, but on the 22nd of April, 1834, free trade was inaugurated between the two countries and Lord Napier went out to China to superintend British commerce. On the death of Lord Napier, which occurred shortly after his arrival, Mr., afterwards Sir John, Davis was appointed to succeed him, and he in turn was succeeded by Captain Elliot, R.N. It soon became evident, however, that this new arrangement was viewed in an entirely different light by the English and Chinese authorities. The new mode of conducting British commerce which had been announced to them," says Howitt, "was regarded as a trifling matter affecting only the outside foreigners. As long as these should be humbly obedient to orders, and respectfully acknowledge the emperor's kindness, the Chinese cared very little whom they might have for their chief or what powers he should possess over his countrymen. Lord Napier announced his arrival by letter to the viceroy; but every effort which he made to obtain the recognition of his authority, and to establish a direct official connection with the Chinese rulers at Canton, completely failed." It is perfectly clear, therefore, that at the very outset misunderstanding laid the foundation of dispute. The Chinese expected a commercial "head man" who should represent the traders in communication by petition with the Chinese authorities, all being absolutely under Chinese law and carrying on their trade on sufferance;

the British appointed a commissioner to protect their Chinese commerce and to give the English traders the advantages of English rather than Chinese law.

From liberty to licence is an easy and familiar step, and no sooner was free trade established than smuggling, on a large scale, ensued. The importation of opium was forbidden by Chinese law, but it was profitable to English trade, and during the next few years it was smuggled into China in enormous quantities to the natural indignation of the Imperial Government. In March 1839 the Chinese appointed Lin to act as Imperial High Commissioner, to enforce the law against the opium traffic, with which view he proceeded to Canton, where he issued an edict requiring, "that every chest of opium on the river should be delivered up, in order to be destroyed, and that bonds should be given by the traders that their ships should never again bring any opium on pain of forfeiture of the article, and death to the importer." Just such an edict, in fact, as except, indeed, for the punishment of death, would have been thought quite proper for an English government to issue against Chinese smugglers. Immediately on this Captain Elliot issued a circular to his countrymen demanding the surrender of all the opium then upon the coast, and making himself responsible for the consequences. As a result of this, twenty thousand two hundred and eighty-three chests of opium were given up to the Chinese authorities on the 21st of May, 1839, and immediately destroyed. So far the English and Chinese officials acted in harmony if not in concert, and the English at least had no just grounds of complaint. The Chinese, however, were far from satisfied, and whether the discovery of such enormous contraband trade frightened them into further action, or the suspicion that it was being quietly resumed convinced them that more drastic measures were necessary, certain it is that on the 26th of November the High Commissioner forbade all further commerce with English ships after a week from that date, and in January 1840 an Imperial edict directed "that all trade with England should cease for ever."

Under these circumstances Captain Elliot established a rigorous blockade in the Canton river in June 1840, and the English took possession of the Island of Chusan in the month of July. Arrived before this island, a summons to surrender brought the Chinese admiral and two mandarins to parley with the commissioner, and they were told that if they did not surrender the island by daybreak on the 6th the city would be attacked. The batteries on shore and the few war junks which hovered round were soon silenced by the British broadsides, and the English effected a landing and took up a position in front of the city of Ting-hae-heen, from the walls of which they were assailed by spirited but ineffective fire. Early on the 6th preparations were made for an attack, and ten guns were placed in position with which to cannonade the walls. But here occurred one of the most pathetic incidents of the campaign. The flags still flew above the city, but the walls were deserted and there were no signs of hostility or even of life. Supposing the city to have been evacuated, a party was sent to reconnoitre it, and scaling the walls by a ladder apparently left there for the purpose, were confronted by two unarmed Chinamen who appeared above the gate and displayed a placard bearing the inscription: "*Save us for the sakes of our wives and children.*" So was the city of Ting-hae-heen surrendered to the English, who confided the care of the principal gate to a company of the 49th Regiment.

The progress of the British arms was one of continued triumph. The people were everywhere desirous of peace, the officials afraid of opposition, but still more afraid of the emperor, who, in his ignorance of civilisation, continued to treat the English as barbarians, order their extermination, and torture his ministers for not carrying out his impossible instructions. Under these circumstances negotiations were continually being made by English and Chinese officials and treaties agreed upon in apparent good faith, but only to be repudiated by the emperor, who regarded every word spoken in favour of the English proposals as treason and punished it accordingly. Nothing but a demonstration of power could

convince the emperor of the necessity of treating with the invaders, and this the united forces proceeded to give.

On the 26th of February, 1841, Captain Sir H. F. Senhouse attacked the forts at Wang-ton, capturing the whole chain without much difficulty, and secured the islands without any loss. Pressing up the river to Wampoo Reach he silenced forty war junks in an hour, and landing his forces, stormed the works, driving out some three thousand Chinese, only three hundred of whom waited to be killed. On the following day, joined by Sir Gordon Bremer, the squadron pushed on to within sight of Canton, and a little later General Gough arrived to take charge of the land forces. The Chinese, however, had no stomach for a fight, and fort after fort was found to be deserted. Delay was secured by the prefect of Canton, who explained that Keshen, who had superseded Lin, had in his turn been degraded, and that in the absence of the new commissioner, who had not yet arrived, no one had authority to treat. Matters remained in this position until a flag of truce was fired upon, and it became clear that the Chinese were playing a double game; upon which Captain Herbert, who led the advance, attacked and captured all the forts right up to the city, destroyed the whole of the flotilla, and hoisted the Union Jack upon the walls of the British factory.

But the emperor was not yet convinced of the superiority of British arms, and as he seemed determined to maintain the war Sir G. Bremer was despatched to Calcutta for reinforcements. In the meantime troops of Tartars kept arriving at Canton, and it was evident that they were not there for any peaceful purpose. It was therefore determined to attack the city. The force was divided into two columns which were led respectively by Major Pratt and General Gough, the former devoting itself to the capture of the British factories and the latter storming the four large forts which crown the heights on the north side of the city. Both these objects were effected with but little trouble and less loss. A heavy force of artillery played upon the forts for some time, after

which a combined assault was made by the two columns, and in less than an hour the British flag was flying over them. From these heights above the city a strongly entrenched camp was observed to the north-east sheltering some four thousand men, and it was immediately determined to assault it. A column under the command of Major-General Burrell was detailed for this purpose and effected it in brilliant style. The camp was broken up and dispersed, the magazines were exploded and the buildings burnt to the ground. This brought a flag of truce upon the walls, and a parley took place in which the Mandarins agreed to pay an indemnity of \$7,000,000.

This was followed by the capture of Amoy, a strongly fortified city mounting five hundred guns, and garrisoned by ten thousand men. If the men had been anything like as trustworthy as their fortifications the result might have been very different. One battery built of solid granite was fifteen feet thick at the base, and nine feet thick at the summit, the whole being faced with a crusting of mud two feet thick. This fortress was regarded by the Chinese as impregnable, and in the hands of competent generals might almost have been made so. Four hours' cannonade failed to effect a breach, but when under cover of the fire from the ships General Gough landed at the head of the Royal Irish, the garrison did not wait for the assault but fled with all speed to the city. The Chinese seemed incapable of anything more than a mere show of resistance and allowed General Gough to occupy their splendid fortifications almost without opposition. On the following morning, the general marched into the city at the head of his forces, where he found that the Mandarins and soldiers had all decamped, and many of the poor people, judging the barbarians who invaded them by Celestial standards, had strangled their families and then committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of the English. The capture of the impregnable fortress of Amoy, and of the city which surrendered upon its fall, was effected without the loss of a single man.

Four days later the army withdrew from Amoy, and leaving a garrison of five hundred men in occupation of an adjacent island, proceeded to Chusan, where they met with no opposition, and thence to Ning-po, off which they anchored on the 9th of October, 1841. This city boasted walls thirty-seven feet thick and twenty-two feet high, and was defended on two sides by precipitous rocks. But strong walls are poor defences with but weak hearts behind them, and when the troops landed on the 10th the Chinese abandoned their guns and fled in all directions. By noon the British flag floated over the fortifications, and before long the whole town was in the hands of the invaders.

During the winter little was done or attempted, but on the 10th of March, 1842, an effort was made by the Chinese to recapture Ning-po and Ching-hae; but they were easily repulsed with great loss, and subsequently driven out of their camp. Ning-po was evacuated on the 7th of May, when Chapoo was added to the list of conquests. While here, reinforcements arrived from England, including the 98th, under the leadership of Colonel Colin Campbell. Extensive works on the Yangtse-Kiang, which mounted two hundred and fifty guns, were bombarded on the 16th of June, and captured after the usual feeble resistance; after which the forces proceeded to Chin-Keang-foo, a strongly fortified city, with immense lines of works defending the junction of two rivers; but here as elsewhere the High Mandarins decamped, and though the Tartars fought well, they were soon overpowered, and the English forces entered the city to find the streets all but empty and the houses full of those who had dared death rather than face the enemy.

General Gough now pressed forward to Nankin, which he reached on the 9th of August, and prepared to bombard. But the emperor had begun to see that barbarians were not so easily exterminated as he had thought, and acting upon prudent counsels, agreed to a truce which was signed on the 20th of August, 1842, and followed by a treaty concluded on the 26th, by which the Chinese agreed to pay an indemnity of \$21,000,000

to open the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow-foo, Ning-po, and Shanghai to British merchants and resident consuls; the cession of the Island of Hong-Kong to the British in perpetuity, and the conduct of correspondence on terms of equality between the two governments; the Islands Chusan and Kolangsoo to remain in British hands until the fulfilment of the other conditions of the treaty.

In 1860 it became necessary to again invade Chinese territory to enforce respect for the treaty, the terms of which had been violated, when Sir Hope Grant, at the head of thirteen thousand men, sailed from India with Generals Napier and Michel as divisional commanders. These were joined by General Montauban with a French army of six thousand seven hundred men, who co-operated with the English forces in the capture of the town and fortifications of Sinho on the 12th of August, followed by the storming of an entrenched position at Tangkoo. On the 21st of August, Sir Robert Napier's division, assisted by the French, bombarded the Taku forts, which were ultimately captured in the evening by a storming party consisting of the 44th and 67th Regiments. Sir Robert Napier had several narrow escapes during the day. His binocular glass was knocked out of his hand by a bullet which did him no injury, and his boot was ripped open by another which was equally harmless. After the fall of the Taku forts the other forts on either side of the Peiho river surrendered without resistance.

An advance was now made on Peking, and on September 18th the allied commanders came unexpectedly upon an ambushed army of twenty thousand men at Chang-kia-Wan, which they immediately attacked and defeated. Arrived before the city of Peking a summons to surrender was sent to Prince Kung, and on the 13th of October, and a few minutes before the expiration of the time of grace, the Anting gate was opened and the surrender made. The treaty of Tientsin was then ratified, and the second Chinese war was brought to a conclusion.

THE STORY OF THE SIKH WARS, 1845—1849.

RUNJEET SINGH, who ruled the Punjaub for forty-two years, died in 1839, and at his death the Sikhs lost a powerful ruler and the English Government a consistent friend. It is true that his youth was a career of unrestrained debauchery, which left absolutely no time for education, and that at the age of seventeen, when he seized the government, he disposed of his too indulgent mother by poison; but he held the reins of government with a firm hand, extended his dominions, maintained order through a wide range of country and among a fierce and turbulent people, and though ugly to appearance, having lost an eye and become deeply marked with the small-pox, gained and kept the respect of his subjects and the friendship of his neighbours.

But no sooner was the strong grip of the despot relaxed in death than the wild forces he had kept so long under control broke from all restraint, and anarchy and bloodshed prevailed on every side. His son Khuruk Singh succeeded him upon the throne, but died in the following year, and his successor Nao Nibal Singh, reigned but a single day. Two other rajahs followed in quick succession, and then in 1843 Dhuleep Singh, a son of one of Runjeet Singh's favourite wives, ascended the throne. As Dhuleep Singh was at this time only five years old, all the troubles incident to government during a minority ensued, among which in this particular case must be numbered the first Sikh war.

The Sikhs, an athletic and daring people, well skilled in the arts of war, in which they had been trained under Runjeet

Singh by French and Italian officers, needed a powerful ruler to keep them in control, and when the reins of government fell into the hands of a little child, the peace of the Punjaub was at an end.

Divided into two factions the Sikhs distracted the country with rival interests and policies. One faction, headed by Golab Singh, affected at least friendship for the English, but the other, governed by the Ranee, became too strong for her control, and clamoured to be led against the Feringhee. This resulted in an unprovoked attack upon the English, and one of the bloodiest and most hotly contested wars that have stained the soil of India.

Sir Henry Hardinge, an old Peninsular veteran, was now Governor-General of India, and he had been appointed to that office to supersede the vainglorious rodomontade of his predecessor, Lord Ellenborough, with a wise and pacific policy. This led him to observe a caution which was mistaken for cowardice, and which tended to encourage the hostile spirit it was meant to allay. Hence, when the Sikh army marched from Lahore to the Sutlej, no corresponding movement was made by the British troops; the Government judging from similar demonstrations made in former years that no aggression was intended. On the 9th of December, 1845, however, a division of the Sikh army appeared unexpectedly within a short distance of the Sutlej, and the authorities became aware that active preparations were being made at Lahore for the concentration of large bodies of infantry and artillery upon the banks of the river. Three days later the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej and massed in English territory, leaving now no room whatever for doubt as to hostile intentions.

The garrison of Ferozepore numbered nine thousand five hundred men, and this for the moment was the only available force with which to meet the Sikh army of sixty thousand men supported by one hundred guns. But the reserves, headed by Sir Henry Hardinge and General Gough, were soon in motion, and, marching twenty-six miles a day, were not long in reaching the scene of the emergency. On the 17th of December

the Sikhs made a forward movement with a view to meeting the British forces. On their coming into sight, the British buglers sounded the call to arms, and the English soldiers, weary with their long and forced marches, leapt from the ground and prepared to meet the enemy. All that could be done to arouse enthusiasm among the weary men was tried by the governor-general and the commander-in-chief, who rode from regiment to regiment encouraging and exhorting them to do their duty and maintain the honour of British arms. Within a short distance of Moodkee, the general, at the head of the advance guard, discovered the enemy, twenty thousand strong, encamped among sand hills and jungle patches, supported by forty guns with which they opened immediate and destructive fire. The unevenness of the ground obstructed the view from both sides, and hid the belligerents from each other, except when at close quarters. After a duel between the artillery which lasted some time, General Gough determined to attack with his cavalry and ordered the 3rd Light Dragoons, the 5th Light Cavalry, and the 4th Lancers to charge the enemy. This charge was made in splendid style, and with brilliant results. The Sikh cavalry broke before the terrific onslaught and scattered in all directions, and the British cavalry sweeping along the whole of the enemy's lines sabred the gunners, and silenced for a time, at least, the hoarse clamour of the guns. The infantry then came into action, and found the Sikh foemen worthy of their steel, obstinately contesting every point, though everywhere overborne and driven back. The artillery, too, had played terrible havoc with the Sikh camp, and when at length the order was given for a general charge, and the English rushed forward with that exultant cheer which has so often helped to secure the victory it anticipates, the field of Moodkee was added to the list of British conquests.

In this battle the English lost two hundred and fifteen killed and six hundred and fifty-seven wounded, among the former being Sir Robert Sale and Sir John M'Caskill, and a number of other officers. The enemy, though driven from

their position, retired in good order to their camp at Ferozesha on the Sutlej, leaving seventeen guns upon the field.

The arrival of the 29th Queen's and the 1st Bengal Light Infantry made up the English losses, and on the 21st the army marched to attack the Sikh camp, effecting a juncture with General Littler's division, which marched out to meet it from Ferozepore. The British army now numbered nineteen thousand men, but they had to deal with an army of twice that number, strongly entrenched and well provisioned, while they themselves were but ill supplied with food and sorely needed rest. Time, however, would only have increased the disparity of force, for another Sikh army equal to the first was on its way to join the enemy, and the expected English reinforcements would hardly have been sufficient to restore the balance. An immediate attack was therefore determined upon; the commander-in-chief taking charge of the right wing, and the governor-general, who served under him as a volunteer, leading the left. A desperate struggle ensued. The Sikhs, besides being a hardy and athletic race and brave to a fault, had been well trained in the manipulation of the machinery of war, and knew well where to look for an advantage and how to secure it. They employed heavy guns, which they protected behind natural and artificial embrasures, and fired with such deadly aim that the 62nd, which led the attack, was nearly destroyed, while some of the Sepoy regiments broke and fled in confusion. Not even the skill and gallantry of an old campaigner like Sir Henry Hardinge could force the enemy's position, for though he succeeded in carrying part of their works, he was met with such a storm of fire that he was ultimately driven back. The commander-in-chief at the head of the right wing made more progress and succeeded in taking and retaining some of the ramparts, but the Sikhs still held the village of Ferozesha and gallantly maintained it till the sun went down.

The condition of the British army was now critical. The whole of the forces had been employed during the day

and with but little success; the ammunition was rapidly becoming exhausted, and the second army of the Sikhs was on its way to join the first. Anxious councils were held. One suggested retirement to Ferozepore to gain the advantages of an entrenched position; but this would have shown the white feather and that would have been a fatal mistake. "The thing is impossible," said the general. "My mind is made up; if we must perish, it is better that our bones should blanch honourably at Ferozeshah than rot at Ferozepore; but they shall do neither the one nor the other." Sir Henry Hardinge was no less determined. "The commander-in-chief," he said, "knows as well as anybody that it will never do for a British army to be foiled, and foiled the army shall not be. We must fight it out as soon as there is light enough to see the enemy." "What do you think of our prospects?" said General Gough to Sir Henry Hardinge. "I think," he answered, "that we must live or die where we stand." "That is exactly my opinion," said the general, "so we understand each other;" and then they shook hands and parted for the night.

The next morning dawned with but little to cheer the British soldiers, many of whom had eaten nothing since the morning of the day before and now rose to begin another day of battle without breaking their fast. The artillery began the fight with perfunctory fire that did little damage; but at last the fiery old general exclaimed, "Why waste time and ammunition thus? We must try the bayonet once more." Then followed a wonderful and ever-glorious charge. The fire from the enemy's guns played with fearful effect upon the line of advance, and at one moment it looked as if they must be beaten back; but the need was desperate and the men were equal to the demand. The whole army moved forward with resistless force, and the two wings closing in upon the village, captured every gun upon the works, seventy-three in all, seventeen standards, the whole of the military stores and camp furniture. General Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge, "waving the captured banners, rode in triumph

before the victorious army and were hailed with enthusiastic applause."

But the end was not yet. One army had been defeated, but there was another thirty thousand strong, fresh, and ready for the fray. The English cavalry were dead beat from exhaustion and the artillery would soon be silenced for want of ammunition. So dispiriting were the circumstances that the commander-in-chief, in a letter to a friend, confessed that he could not help a momentary feeling of regret when a passing bullet left him still upon his horse. But happily the enemy were not aware of our weakness, and the moral effect of the defeat of the first Sikh army was to be the chief instrument in the defeat of the second. "At this point, critical to the last degree, through a misunderstanding of the order given, the cavalry and artillery moved off in the direction of Ferozepore. The Sikhs supposing that this movement was intended to secure the fords and cut off their retreat immediately made for the river. Taking advantage of the error, the English infantry were ordered in pursuit, and the Sikhs were thrown into utter confusion, their consternation being so great "that they never stopped running until they got to the other side of the Sutlej."

This salvation seemed little short of a miracle, and it is not surprising that the whole army joined in a service of thanksgiving upon the field on the following day.

Christmas 1845 was spent in camp, and when the new year dawned both sides were consolidating their forces with a view to a final struggle. Reinforcements had been ordered up from Meerut, Cawnpore, Agra, and Delhi, and by the end of January General Gough was at the head of a army of thirty thousand men. Meanwhile the Sikhs had not been idle. Reinforcements had made good their losses, and industry and skill had not only strengthened their entrenched encampment on the English side of the Sutlej, but built a bridge of boats to facilitate the conveyance of troops and stores across the river.

A considerable magazine having been established in a fortified village some miles from the camp, Sir Harry Smith

was despatched with a detachment to capture it. He was, however, intercepted and lost all his baggage, but reinforced, sought and found the enemy again at Aliwal. The Sikhs, who numbered 23,000 men with seventy guns, were now faced by a force of 9000 men and thirty-two guns; but notwithstanding the disparity of the forces the English carried everything before them. Charge followed charge with such force and rapid succession that the enemy were driven from every position, and finally fled across the river in headlong confusion. At the battle of Aliwal the Sikhs are said to have lost 3000 men, while the English casualties numbered 673 in killed and wounded.

The battle of Sobraon, which brought this terrible campaign to a close, was fought on the 10th of February, 1846. The Sikh camp lined both sides of the river, and was defended by one hundred and thirty guns, about half of which were of heavy calibre, and all of which were admirably served.

Between the camp and the English lines the country was level and open, affording an unobstructed sweep to the enemies' artillery, and exposing any force which should attempt to cross it, in order to reach the camp, to a merciless fire. The British forces were arranged in the form of a vast semi-circle, the ends of which touched the Sutlej. Facing the centre of the English lines was the village of Sobraon, held by the enemy, who were "defended by a triple line or semi-circular works, one within another, flanked by the most formidable redoubts." The battle began with a duel of three hours' duration between the artillery of either side, after which it was determined to make an assault upon the enemies' works. The guns were then run up to within three hundred yards of the point chosen for the assault, when they halted and pounded at the works for some time, after which the assault was made by the infantry running. The 10th, supported by the 53rd Queen's and the 43rd and 59th Native Infantry, led the assault, but they were repulsed with great loss, and the Ghoorkas, a diminutive race of men, agile, daring, and strong, took up the desperate duty. One of

these, mounted on the shoulders of a tall Grenadier, leapt into the embrasures and was quickly followed by others, who drove the Sikhs back at the point of the bayonet. The enemy, who did not seem to mind firing into a *mêlée*, though in doing so they shot their own men, now concentrated their fire on this position with disastrous effect. Whereupon General Gough ordered an attack upon the enemies' right, and despatched two brigades to make it, the artillery meanwhile playing merrily upon the whole line.

The Sikhs fought with a bravery and determination worthy of a better cause. Gap after gap was made in their devoted ranks, only to be filled up again by men as brave and daring as those who fell, to repulse the columns which, like wave upon wave, rolled across the plain and burst upon them with all but resistless fury.

At length the sappers and miners succeeded in opening a passage to the enemies' works, through which the cavalry could enter single file. This effected, the 3rd Queen's Dragoons, led by Sir Joseph Thackwell, passed through one by one, and once inside the works, formed, and galloping along in the rear of the batteries, sabred the gunners and silenced the guns. Upon this, General Gough ordered the whole three divisions of the centre and the right forward. Then began the final struggle between man and man. It was long and bloody, and Englishmen may well be proud that in the end they overbore the best soldiers of Asia. General Gough had great faith in the British bayonet, and it served him well at Sobraon. Nothing could withstand the determined rush of the British infantry and the fell sweep of the cavalry upon their disordered ranks, and at last the Sikhs, finding it impossible to hold their ground, fled in haste to the river.

The scene now became one of indescribable confusion. During the night the Sutlej had risen seven inches, as it is wont to do at times when its waters are swollen with heavy rains or melting snow, and this made it unfordable on foot. A terrific rush was therefore made for the bridge of boats,

which of course gave way under the tremendous weight it was called upon to bear, and thousands of fugitives were drowned in their attempt to cross the river. To add to the confusion the Horse Artillery, which had taken up a position on the river bank, began to play upon the struggling mass, and so completed the discomfit of the gallant host. The Sikhs lost 8000 to 10,000 men, and the victors 320 killed and 2063 wounded. Sixty-seven guns, 200 camel swivels, 19 standards, and large quantities of ammunition fell into the hands of the English. Both the governor-general and the commander-in-chief were conspicuous throughout the fight, General Gough being one of the first of the horsemen who in single file got behind the enemy's entrenchments.

A bridge of boats was now constructed at Ferozepore by Major Frederick Abbott, of the Bengal Engineers, and over this the force passed on its way to Lahore, which was entered by Sir Henry Hardinge, at the head of his army, on the 22nd of February, 1846. Proclamations were issued and treaties made, and so ended the first Sikh war. Both the governor-general and the commander-in-chief were raised to the peerage, and many of the officers received decorations and promotions for their splendid services.

What is known as the second Sikh war arose out of the murder of Mr. Vans Agnew of the Indian Civil Service, and Lieutenant Anderson of the Bombay Fusiliers, who had been to Mooltan to escort Khan Singh the governor appointed by the Durbar at Lahore to supersede Moolraj at Mooltan. These gentlemen were set upon and wounded on their return with Moolraj on the 20th of April, 1848, and then, deserted by Moolraj and the Sikh escort were foully massacred. Lieutenant Edwards with spirited promptitude assembled some local levies and met Moolraj at the head of eight thousand disciplined Sikh troops at Kinneyree, on the 18th of June, and defeated him. Receiving reinforcements he again encountered Moolraj at Sudoosain, and again defeated him. This was followed by the siege of Mooltan by General Whish, at which the Sikhs deserted to the enemy and the siege had to be abandoned.

On the 20th of October, 1848, Chuttur Singh raised the standard of revolt in the Punjaub, where he mustered an army of 30,000 men. Lord Gough, who commanded a force of 20,000 men, was led into an ambuscade at Ramnugger, and repulsed with great loss, after which he fought the bloody and indecisive battle of Chilianwallah on the 13th of January, 1849, in which the English lost 27 officers and 731 men killed, and 66 officers and 1446 men wounded. These reverses produced such a sensation in England that Sir Charles Napier was sent out to supersede Lord Gough, the Duke of Wellington saying to him, "If you don't go I must." In the meantime, however, Lord Gough retrieved his laurels at the great and decisive battle of Goojerat, fought on the 22nd of February, 1849, when the loss was only 92 killed and 682 wounded. This battle began with a duel between the artillery, followed by an advance of the infantry when the guns of the enemy had been silenced, and brilliant charges by the Scinde horse and the British cavalry, which pursued the flying Sikhs for twelve miles, "capturing camp, equipage, arms, and fifty-five guns."

Lord Gough was a brave soldier, but his love of the British bayonet led him to use it without due regard to the circumstances of the occasion and the lives of his men, hence the fearful carnage at Chilianwallah. At Goojerat he followed sounder advice, employed his artillery to silence the batteries, and then stormed the camp with his favourite weapon, hence the brilliant victory which crowned his distinguished career.

After the second Sikh war the Punjaub was annexed by the Indian government and, wisely administered, remained loyal during the mutiny of 1857, and so became the salvation of India.

THE STORY OF THE 91ST ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

BY PENYSTON MILES.

AMONG the advantages accruing to the nation from the union of England and Scotland under one crown the union of arms, which brought together the English soldiery and the Highland troops for the common defence of Great Britain, cannot be reckoned the least. Elsewhere we have traced through many a hard-fought field the career of the 93rd Regiment, and in now dealing with that of the 91st we have once more to tell a story of brilliant collective victories in which England and Scotland have stood side by side, as well as of magnificent individual feats of arms wrought by the men from "over the Border."

The 91st Highlanders as a regiment is another example of the clan influence obtaining in the formation of Scottish battalions about the end of the last century. Formed in 1794, the officers and men were almost exclusively drawn from the Campbell clan, and if any evidence were wanted as to the fighting character of this family, the Army List of 1794, which shows a total of eighty-nine officers of that name on the active list and seventy-five on half-pay, would probably be deemed sufficient. As the soldier pines for active service, however, doubtless the reader is anxious to get to the records of such, and we will therefore pass over the time during which the regiment was quartered successively at Stirling, Netley, and Chippenham until September, 1795, when we find the Highlanders landing in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and advancing under General Craig against the Dutch at Wynberg.

The enemy offered very little resistance and retreated to Cape Town, but surrendering soon afterwards, the Highlanders took possession of the town.

The 91st took part in a few skirmishes about this time, but without any great loss of life. An enemy more insidious than the Dutch was, however, at work in the Cape, but to quote as follows from Colonel Groves' interesting "History of the 91st Regiment" will show that the Highlanders were quite as able to grapple with the one as with the other.

"Early in the year 1799," says Colonel Groves, "an attempt was made by several soldiers of the Cape Town garrison to raise a mutiny; their intention being to massacre their officers and establish themselves in the colony. The conspirators endeavoured to induce Private Malcolm M'Culloch and other men of the 91st to join them, but these Highlanders proved 'true to their salt,' and, having obtained possession of the papers of the would-be mutineers, gave information to the authorities, who took prompt measures to frustrate the diabolical plot and bring those concerned in it to justice. In a regimental order, dated the 7th of August, 1799, Lieutenant-Colonel Crauford specially commended M'Culloch and his comrades for their fidelity, and expressed his satisfaction at being the commander of such a regiment."

Kaffir troubles caused the formation of a Rifle Company composed of picked men of all the regiments in the garrison, and this company for more than two years assisted their old enemies, the Dutch, to withstand the attacks of the savages. The Government, however, ordered Cape Town to be given over to the Dutch in 1801, and the 91st with the other regiments embarked for England.

On the voyage home a narwhal made a hole in the side of the ship and left its "sword" behind it. "This sword," says Colonel Groves, "which was thirty-three and a half inches long, fell into the possession of one Andrew M'Lean of the 91st, who carried it as a walking-stick throughout the Peninsular war, and it is now preserved by the regiment as a relic." The Highlanders were again ordered on foreign

service in 1808, and took part under Wellington in the first Peninsular campaign.

Returning to England they were selected for service in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren. The men found the climate much more dangerous than the French, and it is recorded that in December, 1809, two hundred and five men were in hospital out of a strength of six hundred and thirty-six. In 1812 the 91st were once more at the Peninsula, and during the campaign right well did the regiment distinguish itself. At the close of the war the Royal authority was given for the following names to be emblazoned upon their standards, a list which indeed proves that the Highlanders did their part to bring about the discomfiture of Napoleon south of the Pyrenees. "Roliça," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthez," "Toulouse," and "Peninsula." Certainly a list to be proud of. Meanwhile in March, 1814, the second battalion of the 91st took part with great bravery in the attack upon Bergen-op-Zoom, the fortress protecting Antwerp. Hardly had the regiment reached home and settled down before Europe was again in arms. Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, and having made a triumphal passage through France, had again usurped the Imperial Crown. In this event the 91st were ordered to Belgium and took part in that glorious campaign, though, unluckily, they missed "Waterloo." On the 17th of June the 91st were sent with a division of Netherland troops to cover the road from Genappe to Brussels, then threatened by the French, but, as Colonel Groves says, "its services were considered sufficiently meritorious to allow of its sharing the honours and rewards granted for the short but glorious campaign of 1815, with the exception of bearing the word "Waterloo" on its colours. The regiment was ordered to form part of the "Army of Occupation" of Paris, and Captain Goff, quoting from the *Irish Times*, says that "William Ballantine, of the 91st, who was present at Waterloo and shared in the advance on Paris, was the first man to enter the French capital, having been one of the escort sent with the flag of truce." England

had now a respite from serious war for about forty years, and the Highlanders, with the rest of the army, enjoyed a period of welcome inactivity, though we find them again gallantly to the fore in various parts of the world in the interim. Cork, Dublin, Jamaica (where the 91st lost six hundred and thirty-six officers and men in nine years from sickness), and St. Helena all were occupied in turn. While at St. Helena, in October, 1840, the men took part in the disinterment and removal of the remains of the ex-Emperor Napoleon. In 1842 the regiment embarked for the Cape, and arrived at Table Bay on the 25th of August.

The disembarkation gave rise to the display of those characteristics which are ever to be found in a gallant soldier, and the name of Captain Bertie Gordon will ever be remembered in connection therewith. On the 27th Colonel Lindsay and Major Ducat having gone ashore, and most of the other officers having obtained similar permission, the command of the troops afloat devolved upon Captain Bertie Gordon. During the night a gale sprang up, and the transport having parted her anchors went ashore near the mouth of the Salt River. The danger was great, but the officers showing a great amount of coolness and *sang froid* under the circumstances, had the effect of encouraging the troops, and the whole of the seven hundred people on board were safely conveyed through the boiling surf to the shore. Major Lawrence Archer remarks, "The catastrophe proved the high state of discipline, fortitude, and other soldierly qualities of the gallant 91st, and is quite as deserving of a place in the rolls of its distinguished services as meritorious conduct in the field."

From 1842 to 1845 the 91st took part in the Kaffir-Boer disturbances, and the first battalion was on the point of returning home, and would have done so on being relieved by the 45th Regiment, but an insurrection having broken out at Monte Video the 45th were detained there by the authorities, and while the 91st were waiting for them the Kaffir war of 1846-7 broke out. Colonel Groves, to whom we are indebted for these and many other interesting facts, gives the following

reasons for the outbreak of hostilities on the part of the Kaffirs, and we cannot do better than quote them.

"Cape wars rarely arise from really political causes, but chiefly from a desire on the part of the young men of the various tribes to distinguish themselves and earn the coveted title of 'warrior.' When a tribe has been some time at peace with its neighbours, the number of young men increases; this the Kaffirs call growing 'fat,' or, in other words, becoming ready to take the field. Once in this condition the young men never rest until they find a pretext for going to war.*

"Early in 1846 the Kaffirs showed symptoms of a restless spirit; the tribes had grown 'fat.' . . . A pretext for commencing hostilities was soon found. Two Kaffirs, warriors of some standing in their tribe, were caught in the act of stealing an axe from a store at Fort Beaufort. They were committed by the local magistrate, and in due course were sent down to Grahamstown for trial—their escort consisting of a few civil constables. Now the road between Fort Beaufort and Grahamstown led along the Kaffir border, and before the constables had proceeded many miles they were suddenly attacked by a party of Gaikas, who had crossed the border with the express purpose of rescuing their tribesmen. Overcome by superior numbers, the escort beat a retreat, leaving their prisoners in the hands of the victorious Gaikas. It so happened that the two warriors who were the cause of the attack were handcuffed to two Hottentots, and their rescuers, not being able to unfasten the handcuffs, deliberately murdered the Hottentots, and cutting off their arms at the elbow-joints, set their friends at liberty. When the Lieutenant-Governor heard of this outrage he at once sent to the chiefs of the offending tribe, and demanded that the two prisoners should be brought back and the murderers of the Hottentots surrendered; but the young *Amadodas* of the tribe were eager for war, their counsels outweighed the counsels of the older men, the Lieutenant-Governor's message was treated with contempt and after a fruitless 'palaver' with the refractory

* "The War of Axe," by J. Percy Groves.

chiefs at Block Drift, the Government decided to commence hostilities without delay."*

The war now commenced, and its commencement was signalled by a feat which could have only been accomplished by men of the highest bravery. The 91st, together with a weak troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards and small detachments of the Royal Artillery with one six-pounder and Cape Mounted Rifles, were engaged in protecting the Fingo settlement at Fort Peddie. The whole British force consisted of about three hundred officers and men, and an attack was made upon this gallant little band by some eight thousand Kaffirs. Mrs. Ward in her book "*The Cape and the Kaffirs*" thus describes the attack: "Finding their scheme of drawing the troops out did not succeed, small parties of the enemy advanced in skirmishing order, and the then two divisions of Páto and the Gaikas moved towards each other as if intending a combined attack on some given point. Colonel Lindsay was superintending the working of the gun himself, and, as soon as a body of the Gaikas came within range a shot was sent into the midst of them The Kaffirs now extended themselves into a line of six miles in length. These advancing at the same time so filled the valley that it seemed a mass of moving Kaffirs; rockets and shells were rapidly poured on them, and presently a tremendous fire of musketry was poured, happily over our heads. The enemy, however, did not come near enough for the infantry to play upon them, and only a few shots were fired from the infantry barracks. The Dragoons were ordered out, and, though rather late, followed up some of Páto's men, who fled at their approach Upward of three hundred of the enemy fell, and more were afterwards ascertained to be dead and dying, but they carried off the greater part of the cattle." The Highlanders lost no lives in this affair. The 91st took part in nearly all the engagements of this war with signal courage, and it seemed no uncommon thing for the British troops to drive the enemy back even when outnumbered a hundred to one. Desultory

* "*History of the 91st Highlanders,*" by J. Percy Groves.

fighting against the Kaffirs and Boers took place up till 1853, and in July, 1855, the battalion were ordered home in consequence of impending hostilities in the Crimea.

The 91st, however, were not allowed to leave South Africa without high tribute being paid to their courage and gallantry from the commander of the forces and the inhabitants of Fort Beaufort.

The rest is soon told. After a brief stay in England, the regiment was ordered to the East, and while not taking part in the Crimean war yet rendered good service in Greece and the Ionian Isles. The Highlanders were then moved to India, and in September, 1858, *en route*, were the first regiment to proceed by the Suez Canal route. Indian service against troublesome hill tribes (1858—1868) was followed by home service till the news of the great disaster at Isandhlwana in January, 1879, caused the 91st to be ordered again to South Africa. Fighting took place at Ekowe and other places during the war, and at its conclusion the Highlanders went into garrison for a short time at Cape Town. On detachment duty (July, 1880), the "B" company stopped at St. Helena and turned out as part of a guard of honour to receive the Empress Eugenie, who landed to visit Napoleon's tomb on her way to South Africa. The Zulu war medals were presented the regiment on the 9th of March, 1881, by Lieutenant-General the Honourable Leicester Smyth, who in the course of his remarks said that he had campaigned in South Africa with the 91st and "had many opportunities of appreciating their gallant deeds." The Queen's authority was given for the words "South Africa" to be placed on the regimental banners in recognition of the services rendered in 1846-7, 1851-2-3, and 1879. In 1881, the territorial system was established and numerals in regard to regiments were abolished. The 91st and the 93rd were joined, and took the title of, "Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders."

The first battalion remained in South Africa till 1885, in Ceylon till 1888, Hong Kong till 1891. The regiment garrisoned Edinburgh Castle from 1891 to 1894, and was

afterwards stationed at Aldershot. Among all the Highland regiments the old 91st can claim a foremost place, and now joined by the gallant 93rd form a body of men of which any country might be proud. To conclude in the words of Colonel Groves, "the old 91st is deservedly a popular corps, for both officers and men are proud of the good name which has been handed down to them, and are careful to preserve it untarnished."

THE STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY ALFRED G. SAYERS.

THE "Eastern Question" has been an open one for a great many years. The oldest of us can remember some phases of it as associated with recollections of our childhood and youth, and the youngest of us are familiar with some at least of its later aspects and developments. Like the heirs of a dying man lingering round his bedside to cheat each other of the inheritance upon his death, the powers of Europe still crowd round the death-bed of "the sick man" of the Orient to secure for themselves the best advantage from his demise.

Though the later aspects of the Eastern Question may be chiefly political, the real basis of both its ancient feuds and its modern complications is religious. To show this a very brief historical *résumé* is necessary.

As far back as the year 728 Rome had become independent under the rule of the popes. About thirty years later the Turks, a tribe of Tartars, took possession of Armenia, and as the years rolled by gradually extended their dominion until by the end of the eleventh century they had completed the conquest of Palestine. This gave them the possession of the Holy Sepulchre and the sacred manger at Bethlehem, to recover which the Crusades were organised and carried out in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Meanwhile, the controversy between the Greek and Latin Churches concerning the procession of the Holy Ghost had led to their final separation. The Eastern Roman Empire dates from 330,

the modern Ottoman Empire from 1327. The following century saw the conquest of Constantinople and the final destruction of the Eastern Roman Empire by Mahomet II. (1453), and the elevation of Basilowitz, the first of the Czars, to the throne of Russia. This distribution of power left the holy places in the hands of the Moslems, with two Christian claimants for their guardianship: the Latin or Roman Church under the special patronage of France, and the Greek or Orthodox Church under the temporal protection of the Czar. To rectify this unhappy condition of things, blood has been shed, treasure has been wasted, and diplomacy has been many times exhausted. In the end, however, the Porte acceded to terms favourable to the Roman Church, and the diplomatic discomfiture of the Greek Church became a practical *casus belli* among the powers involved. That this was something more than a mere pretext for hostilities is shown by the fact that the decision of the Porte meant a great deal more to the Greek than to the Latin Church. We learn from Kinglake's "History of the War in the Crimea" that pilgrimages to the holy places were no part of the Roman discipline, while they formed a very important part of the ceremonial of the Greek Church; the decision, therefore, which favoured Rome was a severe blow to the Moscovite. That the Czar of Russia had ulterior objects which he attempted to conceal under a pretence of religious zeal is of course true; but it was the religious aspect of the question that appealed to the people and made the war possible.

Diplomacy having failed, the Emperor Nicholas of Russia determined upon more practical measures, and in the year 1853 proceeded to occupy the Turkish provinces on the Danube. In October of the same year Turkey replied to this movement by declaring war, and it became evident that the chances of a peaceful settlement of the "Eastern Question" had passed away for the time being. The various nations of Europe then determined their several policies as they contemplated the problem from their different points of view. France stood by the interests of her old ally of Rome, England,

jealous of the interests real or supposed of her Indian Empire, determined to resist the increase of Russian power, and the Czar found himself face to face with much more formidable armaments than he had anticipated.

Apart from the merely political considerations which determined the action of the British Government, there can be no doubt that a very strong anti-Russian feeling pervaded the minds of the great majority of the English people. The bad faith of the Czar, shown by so many broken promises, had proved him false and untrustworthy, and it is not to be wondered at that the English people had lost all confidence in his word. Thus, though as far as England is concerned the war may be said to have been entered upon on purely political or territorial considerations it can hardly be denied that it was thoroughly popular with the people.

And yet it was a new and strange feeling to the majority of Englishmen. Nearly forty years had passed since the last echoes had rolled across the valley at Waterloo, and England had known no European war throughout the interval. Men in the prime of life could only remember among boyhood's memories the story of the last great war, and now they were face to face with real experience. In the poems of Sydney Dobell we get some vivid pictures of the England of those days, and the following lines by Archbishop Trench gave eloquent voice to the thoughts of many a noble woman as her best beloved departed for the scene of war.

"This, or on this;—'Bring home with thee this shield,
Or be thou, dead, upon this shield brought home.'
So spake the Spartan mother to the son
Whom her own hands had armed. O strong of heart!
Yet know I of a fairer strength than this—
Strength linked with weakness, steeped in tears and fears,
And tenderness of trembling womanhood;
But true as hers to duty's perfect law.

"And such is theirs, who in our England now,
Wives, sisters, mothers, watch by day, by night,
In many a cottage, many a stately hall,

For those dread posts, too slow, too swift, that haste
O'er land and sea, the messengers of doom ;
Theirs, who ten thousand times would rather hear
Of loved forms stretched upon the bloody sod,
All cold and stark, but with the debt they owed
To that dear land who bore them duly paid,
Than look to enfold them in strict arms again,
By aught in honour's or in peril's path
Unduly shunned, for that embrace reserved."

Soon after the declaration of war by Turkey an incident occurred which tended to precipitate matters as far as England was concerned. The Turkish squadron of thirteen ships was lying at anchor in the roadstead of Sinope, where it was attacked and entirely destroyed by the Russian fleet ; an engagement in which 4000 Turks perished, and which was followed by the destruction of the town. This engagement was looked upon in England as a mere massacre, and it made quite clear the fact that if the Muscovite was to be kept out of Europe it must be by a stronger hand than that of Turkey. Realising this, the British Government took immediate steps to equalise matters, and Admiral Duncan was ordered to Constantinople to act as an ally of the Turk.

The story of the progress of the war is told in the records of the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and that of the siege of Sebastopol which follow, and for the rest we may content ourselves here with the following few but eloquent facts.

War was declared by England on the 28th of March, 1854 ; peace was signed on the 27th of April, 1856 ; hostilities, however, had ceased some time previous to this ; so that in something less than two years the loss and gain of this fearful enterprise were realised. The loss from carnage and disease cost England 23,500 men and £41,000,000 of money ; it cost France 63,000 men and Russia the awful total of 500,000 of her best and bravest sons. The gain—is not so easy to determine.



THE ADVANCE OF THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE ALMA.

THE STORY OF THE ALMA, BALACLAVA, AND INKERMANN.

BY ALFRED G. SAYERS.

WAR was declared by England and France on the 28th of March, 1854, and no time was lost by the Allies in preparing to attack the enemy. Matters were precipitated by some of the earlier incidents of the war. On the 21st of April, 1854, an envoy from the Allies, under a flag of truce, was fired upon by the Governor of Odessa. Reparation for this outrage was refused, and the allied fleets opened fire upon the town, and the mole—the projecting works for ships in harbour—with men, horses, and immense Governmental stores, were completely destroyed. In the following month the British ship *Tiger* ran aground: she was totally destroyed by the Russians, her captain being killed, her crew taken prisoners. But these were mere preliminaries.

By the beginning of September the transport of the army to the Crimea was accomplished. Vaunting and confident manifestoes were issued, and on the 19th the Allies moved to the south. Next day the river Alma was approached, and a large Russian force was seen to be in possession of the heights on the farther side.

On the night of the 18th of September orders were given by Lord Raglan that the troops should strike tents by daybreak, and that all the tents should be sent aboard the ships of the fleet. An advance had been determined on, and it was understood that the Russian light cavalry had been sweeping the country of all supplies up to within a short distance of the out-

lying pickets. At 3 a.m. next morning the *réveille* sounded, and the army thirty thousand strong commenced the march. At nine o'clock the whole of the forces, English, French, and Turkish, was moving under a bright sun. After a couple of halts the enemy were in sight. They opened with some terribly accurate artillery fire into the English cavalry, which after a few rounds was replied to by our own, and just as the execution was beginning to be felt, the French, who had crept to the flank, burst upon the Russians and scattered them in all directions. It was now late in the day, and the allied army had suffered severely from thirst, and orders were therefore given to bivouac for the night. Before daybreak on the 20th the whole army was again under arms, and it was soon found that the enemy had abandoned the nearer heights. The staff under Lord Raglan now disposed the order of battle. The generals in command were Sir George Brown, Lord Lacy Evans, Sir R. England, and Sir G. Cathcart. Our fleet was visible at a distance of four miles, and the object of the Allies was so to order the fight that their movements would be covered by its fire. The Alma is a winding little stream, and it was to the heights beyond that the Russians had retreated and taken up a position of formidable strength. The relative positions were described by the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* to be as though the Russians were on Richmond Hill and the allied armies on the plain below—only that Richmond Hill must by a great effort of the imagination be thought of as bare of all vegetation, and the Thames as a comparatively insignificant little stream. The Russians had placed their guns in advantageous positions on the hill. One strong point of the enemy became their snare—this was a high rock that flanked the Russian troops, and which was no doubt considered of immense advantage by the Russian general. The plan of the Allies was no less a one than first to thoroughly engage the Russian line and to make a flank attack over this seemingly impregnable rock. This honourable and difficult task was assigned to the French infantry and was carried out in splendid style—the French

fleet also opening fire and casting shells into the Russian lines. But the operation was a long one—the Russians were only slowly, though none the less surely, dislodged ; and the advance of the front could not be made until news of serious discomfiture of the Cossacks was received, on account of the great advantage they enjoyed, of being on the heights above the attacking force. All this time, however, a terrible artillery duel was being kept up, and such devastation was being wrought among our passive men that Lord Raglan at last gave the order to advance. The men plunged through the little river amid a storm of shot and shell, and fell in scores. The guards were now attacking the enemy's other flank, and the English guns were firing into the Russian squares with terrible effect—great gaps were ploughed by every discharge ; and then came the decisive charge of the Highlanders. The battle was over—the Russian officers made one last effort to rally their men, but the Highland charge settled the matter—they fled, leaving three guns, seven hundred prisoners, and four thousand killed and wounded behind. It is said that Prince Menschikoff had put many ladies in favourable positions for witnessing the discomfiture of the Allies ; and his confidence of the issue is not surprising, considering the splendid position the Russians occupied. Had the Allies too nicely weighed probabilities they too might have concluded that to dislodge an enemy so situated was next door to impossible. But the history of the British army is what it is, because it has ever been in the mood of him who, in the words of the old couplet,

“Laughs at impossibilities
And cries ‘It shall be done!’”

News of the early victories of the allied forces was naturally received at home with eager anxiety and enthusiasm. Early in October, 1854, news arrived in London that a great battle had been fought and that the Allies had been victorious. In the excitement of the hour this was exaggerated into the fall of Sebastopol—an event which, however, was not brought about without still further expenditure of blood and treasure.

On the 5th of October the Lord Mayor of London announced the first successes of the allied armies from the steps of the Royal Exchange, and so was the first news of the conquest of the Alma proclaimed in London.

Many a tribute to the gallantry of the brave men who fought in the Crimea was called forth from the pens of poets and historians, from among which the following lines by Archbishop Trench may be quoted here :—

“ Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea :
Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known—
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world’s four corners blown.
In two nations’ annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in the firmament of fame.
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine,
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.
Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—
‘ He has pass’d from us, the loved one ; but he sleeps with them that
died

By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side.’
Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,
Thou on England’s banners blazon’d with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold ;
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done,
By that Twentieth of September, when the Alma’s heights were won.
Oh ! thou river ! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free—
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.”

Two days after the battle of the Alma the army moved on south by east towards Sebastopol. For reasons of strategy the little harbour of Balaclava was first made for. Here the British army got into touch with the fleet and landed munitions of war—the French carrying out a similar operation at Kamiesch Bay. A soldier, writing from the ranks with a suggestion of home-sickness, described the cliff near Balaclava as like those between Brighton and Beachy Head ; another

writer speaks of the district as one of "gardens and meadows." On the 25th of October the Russians made an attack on the rear of the allied army. The battle opened badly. The Turks who were first attacked were seized with panic and fled—a proceeding that so disgusted the 93rd Highlanders who were in the vicinity that they poured a volley into their turn-tail Allies. Two regiments of Russian Hussars charged the Highlanders, who, however, held their own and compelled the Russian squadron to wheel off; in doing which they met the Scots Greys, and a furious hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Very much outnumbered, the Allies were getting also out-flanked, when orders were given by which the tables were turned on the enemy. The first charge made by cavalry in the Crimea was here effected with great execution. The Russians, however, had not been idle, and two of our intrenched redoubts had fallen into their hands from which they were enabled to pour a destructive fire on our troops. At this juncture occurred an episode which was certainly one of the most profoundly affecting incidents. Captain Nolan bore an order from Lord Raglan to Lord Lucan, who commanded the Light Brigade of cavalry, instructing him to charge with his men and endeavour to silence the batteries of these redoubts. If the order was intended as carried out it was a terrible one. The brigade numbered but six hundred men, and for six hundred men to face an army in position protected by powerful artillery was to make an attempt which only very exceptional circumstances could justify; but with Lord Cardigan at its head the column started on its dreadful enterprise, and it is said that when the mission of that column was realised there was for the moment a silence of astonishment and wonder. But not for long.

Lord Tennyson, in one of his best known poems, has sung of the peerless charge of this "Light Brigade"

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder'd;

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die!
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well:
Into the jaws of Death—
Into the mouth of Hell—
Rode the six hundred."

The Russian batteries had this gallant column at their mercy and they were mown down like grass before the scythe. Every schoolboy knows the story—Lord Cardigan got through with about half of his brave fellows, and every Russian gunner who remained at his post on that battery was sabred. The guns, fourteen in number, were in our possession—for a moment only. The Russian cavalry were charging down upon them, and the Light Brigade—"what there was left of them"—re-formed for the return journey. A French regiment of cavalry came to their assistance by charging the Russian artillery, but the fire was tremendous, and when the Light Brigade rallied again on friendly ground—only a hundred and sixty remained. Thus ended the fighting of that great and memorable day. To begin fighting again in a commonplace way (if war may ever be so denominated) was too much of an anti-climax to be tolerated; and beyond sullenly regarding each other nothing more was then done. Who can gauge the results to invaders and invaded of such an episode? What a spirit of emulation and pride must have stirred in every British heart as he thought of that terrific charge! What a sense of respect for their enemies must have risen in the ranks of Russia! Eleven days later the battle of Inkerman was to be fought—"the soldiers' battle" as it has been called. Who shall say how much Balaclava

contributed to Inkerman? If such a charge were possible, why should a soldier ever retreat? But we are anticipating.

The Russians must now be imagined as having their "backs to the wall." At Alma they had done badly, at Balacava better. The defence of their huge fortress of Sebastopol must be best—or worst.

It was a damp, cheerless morning, that of the 5th of November, 1854, when daylight discovered to the besiegers that a great battle was at hand. All night long muffled noises had reached the camp of the Allies, but how serious an intention lay behind was not imagined until it was seen that our right was occupied with fifty thousand Russians, fully equipped with guns and ammunition. The first effort of the enemy was to turn the British right flank. The troops formed up with great haste, but the Russians had guns in position on a hill above which were doing heavy work. Notwithstanding the swift evolution of our troops, outflanked we were; in fact, so swift had the movements been, that many men found themselves out of ammunition, and could only charge with cold steel. It is remarkable that in the confusion engendered by these conditions no one seems to have lost nerve or foresight, although, indeed, calm and orderly movements were soon a thing of the past. It was a "soldiers' battle" indeed—simply the quenchless spirit in every man that foiled this well-planned attack. Distinctions of rank were for the time lost, officers fought side by side with their men, plans were improvised to meet the emergencies of the moment. Our artillery was brought up and commenced a well-directed fire of grape. The French "came running," says one chronicler, and by their immense dash carried the Russian soldiers off their feet. Slowly but surely they fell back, but not without making another effort to outflank us, which was defeated by a movement of the Coldstreams. The French dragged some guns up to the hills and hurried the retreat of the enemy. The battle-field was terrible to behold. Five thousand Russian corpses strewed the ground, and the losses of the Allies amounted to about three thousand officers and men. The jubilations which followed the battle of Alma

were wanting after Inkerman: it was indeed a glorious victory—a victory that showed the British soldier (and the Frenchman too) as capable of almost anything, except fear—but it had been purchased at a fearful price. Sydney Dobell in his powerful sonnet “The Army Surgeon,” written at the time, gives a vivid picture of the field of blood:—

“Over that breathing waste of friends and foes,
The wounded and the dying, hour by hour,
In will a thousand, yet but one in power,
He labours through the red and groaning day.
The fearful moorland where the myriads lay
Moves as a moving field of mangled worms:
And as a raw brood, orphaned in the storms,
Thrust up their heads if the wind bend a spray
Above them, but when the bare branch performs
No sweet paternal office, sink away
With helpless chirp of woe,—so, as he goes,
Around his feet in clamorous agony
They rise and fall; and all the seething plain
Bubbles a cauldron vast of many-coloured pain.”

The anxious crowd that surged round the offices of Messrs. Harrison & Son, in St. Martin's Lane, where the *London Gazette* was published—these mothers and sweethearts and wives—they knew the price of Inkerman. It was a victory at which one might say a deep “thank God,” but there would be no shouting.

THE STORY OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

BY ALFRED G. SAYERS.

AFTER the battle of Inkerman, the Allies settled down to the siege of Sebastopol in regular form, and we must consider carefully the relative positions of the combatants in order to understand somewhat the operations of the next few months. Imagine, then, a projection from the mainland to the west—a quadrangular cape of about eight miles square. Of the two corners where this cape joins the main territory, the north is the valley and ruins of Inkerman, with the bay of the same name. In the south-east corner is Balaclava Harbour. In the centre at the north is Sebastopol—the fortifications of which measure three miles across and are of about the same depth. From north to south this enclosure is cut in half by a harbour about a quarter of a mile in width at the mouth and about half that width at the extreme point south: the whole of this great fortress, surrounded by loopholed walls and by earthworks, and well-mounted batteries placed at intervals round the walls. Forts Constantine, Nicholas, Alexander, and the Quarantine Fort—the important four—were built of limestone, faced with granite and porphyry, and were composed of three tiers of batteries, each having about three hundred pieces of artillery; and not least important, the hill of Malakhoff, near Sebastopol, with its strongly fortified tower; and the Redans—fortified lines, that is, meeting together like a V or at some angle less acute—all destined to

play a great part of the struggle for Sebastopol. Looking north from the seaboard is the harbour, about two miles wide, running into the Black Sea.

From Inkerman in the north-east the British front stretched in a south-westerly direction. Between this front and the batteries of Sebastopol several batteries of the Allies were placed. At the southern end of the British line a deep plain interposed—across which, and travelling north-west was the French front, extending like the British over six or seven miles; the northermost point, a few hundred yards nearer the besieged city, having a line of French batteries within a mile of the Russian earthworks. The Turkish troops were in the rear of the British. It remains to be said that the Russians had made Sebastopol impregnable by sea by the device of sinking several ships across the mouth of the harbour. Of course the investment of a stronghold having a line of operatives fifteen miles in length could not be undertaken without an immense force. During the main time of the siege the Allies had one hundred and twenty thousand men round Sebastopol.

In a despatch of the 28th of November Lord Raglan gives the first news of the siege—the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade have occupied and held an advanced position nearer the eastern forts of Sebastopol—the Russians had made a desperate effort to regain this ground, but without success; the despatch concludes by saying that, “notwithstanding their privations, their exposure to the weather, and the constant labour required of them, the men exhibit the same cheerfulness, the same ardour in the discharge of their duty as they have manifested throughout”—a matter on which there will be something more to say.

During this month one of the terrific storms common to the “Stormy Euxine,” descended upon the British fleet in Balaclava Bay, and many ships and great numbers of men were lost. At the close of the year the news was received that the batteries were erected, and the siege began in real earnest. We have already given some idea of the immense strength of the Russian position. So splendidly built were the four great

three-tier forts that the English and French artillery made but little impression on them. But all the witnesses of the operations tell the same tale. That strange moral force which in political history is called prestige was also laying siege to Sebastopol. The Allies did not dream of defeat. The surrender of the stronghold was certainly expected in London nine or ten months before it actually happened.

There were, however, so far as the stay-at-homes were concerned, many things dark with regard to the conduct of the war. In these days the theatre of a war of any importance has a crowd of specially trained reporters in its vicinity. These men are, as a rule, brave, good travellers, good writers; they survey operations from half-a-dozen different standpoints, and they telegraph their news with lavish disregard of cost. In the early fifties the electric telegraph was in its infancy—few wires were in operation. The correspondents of any repute were usually military men who wrote and posted their correspondence; so that it was only in after months that England learned in its fulness what the siege of Sebastopol had meant—how in the long winter months our soldiers were frozen in the trenches; how, besides being badly clothed, they were badly fed and worse doctored; how terribly they and the Russians suffered from that awful scourge, the cholera. The soldier, after all, is only mortal, and the natural impulse of a man about whose condition the foregoing epithets can be used is to lie as low as may be. With the spring, however, operations recommenced in real earnest. The death of the Emperor Nicholas and the accession of Alexander II. had not altered the Russian policy. The siege went on. It will have occurred to the most casual reader that the desire of Russia must have been to relieve the closely-pressed garrison of Sebastopol by attacking the Allies in the rear; this, however, was rendered impossible by the British command of the seas and the difficulties of land transport over a frozen and storm-driven country.

On the 22nd of March occurred the first of the operations centring round the Malakhoff tower, before described. The

Russians made a sortie and endeavoured to force back the ever-advancing enemy, but with no success; this was followed by night attacks of a desperate nature—in which the only result was a large loss of life on both sides, the Allies never, with morning light, having retreated an inch from their position. In the month of May an expedition was despatched into the Sea of Azov, and the narrow port of Kertch was captured and destroyed with a large amount of stores. Eupatoria in the west also fell into the hands of the Allies. Thus the communications of the Russians were seriously threatened, large quantities of their supplies fell into our hands; and their condition was fast becoming desperate. Our business being with the British and allied forces we cannot spare space to deal with the besieged Russians; but those who wish to read a vivid story of the woes of a besieged town should turn to Tolstoi's "*Stories of Sebastopol*."

On the 6th and 7th of June two forts of lesser import were taken; and emboldened by this success a great attempt was made on the 17th and 18th to capture the Malakhoff. The struggle lasted over forty-eight hours, the Allies charging up to the very guns. In the end, however, they had to retreat, the British with thirteen hundred, and the French with three thousand three hundred killed and wounded. The French force had been exposed not only to the resistance offered by the besieged, but also to the fire of the Russian ships in the harbour, which had rendered great service to the Russian cause throughout the siege. One fort fell, however—the Mamelon—and the line of the besiegers which began by being a fourteen-mile semi-circle round the towns was now so close to the besieged as in many cases to be within speaking distance. General Todleben, the defender, was of the type of soldier developed under an autocracy—the officer who dares not give up while there is a shadow of hope in keeping on. On the 28th of June Lord Raglan died and was succeeded by General Simpson.

On the 16th of August the last desperate effort was made by the besieged—a sortie originating from the south-east. The

engagement took place in the vicinity of a village and river of the unpronounceable-looking name of Tchernaye (drop the T and it looks more tractable). The Russians in great force crossed the river at several points, and a large proportion of the investing armies of the three Allies were engaged before, towards nightfall, the Cossacks were in full retreat—leaving on the field five thousand killed and wounded. This was the beginning of the end—the storm of round shot, of shells and of rockets from the French battery to the west increased in volume. The whole line of battle was daily advanced. A momentum had been gained which no stubbornness on the part of the besieged could arrest. On the 8th of September a grand assault was made on the Malakhoff and on the Redan forts. The French troops exploded the first mine against the former at eight o'clock on the morning of that day, and at noon, after a terrific struggle, the French flag waved from the tower. The attack on the Great and Little Redans was not so pronounced a success. True they were all but subdued, but the struggle had been so exhausting that the last effort could not be made. The bare story of the casualties is almost enough for any one with imagination. The French lost nearly 1700 in killed, beside the almost incredible number of 6000 in wounded and missing. The English loss was only 400 killed and 2000 wounded or missing. But as we have said, the French had secured the Malakhoff, and the defence was broken. During the night the Russians abandoned the southern part of the town and fortifications, having sunk or destroyed the remainder of their fleet, and in the morning the Allies entered the city. In the Malakhoff and the Redans was found 3000 pieces of cannon and 120,000 lb. of gunpowder. Thus the siege, which had lasted nearly a year, and had cost so dearly in human life, in money, and in all that makes for civilisation, came to an end. The French had borne the larger burden of the siege, and it is on record that during this time their guns threw over a million projectiles into Sebastopol. Negotiations for peace were now opened, but it was a cardinal

condition with the Allies that Sebastopol should no longer be fortified, and so the war lingered on until February, when the English blew up the Sebastopol docks. The Peace signed in Paris, on the 30th of March, 1856, contained a stipulation against fortifications, but this was abrogated on Russia's demand in 1871.

We have already quoted from a despatch of Lord Raglan's, in which the general refers to the hardships endured by the soldiers. These were made the subject of a special inquiry by Parliament, and very grave censures were passed on several officers. What is more to the point is the fact that Parliament realised for the first time that it is disgraceful in a great, powerful, rich nation, to send brave fellows to fight its battles and not to take proper care that so dreadful a calling shall be alleviated by all possible means. Dating from the Crimean War, there has been a Commissariat Department at the War Office in which questions of clothing, equipment, food, medicine, etc., are made a special study, which is responsible for the health and comfort of troops "ordered to the front."

We must not close this record without reference to one whose name stands for the alleviation of the soldiers' sufferings amid the horrors of war. In October, 1854, just on the eve of Balaclava, Florence Nightingale started for the scene of the war financed with £15,000 raised by the efforts of the *Times* newspaper. In the terrible months of cholera and carnage which followed, the noble devotion of this beneficent lady and her nurses marked with one bright spot the dark panorama of suffering and death: With the boom of war still lingering in our ears it is too much to hope that war has passed for ever, but it is not too much to hope that whenever man's hand is raised against his fellow-man, woman's hand will bind up the sufferer's wounds and dry the mourner's tears. Happy, indeed, was the anagram constructed from the name of Florence Nightingale—happy in its application to herself and to each of the noble women who follow in her train:

FLIT ON, CHEERING ANGEL.

THE FIRST RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

BY FRANCIS CORNWALLIS MAUDE, V.C., B.C.

NOW and again allusions are made to Havelock's famous march in the hot weather of 1857, and descriptions are sometimes given of some of the battles which that general fought with the mutinous sepoys between Allahabad and Cawnpore. A good many people know that, when we won the last action in front of the latter town, on the 17th of July, the murderers had just completed the slaughter of the women and children, whom we had hoped to be in time to rescue.

Perhaps fewer students of the history of that time are, however, aware that Havelock made two attempts to relieve the garrison of Lucknow, and that, although he was able to defeat the rebels in every engagement on the road between Cawnpore and the latter town, his little force was so reduced by cholera, dysentery, and the enemy's fire, that he had only eight hundred bayonets left upon which he could possibly count to carry out this desperate undertaking. Consequently, about the end of July, he and his troops sorrowfully recrossed the Ganges, and remained at the scene of the massacre until such time as fresh men and munitions of war could be hurried up country in sufficient numbers to warrant the general in hoping, at least, that the third time he would succeed in relieving the Lucknow garrison.

Up to this time the writer had been in command of the whole of Havelock's artillery, and is of opinion that his battery, which had come from Trincomalee in Ceylon, had had a very great deal to do with the matter; and he even ventures to affirm that nearly every one of the battles which Havelock won owed by far the greater part of its success to

the work done by the Royal Artillery. It is true that when we left Ceylon we were only sixty-two souls, all told, including two officers and a trumpeter ; and that, while at Allahabad, we were reinforced by thirty men from the 84th Regiment, who, having been trained as artillery men, volunteered for our battery and did excellent work with us—making, in fact, nearly as good gunners, after a few days' drill on the road at the end of each march, as the Royal Artillery. Then there were enough invalid Bengal artillerymen to man two other 6-pounder guns, and, poor fellows, they too did their level best ; though, when we finally went to the relief of Lucknow, they, or those who were left of them, remained behind at Kânpur (you can spell this word as you like, gentle reader, but I believe this latter is the fashionable orthography). I am sorry to have been so egotistical as to mention that we of the Royal Artillery had anything to do with Havelock's march. He himself admitted our utility on several occasions, and, in fact, praised us in terms that nothing but the native modesty of an Irishman prevents my repeating now. But I am often amused, as each succeeding history of the campaign appears (and I think the average is about seven books or pamphlets every year, which would make two hundred and eighty up to date, but I may be a good bit under the mark)—I am amused, as I say, to notice that—on the principle, I suppose, of *Leo pinxit*—less and less notice is taken of, or allusion made to, the work of the Royal Artillery, so that I suppose by the end of this century it will be generally admitted and believed that all Havelock's battles were won by the infantry, unless future historians should give the credit of them to his volunteer cavalry, who, when they first started from Allahabad, numbered exactly eighteen sabres, besides that of their commander.

I hope, however, that no one will think, from the foregoing remarks, that I wish to depreciate, in the very slightest degree, the excellent and even splendid deeds which were performed by the other arms of the service. But, as I daresay my readers have already guessed, my trumpeter is dead. Poor lad ! he was badly wounded in the knee joint and died of lockjaw at

Lucknow. But he lived to see *both* "Reliefs," and the final Capture of that City. Alas! of those splendid men, all of them in their prime, most of them younger than their captain, the present chronicler, only one, Charles Hemmings, now survives, and he, strangely enough, received a very severe wound, from which he still suffers much pain.

But I must restrain the garrulity of age and leave myself space to fulfil the task I have undertaken, namely, to say a few words as to our share in the FIRST RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

I suppose I ought not to speak of any of the actions which we had fought in Oudh during Havelock's previous attempts to relieve Inglis' garrison, but I can't resist saying that, on one day alone, namely the 29th of July, 1857, the hottest, in every way, I ever remember, we fought three pitched battles with the mutinous sepoys, who, be it remembered, had the same guns, ammunition, and drilling that our men had received. And on that day we fairly silenced, and, advancing, instantly captured, no less than *nineteen* guns. And, to show the losses we inflicted on the enemy, at one of these guns alone we found, out of its six horses, one killed, three mortally wounded, and one, although only slightly, wounded in four places (the remaining horse was utilised in our volunteer cavalry); while there were three gunners and a Soubahdar lying around the gun, *perfectly mangled* by our shell.

But, whether it was that Havelock's retreats or retirements had given fresh courage to the rebels, or whether events in other parts of India had combined to make Lucknow a rallying point for them, the fact remains that when we again threw our bridge of boats across the Ganges opposite Cawnpore, and again marched into Oudh, we found not only that the mutineers were largely reinforced, but that a very considerable number of the warlike population of Oudh had made common cause with them, and that we had to deal with a rebellion of the greater part of the inhabitants of that country. In those days, even when he was ploughing his fields, the Oudh peasant was always armed, either with a matchlock or a tulwar, and his shield hung at his back. They were a restless, dissatisfied, marauding lot ;

and they had to receive a good lesson, which they very wisely took to heart; just as the wild Kernes of Ireland did under Cromwell years ago.

The force with which the three generals, Outram, Havelock, and Neill, took the field on the 20th of September, 1857, was composed as follows: nearly a hundred volunteer cavalry, consisting of officers whose regiments had mutinied, civil servants of the East India Company, traders, and others; our field battery of Royal Artillery, with four 9-pounders and two 24-pounder-howitzers—all brass guns; William Olpherts' battery of Bengal Horse Artillery, with four 6-pounders and two 12-pounder-howitzers; Vincent Eyre's heavy battery of Bengal Artillery; and the following regiments of infantry, or rather what was left of them, only the last-named being anything like up to its full strength of men and officers: 5th Fusiliers, 78th Seaforth Highlanders, 84th and 90th Regiments; besides the 1st Madras Fusiliers, which was then a European Regiment of the East India Company. In all, just three thousand men.

The enemy did not attempt to prevent our crossing the River Ganges, because our heavy guns (in position in the little fort which had been built at Cawnpore) commanded the whole extent of the bridge of boats, which we had also built, and swept the country for several hundred yards beyond the bridge head. But as soon as we advanced about three miles into Oudh, we found the enemy in considerable force in the village of Mungawara, one of our previous battle grounds; but we had very little trouble in driving them out of that, and our little cavalry force, for the first time in the campaign, made a capital pursuit of the flying rebels; their "bag" being just one man to each sabre, while we did not lose a single trooper. This smart lesson was so well learnt that they did not again molest us until we got to within about three miles of Lucknow, where, in front of the Alumbagh Palace, the enemy were drawn up in really fine order, and fired a few rounds of well-aimed shrapnel at us. But as soon as we deployed into line they melted away in the most surprising manner, so that it was difficult even to get a

shot at them in return. However, when we occupied the Alumbagh ourselves, we found that we were within range of their guns posted near the canal; and the Royal Artillery had to maintain a perfectly useless duel with the latter until night fell, and we all lay down to sleep just where we stood, in the stiff mud; for it had been pouring heavily, and we were very tired, but we had no tents. In the morning we found that the plastic and tenacious "kunka" had taken excellent casts of some of our figures. Yielding to the earnest persuasion of our Deputy Quarter-Master-General, Frazer-Tytler, the next morning our general or generals—for thereby hangs a tale—consented to retire our guns a few yards, and this took us nearly out of range of the enemy's artillery; although an occasional shot used to "lob" in among our tents—which had then been pitched—causing us a little damage. But this was far better than to continue the cannonade with the enemy's invisible guns, during which, on the preceding evening and early morning of the 24th of September, I had fired no less than three hundred rounds of shot and shell, at a range of twelve hundred yards. I doubt if I did them much damage, as their guns were cleverly masked in a lane, and only occasionally run out and fired at us; inflicting, however, not much loss on us in return. However, I had three or four men slightly wounded, and lost three gun bullocks, one of my howitzers being also badly injured.

We went to sleep that night in the unwonted luxury of a tent but little disturbed by the occasional inroad of a round shot through our camp, though with the full knowledge that we had a very nasty day's work before us on the morrow. And I confess that I was not at all sorry to read, in the general orders that evening, that "Billy" Olpherts was to lead off the ball with his battery in our entry into Lucknow; as I thought he would most likely "take the thick of it off," so to speak; for I knew very well that the rebels had been trying the range during a great part of the day, and, to tell the truth, I had a little professional curiosity to satisfy, as to what sort of practice the Bengal gunners would make against the

enemy. However, rather to my disgust, just before we fell into our places in the column I found that the order had been suddenly changed and that we were to lead the attack.

At about half-past eight o'clock General Sir James Outram rode up and placed himself by my side, at the head of General Neill's column, as we were about to descend the fatal road which leads to the bridge over the canal.

We halted for a few moments opposite the Alumbagh gateway, under the shelter of which several officers were grouped; and I remember a nine-pound shot hitting one of my bullocks fairly on the ribs. The wound swelled out in a large black lump, and in a few seconds the poor beast sank down and died. Of course I at once replaced it with another. Just then we moved off, and I received a kindly but uncomfortable salutation from Major Cooper, who was the Brigadier of Artillery, as we passed the gateway. "Good-bye, old fellow," he called out to me. I suppose it was a premonition of his own death, as he was shot through the head a few hours later.

At last we moved slowly down the road, preceded by two companies of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, in column of sections, right in front, Outram, as I have said, riding by my side with the leading gun, and followed by two of his staff, Chamier and Sitwell.

- For a few seconds the enemy reserved their fire, and then they let us have it, hot and heavy. A battery on each of our flanks managed to pop a roundshot among us now and then: but the heaviest fire came from two guns which were loaded in the lane behind the Yellow House, at the bottom of the main road leading into Lucknow, and then were run out on to that road, carefully laid and admirably served. Meantime there were large bodies of infantry on both sides of the road, in the corn fields and amongst the gardens, from behind the walls of which they kept up a well-directed fire.

At this moment I received an order to halt, so in a very few seconds I made my dispositions for replying to their fire to the best of my ability, and engaged the enemy's guns; but,

in order to do this I had to fire in three different directions at the same time, each requiring two guns. The Fusiliers, in the meanwhile, lay in the ditch on each side of the causeway, which, being elevated, afforded them some protection. In the first few moments Outram's arm was shot through by a musket ball, but he only smiled and asked one of us to tie his handkerchief tightly above the wound. Then his aide-de-camp, Sitwell, received a similar wound, and I was struck by a spent bullet in the hand. Almost at the same moment the finest soldier in our battery and the best artilleryman I have ever known, Sergeant-Major Alexander Lamont, had the whole of his stomach carried away by a round shot. Just then another round shot took off the leg, high up the thigh, of the next senior sergeant, John Kiernan. Another tragic sight on that road was the death of a fine young gunner; a round shot took his head clean off, and for about a second the body stood straight up, surmounted by the red collar, and then fell flat on the road, which by that time was a perfect shambles. As fast as the men of the leading gun-detachments were swept away by the enemy's fire I called for volunteers to supply their places from other guns. I suppose this lasted for about twenty minutes. Several times I turned to the calm, cool, grim general, and asked him to allow us to advance, pointing out to him that we could not possibly do any good by halting there. He agreed with me, but did not like to take the responsibility of ordering us to go on. It was then nine o'clock, and at last the order came from Havelock for us to advance.

As we were by this time supported by the remainder of the column the enemy abandoned the Yellow House and neighbouring gardens, also retiring two of their guns down the lane. The road here takes a bend to the left, and is about three hundred yards from the bridge over the canal. After going half that distance we came under the very heavy fire of no less than five of their guns, which swept that bridge and road. So I again engaged them with my two leading guns but their first discharge disabled one of these, and killed or wounded

some men of my gun-detachment. Several men of the 84th Regiment by the orders of Captain (now Lieutenant-General) Frederick A. Willis, and led by Lieutenant (now Major-General) Hugh Pearson, here volunteered to assist in working the guns. But just at this moment Colonel (now General Sir J. M. B.) Fraser-Tytler persuaded Neill to allow the Madras Fusiliers to charge the bridge, and succeeded.

As, however, the description of this charge would involve my entering upon some very thorny ground, which I have no desire to travel over, and as it scarcely concerns the share of the Royal Artillery in the Relief of Lucknow, I do not at present propose to refer to it.

As a matter of fact, from this point our progress, although continually onwards and forwards, to the relief of our besieged countrymen and women, whom we knew had been for three months surrounded by a circle of fire, was very far from being that of an orderly, well-disciplined force. It was rather a continued "running the gauntlet" through the narrow streets and among the almost interminable squares and courts of the line of palaces belonging to the King of Oudh. All this time the enemy, who knew their way about better than we did, lined the houses on each side of the streets, and the parapets of the palaces; keeping up a murderous fire upon our men, as we marched quickly along, replying to it occasionally.

Every now and then there was a halt, caused either by some obstruction in the road or some casualty among our beasts of burden.

Then, as the enemy mustered in denser swarms upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes brought a horse artillery gun or two to bear upon us from a gateway, our artillery had to come into action and reply to their fire.

Although the whole distance, from the canal bridge to the Residency, is but little over two miles, it took us more than seven hours to accomplish, so that the sun had set before we had reached the square where General Neill was killed by a shot from a tower in the gateway; and a few minutes afterwards that splendid soldier Fraser-Tytler received a musket-

ball in the groin. I helped him off his horse, and he was put into a dhoolie. Neill's body was put on to one of my gun waggons, and the order was given to us to resume our march.

Another gauntlet-running through a narrow lane, and suddenly we are brought up by a great barricade across the road. It is now dark, and we see the semi-circlé described by a lighted portfire as it descends upon the vent of a gun in front of us. Bang! hiss! and a shower of case shot whistles among us. Then there is a lull, and half-a-dozen Sepoys, for the first time in the whole campaign, are amongst our leading files. What more natural than that these poor fellows were promptly bayoneted by our astonished soldiers? But then is heard a loud and manly English voice, that of Aitken, Captain of the Bailey Guard Gate, who cried, "For God's sake don't touch these men! They have saved all our lives!" and then we find that we are within twenty yards of the Residency gateway; having had our progress blocked by one of the enemy's batteries, which had been built up across the road in front of it. It may be interesting to record that these were loyal Sepoys, who had behaved magnificently during the siege, although continually exposed to the utmost dangers as well as temptations from their comrades, who were within speaking distance all the time. Every one of them received a bayonet wound on this last occasion, and yet every one recovered from it and lived to receive rich rewards from the grateful East India Company, who well knew how to recompense their faithful servants.

Everybody knows how Outram and Havelock scrambled through a hole in the Residency wall a few minutes after this, preceded and followed by the greater part of their force higgledy-piggledy; also how the remainder did not get in until the next day, when there was more gauntlet-running, and when many of the wounded perished miserably in their dhoolies when the latter were burnt by the rebels.

As for ourselves, we were regaled by the officers of the brigade mess on chupatees and sherry, for which we were thankful, after which we all lay down, utterly exhausted, and fell sound asleep.

THE STORY OF THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS.

BY PENYSTON MILES.

AMONG the regiments famous in the annals of British conquest the 93rd Highlanders hold an honourable place. Formed in 1800 by Major-General William Wemyss of Wemyss, one striking peculiarity in the constitution of the regiment, as Mr. Keltie, its historian, points out, was that "it probably furnished the last instance of the exercise of the clan influence on a large scale in the Highlands. The original levy was completed, not by the ordinary modes of recruiting, but by a process of conscription. A census having been made of the disposable population on the extensive estates of the Countess of Sutherland, her agents lost no time in requesting a certain proportion of the able-bodied sons of the numerous tenantry to join the ranks of the Sutherland regiment, as a test at once of duty to their chief and their sovereign. The appeal was well responded to; and though there was a little grumbling among the parents, the young men themselves never seemed to have questioned the right thus assumed over their military services by their chief."

The men thus enrolled belonged, many of them, to a very respectable class, and the authorities had such faith in them that, after their names had been registered, they were allowed to return to their civil avocations until their services were required. That the men were worthy of the confidence placed in them is evident from the fact that when in the month of August, in the same year, the muster was called, the whole of them without exception, to the number of six hundred, assembled at Inverness.

The officers belonged mostly to families of Ross and Sutherland, and again to quote Mr. Keltie, "The regiment might be regarded as one large family, and a healthy rivalry was introduced by classifying the different companies according to parishes."

In the following month the 93rd was ordered to Guernsey, and while in Guernsey the regiment lost a prominent figure in the person of Sergeant Samuel M'Donald, who was a man of gigantic stature. Captain Burgoyne (quoting from the annual register of 1802) gives his height as seven feet four inches, and his chest measurement as four feet, and adds that he was "extremely strong built and muscular, yet proportionable."

An amusing fact in connection with "Big Sam" was that when he was in the "Sutherland Fencibles" (an irregular troop formed in 1779) he was allowed two shillings and sixpence per day extra pay by the Countess of Sutherland, who considered "that so large a body must require more sustenance than his military pay could afford." He was too big to march in the ranks, and so headed the regiment in column accompanied by a very large mountain deer. I am indebted for these and other interesting particulars given in this sketch to the admirable history of the 93rd by Lieutenant-Colonel Groves (late 27th Inniskillings).

After winning golden opinions from the Governor of the Island, Sir H. Dalrymple, for their excellent progress in military training and their exemplary conduct in barracks, the regiment proceeded to Scotland for disbandment in September, 1802. Some forty men received their discharge, but on the outbreak of fresh hostilities with France, the reduction of the regiment was stayed. Affairs in Ireland at this time were in a very unsettled state, and the 93rd were ordered to Newry, whence, after a stay of some two or three months, they were suddenly moved to Dublin, to assist in quelling the insurrection signalled by the murder of Lord Kilwarden.

"The Irish capital," says Colonel Groves, "was at that time under martial law, and its garrison was exposed to numerous

temptations, but the conciliatory, though firm, attitude of the Highlanders towards the population elicited the highest praise from persons of all classes of political opinions." The regiment was stationed at various parts of Ireland until 1805, when it received orders for foreign service, and on the 6th of January, 1806, the 93rd landed in Lospard Bay, Cape of Good Hope, as part of an expedition for the capture of the Cape. The landing was not auspicious, as the surf was so violent that during the disembarkation a boat was capsized, and thirty-five men of the 93rd were drowned, the remainder eventually reaching the shore under a heavy musketry fire from the Dutch light troops stationed on the heights.

The British forces, consisting of four thousand men, two howitzers and six light field-pieces, under the command of Major-General Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam, having successfully reached the summit of the Blue Mountains, found the Dutch drawn up in battle array. The enemy's force, consisting for the greater part of cavalry, numbered some five thousand men, and they also had the advantage of twenty-three pieces of cannon. The battle was not a protracted one; the Dutch were utterly unable to withstand the impetuous attack of the Highland Brigade and fled in great disorder, leaving six hundred killed and wounded, while the British loss was much smaller. The Dutch surrendered some days later, and the Colony has since remained a British possession.

The regiment remained at the Cape for the next eight years, and so did not take part in the Peninsular campaign. During these eight years the 93rd maintained the high character it had so well earned. According to Burgoyne's history of the 93rd, "while at the Cape, severe punishments in the regiment were unnecessary; and so rare was the commission of crime, that twelve and even fifteen months have been known to elapse without a single court-martial being essential for the trial of any soldier of the 93rd; to which Colonel Groves adds, "During their stay at the Cape, the men of the 93rd formed themselves into a congregation, appointed elders of their own number, engaged and paid a stipend—collected

from the soldiers—to a minister of the Scottish Church, and had Divine service regularly performed agreeably to its ritual."

In 1813 a second battalion was formed at Inverness with a view to service in the Peninsula, but, peace being declared, was despatched to Newfoundland, whence it returned after sixteen months' service, and was disbanded (December, 1815); three hundred and sixty-seven men being drafted into the first battalion, which had, in the meantime, returned from the Cape (April, 1814) and been ordered to New Orleans, where they showed conspicuous bravery in the rather unfortunate attacks on that town in December, 1814, and January, 1815. On the signing of peace the troops were ordered home, and as, after the losses they had suffered, they were not strong enough for employment in the campaign culminating in Waterloo, were ordered to Cork, and remained in Ireland for the next eight years. The Windward and the Leeward Islands of the West Indies were the scenes of their operations for the next ten and a half years, after which they were successively stationed at Canterbury and Weedon, returning once more for a time to Ireland. In January, 1838, the 93rd was ordered to Canada and were stationed at various places in the dominion during the next ten years. Ordered home, however, the men once more set foot upon their native heath, landing at Leith on the 31st of August, 1848.

After four years' stay in their native land, a stay which, under the circumstances, must have been particularly enjoyable, the 93rd were ordered to Plymouth in February, 1852, and in February, 1854, received welcome orders for foreign service in the East. After a brief stay in Malta, the regiment proceeded to the Crimea upon the declaration of war with Russia. A recital of the hardships undergone by the troops during the war is particularly sad reading, and only serves to show to what an admirable pitch the discipline of the men had been raised. Lack of shelter, scanty food and old clothes, which even in their new condition would have been totally inadequate to keep out the terrible temperature, were among the lesser of the hardships gone through by the men without

a murmur. The storming of the heights of the Alma; however, gave the troops an opportunity of showing their metal, and right well they took advantage of it. The Highlanders were well to the fore, and not only did their valour and their impetuosity strike terror into the hearts of the Russians, but their strange garb is said to have been no unimportant factor in Cossack discomfort.

Perhaps the most signal instance of Highland valour during the whole campaign occurred during the action before Sebastopol. The Allies had thrown up six batteries commanding the approaches to Balaclava, and these batteries were manned by two or three hundred Turks. On the 25th of October, 1854, the Russians attacked these redoubts in force. No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, were soon captured by the enemy, who turned the guns on the advancing Highlanders, causing them to retire under cover of some rising ground. On the appearance of a strong body of Russian cavalry, Sir Colin Campbell, who was at that moment commanding the regiment in person, ordered the men to mount the rising ground and to open fire upon the rapidly approaching horsemen. "There's no retreat from here, men!" said the gallant old Sir Colin, addressing the 93rd, "you must die where you stand!" "Ay, ay, Sir Colin," was the brave reply, "and needs be we'll do that!" On and on came the Russian cavalry, "gathering speed at every stride towards that thin red line topped with steel," the men not being even four deep. A volley was fired at six hundred yards, but the distance was too great, and it was ineffective, nor did it check the onward rush of the enemy. When the Russian horsemen had advanced within two hundred yards, the rear rank of the 93rd opened fire over the heads of their kneeling comrades, and this volley brought them to a stand, momentarily causing them to fall back. Their officers, however, with great determination rallied them to a flank attack, but here they were met with such a withering volley that they immediately turned and sought safety behind their own guns.

"After the action," says Colonel Groves, "the 93rd and

the rest of the Highland Brigade were employed in most harassing fatigue duties, and as good food became scarce, and the weather changed for the worse, as the bitter winter advanced their sufferings were almost beyond description."

"Only those who lived through those dreary days," writes Dr. Munro, "know what it was to be without proper shelter and clothing, and sufficient food and fuel, while cold, keen winds blew, and rain and snow beat down upon the earth, converting it into a sea of mud, through which we had to wade with half-shod feet."

The horrors were increased by the sickness caused by such conditions, and numbers of men died from dysentery and cholera. The 93rd took a prominent part in all the actions up to the signing of peace, and sailed for England on the 16th of June, 1856. The strength of the regiment at the close of the war was one thousand and fifty-eight Scots, twenty English, and thirty-four Irish; a large proportion of the Scots being Gaelic-speaking Highlanders.

On arrival in England, Aldershot and Dover provided quarters for the Scots till the 17th of June, 1857, found them once more on the ocean wave *en route* for China. Arriving, however, at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 11th of August, they learned that the Indian Mutiny rendered their presence at Calcutta desirable, and that the destination of the regiment had been changed.

The 93rd arrived at Calcutta on the 20th of September, and were received by their old chief, Sir Colin Campbell, who had just been appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in India. An immediate advance was made upon Cawnpore in order to effect a junction with the column then mobilising under Brigadier Hope Grant for operation against Lucknow. The men were engaged in one or two skirmishes *en route*, losing four privates and having about twenty wounded at Futtehpore, Bunterah and Bunnee. Lucknow was reached on the 9th of November and the attack commenced on the 14th. Advancing by a circuitous route the rebels were encountered and driven

from their outpost positions, and the British troops bivouacked upon the ground they had won. On the morrow desultory fighting took place, but on the 16th, after a flank march of about two miles, driving the rebels back and finally reaching the open space in front of the Secundrabagh—"a palace with a high-walled, loop-holed enclosure about one hundred and twenty feet square." A breach having been made in the south-west angle of the building, an assault was made by the 93rd Highlanders and the 4th Punjaub Rifles, supported by part of the 53rd and a battalion composed of detachments of the 7th, 64th, and 78th Regiments. "Never," said Sir Colin in his despatch, "was there a bolder feat of arms." Side by side raced Sikh and Highlander towards the breach which was too narrow to admit of more than one man entering at a time. Two or three men having got in, they most gallantly kept the enemy at bay while their comrades followed them through the breach. Then ensued a terrible time of carnage. The British fought with a bitter fury inspired by the recollection of Cawnpore, while the Sepoys, aware that no mercy would be shown them, fought with the frenzy of desperation. Hour after hour passed; still the slaughter continued, and until the bodies of two thousand Sepoys covered the ground of the ghastly arena. "Lieutenant-Colonel Ewart slew," says Colonel Groves, "eight men with his own hand, and captured a colour after receiving two sword-cuts on his right arm," and many other officers and men distinguished themselves by extraordinary gallantry. Immediately after, an equally determined attack was made upon the Shah Nujjif, another strongly fortified position. Time after time the assault was made, but the place proved too strong even for Highland gallantry. The men were about to be ordered to retire when Sergeant Paton of the 93rd, who was afterwards awarded the coveted V. C., reported that he had discovered a small rent in the wall through which an entry might be made. Brigadier Adrian Hope with fifty men at once proceeded to the spot and succeeded in pushing a man through the crevice. No rebels appearing, the rent was enlarged by the sappers and more men

climbed through, and, running to the gate, opened it to their comrades, and the Shah Nujif was taken.

Lucknow was evacuated by the British troops together with the women and children on the 22nd. While marching towards Cawnpore, Sir Colin Campbell learned that that town was being attacked by the mutineers. Pushing onward with all speed he forced a position which re-opened communications with Allahabad, whence he despatched his convoy of women, children, and wounded, and then turned to deal with the rebels. At the battle of Cawnpore, fought on the 6th of December, he drove the Sepoys back with great loss—the Highlanders rendering specially distinguished services. On the 9th of December the Highland Brigade under Hope Grant pursued the enemy, and, entirely routing them, captured all their guns and ammunition. From this time until the end of February, 1858, the army was engaged in dispersing the rebels from the district round Lucknow, and that town having now become the centre of the rebel power, a second siege was decided upon. The army assembled near Alum Bagh, and on the 9th the 42nd and the 93rd carried the Martinière, and on the 11th the Sutherland Highlanders stormed the Begum Kotee. The attack was entirely successful, though the 93rd suffered severely in the assault, officers and men alike distinguishing themselves, Lieutenant M'Bean and Pipe-Major John Macleod specially so, M'Bean killing eleven rebels one after another, while the Pipe-Major, who was one of the first to enter the breach, immediately struck up the "Regimental Gathering" on his bag-pipes, which he continued playing until victory was complete.

Desultory fighting followed up to the 27th, when the whole of the city was subdued. The Highlanders were subsequently present at the attack on Fort Rooyah, where Adrian Hope was killed, at Bareilly and at Pusgaon and other minor engagements, always maintaining their reputation and adding to their honours. On the final suppression of the Mutiny the 93rd Highlanders were appointed to Subathoo, a Himalayan station. Seven of the Sutherland Highlanders won the coveted honour of the Victoria Cross during the Indian

Mutiny, and the regiment was further honoured by Royal permission to add "Lucknow" to the battle honours named upon its colours.

In 1859 the 93rd were moved to Umballah, and here in July, 1862, the terrible scourge of cholera seized the regiment, continuing its ravages for four months, during which time four officers and eighty-nine men, women, and children succumbed to this terrible epidemic. In the Eusofzai campaign of 1863 the 93rd bore a part, fighting in the action of the Umbeyla Pass. In 1870, after nearly thirteen years' absence from home, the Highlanders once more returned to their native land, reaching Leith towards the end of the month of March. Eight years of home service followed, after which the 93rd were ordered to Gibraltar, where they remained till April, 1881. The rest of the story is soon told. To again quote Colonel Groves' admirable monograph: "On the introduction of the Territorial Regimental System in 1881 the 93rd, was linked with the 91st, and, numerical titles being abolished, it became known as the "2nd Battalion Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders." In January, 1892, the battalion again proceeded on foreign service.

During the ninety odd years of their existence, the Sutherland Highlanders have been remarkable for their gallantry in the field and excellent discipline in quarters; the kindest feeling has ever existed between officers and men; "indeed, General Stewart reports that in the Light Infantry corps there was once a break of nineteen years without a punishment," and although the regiment no longer bears its original designation it is still animated by the same spirit which was so conspicuous in the "auld 93rd."

THE STORY OF GENERAL GORDON.

BY ALFRED G. SAYERS.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, known in the latter years of his life as "General Gordon," before that as "Chinese Gordon," was born in Woolwich on the 28th of January, 1833. His name of Gordon is a guarantee of good family, of a courageous stock—a name that has stood out boldly in the history of Scotland as long as Scotland has had historians.

Colonel Sir William F. Butler, in his "Life of Gordon," reflecting in this vein, tells us that "he is a Gordon who rallies round him whatever is left in Scotland of loyalty and honour, when the preaching of Knox, the intrigues of Cecil, and the murders of Murray have upset the throne of Mary Stuart and all but brought Scotland under the dominion of Elizabeth." Again—"The cadets of the clan were to be found in the armies of Sweden, France, Spain, and the empire: it is a breed of warriors." Marlborough, who, like his royal master, William III., knew good material from bad, had several Scotch regiments engaged in the Low Countries, and in 1745 in one of these regiments (Lascelles') was a man named David Gordon: this man was great-grandfather to General Gordon of Khartoum. On his death-bed he named Sir William Gordon of Park as guardian to his boy, William Augustus; but Sir William, a lieutenant-colonel in the French Army, was dead. His boy, however, succeeded without patronage—we find he was with Wolfe at the taking of Quebec—made friends in influential quarters, married in 1773, and had a large family.

William Henry, the father of our hero, is the only child with whom we are concerned. In due time he became an officer of artillery, and died a lieutenant-general in 1863. He was married in the year 1817, and, as already stated, Charles George was born on the 28th of January, 1833.

We find that early in life the boy showed signs of great independence of judgment, and great tenacity, when once his mind was made up, combined with that fatalism which was one of his most distinguishing qualities. Sir William Butler tells us that "at Corfe, when only nine years of age, he used frequently to fling himself into deep water, although quite unable to swim." Again, "at Woolwich, a few years later, it is told of him, that being once threatened with deprivation of a promised visit to a great circus in London, on account of some offence for which he did not think himself responsible, he afterwards stubbornly refused to be taken to the treat, and persisted in his refusal to the end."

In 1848, when sixteen years of age, he became a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, where he stayed four years before obtaining his commission as lieutenant of Engineers. He then transferred to Chatham. We have already referred to the note of fatalism in the character of young Gordon; but as the years go on we see also the man of faith—that is to say, the man not only with a conviction that his life and death are already part of the book of Fate, but a conviction also that not a blind Chance, but an all-seeing Love has written it. So that in this scion of a warlike race we have all the old indomitable valour, but shot through with something new; and whatever we may call that something, in his daily life it takes the form of an ambition ever present that he may spend and be spent to the glory of God.

The year 1854, which saw the coming of age of Charles George Gordon, saw the opening of the Crimean War. What privations our soldiers suffered before Sebastopol is well known, and in December Gordon, who was in garrison at Pembroke Dock, was ordered to the Crimea in charge of wooden huts for the troops. He arrived at Balaclava on the 1st

of January, 1855, and in the terrible cold of that winter began his preparations, amidst the constant reports of officers and men dying of cold and exposure. But that awful winter passed, and on the 17th of June of the following year came the beginning of the end. All day long was kept up a terrific cannonade on Sebastopol, and Gordon was in the trenches from half-past two in the morning until seven in the evening; after a brief rest he was again under orders, for these preliminary assaults on the Redan and the Malakhoff tower were on the point of despatch. Gordon describes the main assault: "About 3 a.m. the French advanced on the Malakhoff tower in three columns and ten minutes after our signal was given. The Russians then opened with a fire of grape that was terrific." In this unsuccessful attack nearly eight thousand English and French were killed or wounded. Gordon, at this time, reports himself as being on duty in the trenches "more than a month straight on end." But in less than three months from the unsuccessful attack referred to, the French, whose investment of the Malakhoff had been most persistent and almost furious in its intensity, had taken that famous stronghold, and Sebastopol being no longer defensible, the Russians were in full retreat—"the whole town in flames, and every now and then a terrific explosion." Then his work lay in the business of blowing up the forts and arsenal of the Great Fortress.

Not only are Gordon's letters, written under the heading "Camp before Sebastopol," innocent of anything like self-praise or self-esteem, but his metal is shown in that writing during the negotiations for peace (soon to be successful). He says, "I expect to remain abroad for three or four years, which I would sooner spend in war than in peace. There is something indescribably exciting in the former." This desire was realised, and after some work on the frontier in Armenia, Gordon returned to England in November, 1857, but went back in the following spring, the steamer calling at Sebastopol on the way. Gordon then visited the scene of the former conflict, and with easily imagined feelings walked through the grave-yards. Then he proceeded on to the work

of delimiting the Russo-Turkish frontier, cutting through forests, traversing mountains—"work," says Gordon, "more the work of an animal than anything else."

"When Gordon came back to England," says Colonel Butler, in words that must be taken to heart by those who would understand the career of this remarkable man, "after the four years so filled with war, travel, and exploration, his mind was fixed in the lines it was henceforward to move in. He had drunk, and drunk deeply, of that spring which, when it is once tasted, can never be forgotten; he had learned to read the Great Book which the earth opens to those of her children who care to seek its knowledge. *Henceforth he is to be at home in solitude, his mind is to have the power of peopling with thought the forest depth or the grey desert wilderness; and only in cities and in crowds is the loneliness of life to be possible to him.*"

We have now closed the first chapter of our soldier's career—that of the young officer in the Crimea. We now open the second—that of the seasoned officer in the far East. No page in English history is more discreditable than the Chinese War, undertaken in support of the opium traffic. The series of conflicts which commenced in 1840, culminated twenty years later in the capture of the forts on the Tientsin River, in which China had placed her reliance for the defence of the capital. Gordon was now a captain of Engineers, and he witnessed the destruction of the emperor's summer palace. Certain English and French prisoners had been murdered, and it was deemed necessary to exact a summary vengeance. "You can scarcely imagine the beauty and magnificence of the palace we burnt," writes Gordon; "it makes one's heart sore to destroy them. It was wretchedly demoralising work." When we remember the Opium War—the destruction of this magnificent palace, and the fact that these things were done against a nation whose civilisation was four thousand years old—it is scarcely to be wondered at that the Celestial has shown considerable reluctance to the introduction of Western enlightenment into his empire! The Imperial forces of China being engaged

with her Western enemy, the Taiping rebels had been busy. The Taiping rebellion had its origin in the reactionary policy adopted on the death of the Emperor Taou-Kwang in 1850. A pretender, of the name of Tien-teh (Celestial virtue), who afterwards assumed other names, which, let us hope, came nearer to describing his nature, headed a rebellion which assumed great proportions. His forces were called "Taipings" (Princes of Peace)—an equally misleading phrase, considering the enormity of their acts. Many of the finest cities of China had yielded to them. At last this vast horde neared Shanghai, and in the presence of a common danger the mandarins and the foreign residents put their heads together, as the alternative to losing them entirely. Thus was formed the "Ever-Victorious Army." The English and French forces, both naval and military, were rapidly moved from Tientsin to Shanghai, and with this support the improvised army soon cleared a big radius round the beleaguered town. Naturally Gordon, as an officer of Engineers, had been in the forefront of the ensuing struggles. When, however, danger in the immediate vicinity of Shanghai was over, the allied troops were withdrawn. The man chiefly responsible for the "Ever-Victorious" was a brilliant American named Ward, whose fame has suffered, first, from his early death, and second, owing to the greater fame of the man who eventually succeeded him. When Ward fell another American, named Burgoine, came to the command; but he had no qualities for the position, and after a period of dissatisfaction bordering on mutiny, the commander of the English troops was asked to nominate a capable successor to Ward, and on the 24th of March, 1863, Major Gordon, as he had become, was installed.

Sir William Butler, in the "Life" from which we have already quoted, gives the following account of the position of affairs: "Adopting the parallel of England to the positions held by the rival forces, it would stand thus: the Imperialists occupy Dover, Folkestone, Canterbury, and Margate, with all the intervening country between these places. Gordon's headquarters are at Canterbury, the Taipings hold

the remainder of Kent, with their headquarters at Chatham. Hampshire is a network of large and small lakes, the country beyond is mixed Taiping and Imperialist, and London pushed back to somewhere beyond Reading, represents the position of Nankin." The young major, now thirty years of age, tells Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Generalissimo (and himself since become how famous a man !) that he will bring the score of rebellious cities under Imperial authority in eighteen months ! This is no mere brag—he has carefully studied the network of canals and lakes, as an expert chess player studies the board. Problem—White to play against Yellow and mate in eighteen months. First it is Teintsin that is stormed, and in such a fashion that the reputation of the Ever-Victorious Army is again established ; then Quin-san, an important strategic position among the lakes and canals, is moved upon ; and with such swiftness is the steamer *Hyson*, with Li Hung Chang and a complement of forty souls manœuvred, that the thousands of the rebels are outdone, perplexed, and captured in heaps. Prisoners ? Yes, but in a trice enrolled under the banner of their capturer, and making first-class soldiers. Then comes an incident as discreditable to the Chinese authorities as it is creditable to Gordon. In the course of events, Soo-chow was closely invested, although the Taiping chiefs still held positions of considerable power, negotiations were opened, and the chiefs were promised their lives if they surrendered at discretion. Surrender they did, but spared their lives were *not*. Gordon was deeply humiliated—his plighted word had been broken, and in high disdain he resigned his command, and declined, with cold contempt, a large money gift (some £3000) proffered by the emperor. Yielding to other considerations, he for a while resumed his command ; but in June, 1864, the Ever-Victorious Army was disbanded. General Butler thus sums up the doings of that remarkable force : "Whatever may have been the failings of the force, want of courage was certainly not among them. Out of 130 foreign officers, 35 had been killed and 73 wounded, and among 4000 Chinese soldiers, 520 had been killed and 920 wounded."

Its operations under Gordon had been swift, vivid, and effective, he had struck blows at the right time and in the right place; and though an institution of the age of the Chinese Empire might have emerged from the Taiping rebellion without the aid of his brain and arm, the dynasty was under great obligations to him—obligations which to him were cancelled because honourable relations with the party obliged were no longer possible.

“Chinese Gordon,” as he then became known, returned to England in 1865 and was appointed to the command of the Royal Engineers at Gravesend, engaged in completing the Thames defences commenced in a panic a few years earlier. At Gravesend Gordon began that characteristic work of his, of teaching the ragged boys of Gravesend and billeting them on land or aboard ship. “In his sitting-room,” says his intimate friend, Sir Gerald Graham, “Gordon had a big chart of the world, with pins stuck in it, marking the probable positions of the different ships” in which his boys were sailing. And this attitude of benevolent friend was extended to “all who were desolate and oppressed” in the neighbourhood of Gravesend.

In 1871 Gordon went to the Black Sea as a British Commissioner under the Treaty of Paris; and in the following year he made an acquaintance of momentous consequences in his after life. This was with Nubar Pasha. “England owes little to her officials; she owes her greatness to men of a different stamp.” Such was the conclusion of that astute minister. Yes, indeed! the British Empire has been “brought in” by adventurers, in the nobler, or less noble sense of the term. What the officials have done is to step in and set a seal upon the accomplished fact. The immediate result of this meeting was that in February 1874 Gordon reached Egypt—the ultimate result extended to his last hour at Khartoum.

This was a “booming” year for Egypt. The Suez Canal had just been opened, and the Khedive was a man not only of vast projects, but of great personal extravagance.

The Jews were induced to advance the millions at a heavy discount and a no less heavy interest. Railways and manufactures were to be developed, and a great province to be opened up in Central Africa. Such was Ismail's dream ! And so for the first time Gordon entered Khartoum as "Governor-General of the Equator"—"heat and mosquitoes day and night, all the year round," such is Gordon's account of his new dominion. How delusive was the dream of development was soon manifest to the Governor. What then ? There was misery everywhere in the Soudan ; and what better destiny for a man like Gordon than relieving it ? This is not exactly the approved type of military hero. It is, in fact, one of the world-old breed, never yet extinct, that makes every age the Age of Chivalry. Gordon has a conviction that, "God willing, he will do much in this country." Again, "There is now not one thing I value in the world. Its honours, they are false ; its knick-knacks, they are perishable and useless ; whilst I live, I value God's blessing, health—and if you have that, as far as this world goes, you are rich." It was not then in any craven spirit that in October, 1876, Gordon set his face to the north, on his homeward journey ; but because he saw the hopelessness of establishing the province marked out so fairly on paper. The land was a wilderness of slaves and swamps. On Christmas Eve he was in London ; but only to be back again in January of the year following (1877) as Governor-General of the entire Soudan. The Khedive Ismail, who was soon to pay for his extravagances and his folly with his throne, had employed the four millions sterling, paid by England for the Suez Canal shares, in the vain endeavour to conquer Abyssinia ; and thus the giant evil—the standing offence of Central Africa, the slave-trade and with it the slave-raid—was raising its hideous head. Late in April Gordon was for the second time in Khartoum—it was on the occasion of his installation as Governor-General on the 5th of May, 1877, that he made his famous declaration, "With the help of God, I will hold the balance level." And he gives effect to this passion for justice by a series of erratic marches in

quest of the slave-trader. He weeps for the poor slaves—he waxes bitterly scornful at the attitude of his countrymen to the woes of slave-trade-ridden Africa. On he labours, never sparing himself, the standing terror of the slave-trader. The dethronement of Ismail and enthronement of his successor, Tewfik, was the signal for Gordon's retirement, and his resignation was handed in at Cairo. It was when on his way east that he was captured by a troop of wild men from the hills, but he seems to have been well treated and eventually liberated, probably because he displayed no fear. From Massowah he went on to Cairo—to Cairo—to civilisation and to coldness, to contempt, to misunderstanding—a great spirit judged by meaner spirits—the children of routine judging the child of initiative, of spiritual perception. And now his programme is Rest.

In 1880 Gordon, resting quietly at Lausanne, had a telegram offering him command of an expedition to Basutoland, South Africa. This he declined. At the change of Government Lord Ripon succeeded Lord Lytton as Governor-General of India. Gordon was offered the position of secretary: this he accepted, but immediately resigned—a man, it must be admitted, not built on a plan to conciliate the official mind. He was immediately invited by the Chinese Government to proceed to Peking. Gordon communicated with the War Office, asking leave; on explanation being made of his proposed destination, leave was refused. Gordon threw up his commission and started. His resignation was not, however, accepted, neither was the work in China to his taste, and he was soon home again, and travelling through the south of Ireland.

In 1881 Gordon reconsidered the South African offer: he wanted something to do—he could not remain idle. The Cape Government did not, however, so much as reply to his request to be employed, and he went off on a trumpery errand to Mauritius, until the Colonials, finding themselves unequal to the task in Basutoland, made further overtures which Gordon accepted. He did not, however, see eye to eye

with the Government, and in November 1882 was home again.

And now we can enter upon the last chapter of this wonderful career. The bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 had been followed up by the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Then came the annihilation, by the Mahdi's horde, of the Egyptian force of ten thousand men under Hicks Pacha and a little group of Englishmen associated with him. This could spell only one of two things—an expedition of immense proportions, or an evacuation of the Europeans already in the towns. The latter course was decided upon. But how was the decision to be given effect to? While the prestige of England, backed by the memory of Gordon, stood high, it could have been done; but now the Mahdi was flushed with victory over the unfortunate army of Hicks Pacha, and his followers convinced of the divine origin of his mission. And so in their extremity the Government turned to Gordon. So small was his fame that “Chinese Gordon,” as the papers still named him, was actually supposed by some to be a Chinaman wearing a pigtail! The situation was one of splendid chaos. “There were,” says Colonel Butler, “three armies in Cairo; three generals; three staffs, and, naturally, three ambitions. There were also two governments, each antagonistic to the other; one backed by the material authority of money and force, the other having behind it the vast influence of religion, nationality, and knowledge.” Then there was over and above all the English Government! After repeated delays the news reached Gordon in a foreign capital that the Government desired him to undertake the evacuation of the Soudan. He had gone to Brussels in order to organise a mission to the Congo for King Leopold II.; and this arrangement was on the point of consummation when on the 17th of January, Lord Wolseley's telegram recalling him to the metropolis was put into his hands. He at once obeyed, and on January 18th he was in London having interviews with Lord Wolseley and the Ministers of the Crown. Here are his own words:—

“At noon he, Wolseley, came to me and took me to the

Ministers. He went in and talked to the Ministers and came back and said, 'Her Majesty's Government want you to undertake this: Government are determined to evacuate Soudan, for they will not guarantee future Government. Will you go and do it?' I said 'Yes.' He said 'Go in.' I went in and saw them. They said, 'Did Wolseley tell you our orders?' I said, 'Yes.' I said, 'You will not guarantee future Government of Soudan, and you wish me to go and evacuate now?' They said 'Yes,' and it was over, and I left at 8 p.m. for Calais."

There are two obvious routes to Khartoum. One is to go to Cairo and descend the Nile, the other to go through the Suez Canal and Red Sea to Suakim and then cut across the Continent in a westerly direction. The latter route was decided on; but afterwards, under pressure from the Home Government, Gordon, with Colonel Stewart, who was associated with him in the expedition, actually went *via* Cairo. Khartoum was reached in safety, and some two thousand men, women, and children were despatched to the North. Gordon, at the opening of his "Journal," says, "The census has just been taken and shows thirty-four thousand people in the town." The route remained open for eight weeks; but a terrible tactical mistake was being made—a costly expedition was despatched to Suakim, and this expedition, taken in conjunction with Gordon's presence at Khartoum, was believed in the Soudan to point to an intention on the part of England to reconquer the Soudan.

Under the dominating spell of the Mahdi the Soudan became threateningly active, and Gordon looked round for some counterpoise to this force. Gordon was not the type of man who carefully adjusts means to ends. He had a supreme faith in himself and in his knowledge of, and prestige in, the Soudan, and it seems clear that he had failed to realise what a force the Mahdi had become. The counterpoise he demanded was the appointment of Zebehr Pacha—"Send me Zebehr," was his demand. Now Zebehr, whose first meeting with Gordon has been referred to, was a slave-owner

and a man of great wealth and prestige in the Soudan, and the Government at home, with the scanty negotiations possible by telegraph, would not sanction the association of their Commissioner with him. The power of the Mahdi rose fast: Berber, the seaport of the Nile, which is the strategic key to the Soudan, fell into the hands of his followers. Gordon now proposed that evacuation should proceed both north and south; to the south he hoped to effect a junction with the Belgian settlement, the Congo; his relations with the King of the Belgians was, moreover, an intimate one. This was refused. Then when the situation became threatening Gordon proposed to interview the Mahdi. This also was vetoed by the Government, though the sequel will show that something desirable might have come of such an interview. A few weeks after the landing of the British force at Suakim and the slaughter at El Teb the roads round Khartoum were closed by the hostile Arabs. The news comes that Sheikh after Sheikh—before friendly—have declared against Gordon, the telegraph is cut, the Government clerks are suspected, failure is written large over the expedition; but Gordon holds on his course, determined, impulsive as ever. It is now the middle of March, 1884. Gordon arrived at Khartoum on the 18th of February, the beleaguered garrison has had a turn with the surging masses outside and has been defeated. The soldiers have accused the two pachas in command of treachery—they are court-martialled and shot. It is a swift and summary business—who shall say unjust, under the terrible stress of that siege? Alas! Gordon judges himself on this point hereafter. Evidently the besiegers have full confidence in the isolation of their intended prey, for they make no haste. The siege, though not pressed close, is incessant, and the difficulties of procuring food grow ever greater. For many months hardly any news reached the outside world of what was happening in and around Khartoum. September comes—the Nile is at its highest. Three months' food remain, and there is no prospect of more. Gordon and his companions strain their eyes daily, standing on the palace roof. Is there no help

coming? No sign. On the 9th the resolution is come to that Colonel Stewart, M. Herbin, the French Consul, and some sixty or seventy soldiers and others shall take the steamer *Abbas* lying at Khartoum—there are four steamers lying, as it were, at Gordon's back door in the Nile—and make for Dongola; and Gordon is left alone. It was fitting. He felt himself deserted by the Home Government, but was without anger; all he remembered of wrongs was the wrongs of those who thronged round him, not his own: his desire is expressed in a letter written from Khartoum on the 4th of March:—"May our Lord not visit us as a nation for our sins, but may His wrath fall on me, hid in Christ. This is my frequent prayer, and may He spare these people and bring them to peace."

On the 21st of September Gordon heard that the long-delayed relief expedition was actually on the way, and he despatched his armed steamers to meet the soldiers. As we have already said, the siege had not been so far a close one, for the Mahdi was not at hand; and in a week they were on the way. And now day after day Gordon sits down in the intervals of watching and visiting the sick and wounded to write his "Journal"—and a fascinating book it is, preserved almost miraculously, as so priceless a treasure deserved to be. He is glad there is no chance of his ever returning to England, and discusses calmly, philosophically, the faults in the Governmental System of his country. He would make "Plutarch's Lives" a handbook for our young officers; he wishes "Wolseley would get some quixotic chivalry into us." On the 21st of October he hears that the *Abbas* has been captured, Stewart and the crew murdered, and the papers captured. The Mahdi did not spare him one drop of this bitter cup; here is his letter to Gordon, with its fine flavour of Oriental leisureliness to a people accustomed to "Dear Sir, Yours to hand":—

LETTER FROM THE MAHDI TO GENERAL GORDON.

"In the name of God the merciful and compassionate: Praise be to God, the bountiful Ruler, and blessing on our Lord Mahomed with peace.

"From the servant who trusts in God—Mahomed the Son of Abdallah.

"To Gordon Pacha of Khartoum: may God guide him into the path of virtue, amen!

"Know that your small steamer named *Abbas*—which you sent with the intention of forwarding your news to Cairo, by the way of Dongola, the persons sent being your representative Stewart Pacha, and the two Consuls, French and English, with other persons—has been captured by the will of God.

"Those who believed in us as Mahdi and surrendered have been delivered, and those who did not were destroyed—as your representative aforementioned, with the consuls and the rest—whose souls God has condemned to the fire and to eternal misery."

The letter goes on to "rub it in" by setting out in minute detail (to the extent of ten pages of this book) all the documents captured—letters to chiefs, to the English Government, to the Khedive, particulars of supplies, ammunition, and what not. The Mahdi has made them all out, for he says:—

"Tricks in making ciphers and using so many languages are of no avail.

"From the Most High God, to whom be praise, no secrets can be hidden."

(Observe, we think no small beer of ourself.)

Finally, Gordon is warned in many stately paragraphs that his only hope is in surrender, and the letter is sealed and subscribed.

Seal

There is no God but Allah.

Mahomed is the prophet of Allah.

Mahomed the Mahdi, son of Abd-Allah.

Gordon replies: "Tell the Mahdi that it is all one to me whether he has captured 20,000 steamers like the *Abbas*, or 20,000 officers like Stewart Pacha. I am here like iron."

Under date November 13th he writes in his diary:—

"We had fifteen men wounded yesterday, three rather dangerously, and seven were killed. I never feel anxious about any of the fights, except when the steamers are engaged,

and then I own I am on tenter-hooks as long as they are out."

"*November 21st.*—Ferratch Allah Bey, in Omdurman (his lieutenant in command across the water), signalled, 'I have 230,000 rounds of ammunition, but I fire a lot every day.' Now this is a corker, for I don't believe he fires ten rounds without my personal knowledge."

Now the siege commences in real earnest. The Mahdi feels that the great Frank, with his garrison honeycombed by mutiny and threatened by famine, is at his mercy.

Gordon cross-examines himself about the loss of the *Abbas*. Was he to blame? No! Wait—"I look on it as being a Nemesis on the death of the two pachas."

There are now two little steamers—"penny steamers," he calls them—at his disposal on the river, soon to be reduced by one. A tremendous fusillade is opened by the enemy on the *Hussineyeh* (Nov. 24th) and she goes down—only the *Ismailia* is left. The situation is surveyed more closely. Happily the ammunition will outlast the food, and so he comforts himself that he will "go down with colours flying." On one point he is determined—the last despatches that arrived were wrapped in a bit of old newspaper, which was eagerly scanned. It was but a morsel, but it contained the words, "Gordon Relief Expedition." Oh! folly! *Gordon* relief! What did he come here for then?—to be taken away again? No. He was made Governor-General "in order to carry out the evacuation of the Soudan," and he would relieve the garrisons or perish with them.

Desertions increase. The entries in the "Journal," so full and calm during the months from September to mid November, grow shorter. "Truly I am worn to a shadow with the food question"—the garrison is a fortnight from starvation. On the 14th of December the "Journal" closes in order that it and Gordon's last message may be despatched by the steamer before the final catastrophe. He writes to Lord Wolseley: "As it seems impossible we shall meet again in this world I would ask you to see that my family do not lose by my

death." He then enters into details of his affairs. He is "quite happy, thank God!"

On the 14th of December the last entry is made. Here are the concluding words:—

"NOW MARK THIS, if the Expeditionary Force, and I ask for no more than two hundred men, does not come in ten days, *the town may fall*, and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye.

"C. G. GORDON.

"You send me no information, though you have lots of money.

"C. G. G."

And so the "Journal" closes, and the steamer *Bordeed*—arrived from Metemmah—is despatched with it; and the siege drags on from lessened rations to starvation, mitigated by rats and mice and old leather. Gordon's officers are many of them clamouring for surrender. Surrender! never! Why, that were worse than being "relieved." "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Gordon, though calmly preparing for the worst, would not entirely abandon that hope. His last remaining steamer, the *Ismailia*, has her steam kept up day and night, so that a swift communication might be made to the relief party when it should appear. It was in this last desperate time, since the despatch of his "Journal" and letters by the steamer, that messengers were sent out by Gordon with the words on slips of paper, "Khartoum all right. Could hold out for years." What was the object of these messages? Perhaps to deceive the Arabs. Ineffective in any event.

On the 26th of January, 1884, the end came. In the darkness of early morning the Arabs made a grand assault. Hunger, backed by the faintness of heart that succeeds to hunger, had done its work, and there was little for the enemy to do. Perhaps treachery gave a hand—that can never be known; but the lines offered no resistance, and the Arabs were within the town. But it was the town of a lion, and very gingerly they went about until the evidences were conclusive that the lion had not some terrible surprise in store for them. Then their shouts of triumph began. The enemy were around the

palace, and Gordon was roused from his sleep. At the head of a little body of the faithful he moved out to take up his position of final resistance. Directly he appears comes the ring of musketry—he falls—the defence of Khartoum is a matter of history. The town is given over to the sword.

Two days later, and from the decks of the long-delayed steamers eyes are being strained for any signs that Khartoum still holds out. The rescuers have arrived, but the flag is down at the palace. The enemy is exultant. The newly-arriving steamers are fired on from Khartoum! Oh heavy day! All is over. The hero is no more!

In February 1885, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts wrote to the *Times* proposing a memorial of Gordon. A committee was formed, consisting of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Salisbury, Cardinal Manning, the Chinese Minister, the Marquis of Lorne, Earl Granville, and other persons. As a result, *The Gordon Memorial Boys' Home* was opened at Fareham on the 1st of October, 1885. The statue in Trafalgar Square is by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft; another by Mr. Onslow Ford, set up at the school of Military Engineering, Chatham, was unveiled by the Prince of Wales, on the 19th of May, 1890.

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